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INCIDENTS

ILLUSTRATING THE

DOCTRINES AND HISTORY

OF THE

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

By JOSEPH WALTON.

PHILADELPHIA:
FRIENDS' BOOK STORE, 304 ARCH STREET.

1897.

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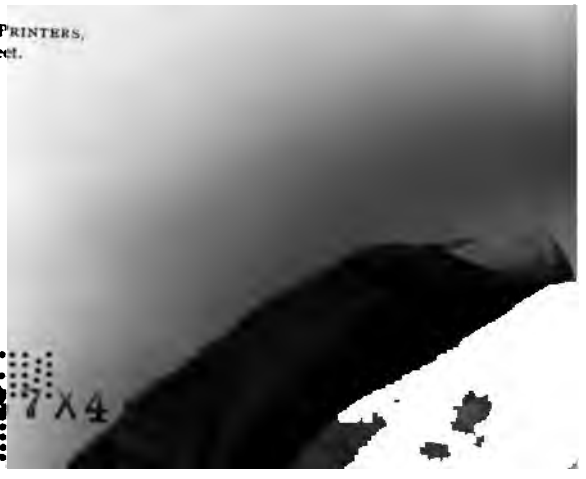
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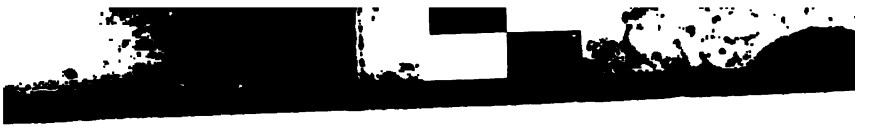
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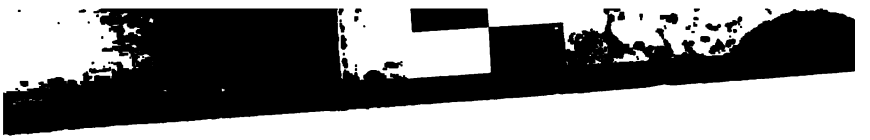
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I was glad that I was commanded to turn people to that inward light, spirit and grace, by which all might know their salvation and their way to God; even that Divine spirit which would lead them into all Truth, and which I infallibly knew would never deceive any.

In harmony with these declarations is that of Francis Howgill, an eminent minister among our early Friends, who says:

God hath brought us forth in our age, to bear witness unto Him, and unto that life, power and light, by which we are quickened and raised out of the grave of sin and death, to live unto Him, and serve Him in newness of life; and to confess unto his holy name and power by which we are saved, illuminated and directed.

While our primitive Friends were thus careful to call the attention of the people to the transforming and regenerating work of the spirit of Christ, yet they by no means ignored the blessed effects of the coming and sufferings of the Son of God, his Divine character and the atonement for the sins of mankind wrought by Him. This is clearly shown by the following extracts from the writings of William Penn.

In an epistle to John Collenges, he says: "I do heartily believe that Jesus Christ is the only true and everlasting God, by whom all things are made that are made in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth; that He is as omnipotent, so omniscient and omnipresent, therefore God."

In the invalidity of John Faldo's vindication, William Penn says: "We are led by the light and spirit of Christ with holy reverence to confess unto the blood of Christ shed at Jerusalem, as that by which a propitiation was held forth to the remission of sins that were past through the forbearance of God, unto all that believed."

John Banks, another valuable minister among our early

Friends, bears a similar testimony: "We as truly believe in that same Christ who laid down his body, and took it up again, as in his light within, and we have benefit to salvation by the one as well as the other, and of both, they being one."

The most conspicuous of the instruments raised up by God to afresh proclaim the spiritual nature of true religion and to call the attention of the people to the internal workings of the spirit of Christ, as the means by which they were to be regenerated and made fit for the kingdom of heaven, was George Fox, a native of Leicestershire, who was born in 1624. In his childhood he was more religious, inward, solid and observing than was usual for persons of his age. Continuing in this retired frame of mind, and frequent communion with his Father in heaven he was gradually prepared for the work to which the Lord had appointed him. In the year 1652, when upon a high mountain in Yorkshire, waiting upon the Lord, he had a vision in which his eye was directed northward, beholding a great people which should receive him and his message in those parts. Upon this mountain he was moved of the Lord, to sound out his great and notable day, as if he had been in a great auditory, and from thence he went north, as the Lord had shown him. Many were convinced by his ministry, who, after the knowledge of God's purging judgments in themselves, and sometime in waiting in silence upon Him, felt the Divine motions to speak in his name, and were led to exhort the people, and to call them to repentance, and to turn to the light of Christ within them. They suffered great hardships for this their love and good will, being often stoned, beaten, whipped and imprisoned, though honest men and of good report where they lived. And though the priests generally set themselves to oppose them, and insinuated most false and scandalous stories to defame them, yet God was pleased so to

little notion of religious toleration existed; yet the reaction of the public mind against the barbarity of burning goodly people for their opinions was one of the causes which made England anti-Roman."

When Elizabeth ascended the throne, Parliament passed an act restoring to the crown jurisdiction over the State Ecclesiastical—thus linking the church and the State—an act which R. Barclay in his recent work on the "Inner Life of the Religious Societies of the Commonwealth," says: "has entailed on our country greater evils than either pen or tongue will ever be able adequately to tell." By the act of uniformity passed at the same time, "He who ventured to address his Maker publicly in other language than that of the Book of Common Prayer, was liable to severe penalties."

The new order of things was willingly submitted to by most of the laity, and of the ninety-four hundred clergy there were very few who refused to conform, and so loose their livings.

William Penn, in his preface to the Journal of George Fox, after speaking of several stages in the great reformation in the Christian church from the darkness and corruption which at one time had overspread it, says:

The eternal, wise and good God was pleased in his infinite love to honor and visit this benighted and bewildered nation [England] with his glorious day-spring from on high; yea with a most sure and certain sound of the word of life and light, through the testimony of a chosen vessel. People were directed to the light of Jesus Christ within them, as the seed and leaven of the kingdom of God; near all, because in all, and God's talent to all: The gift and grace of God to life and salvation that appears to all, though few regard it. God owned his own work, and this testimony did effectually reach, gather, comfort and establish the weary and heavy-laden. They no sooner felt his power and efficacy upon their souls, but they gave up to obey Him in a testimony to his power, and with resigned wills and faithful hearts, through all mockings, con-

tradictions, beatings, prisons, and many other jeopardies that attended them for his blessed name's sake.

The more that which God required seemed to cross man's wisdom, and expose them to man's wrath, the more God appeared to help and carry them through all to his glory. As God had delivered their souls of the wearisome burthens of sin and vanity, and filled them with the good things of his house, they went forth to all quarters of these nations to declare to the inhabitants thereof, what God had done for them. Their testimony was to the principle of God in man, the precious pearl and leaven of the kingdom, as the only blessed means appointed of God to quicken, convince and sanctify man. They waxed strong and bold through faithfulness; and by the power and spirit of the Lord Jesus became very fruitful; thousands in a short time being turned to the truth through their testimony in ministry and sufferings. For they were diligent to plant and to water, and the Lord blessed their labors with an exceeding great increase, notwithstanding all the opposition made to their blessed progress, by false rumors, calumnies, and bitter persecutions; so that they seemed indeed to be as poor sheep appointed to the slaughter.

The rapid growth of the Society of Friends was due mainly to the secret, Divine power of Jesus Christ, without which there is no quickening and regenerating of dead souls. So thoroughly convinced of this were those early ministers of glad tidings, that they did not dare to pray or preach when they pleased, but as Christ their Redeemer prepared and moved them by his own blessed spirit, "for which they waited in their services and meetings, and spoke as that gave them utterance." Their fundamental principle was the light of Christ within, as God's gift for man's salvation. "This," says William Penn, "Is as the root of the goodly tree of doctrines that grew and branched out from it."

George Fox has left the following testimony:

When the Lord God and his Son Jesus Christ sent me forth into the world to preach his everlasting Gospel and kingdom,

ministry of Thomas Wilson; whose voice was as thunder from the clouds, with words penetrating as lightning." He adds: "Many of them were struck with amazement and surprise, and their eyes were filled with tears."

His Journal mentions his having been at Oxford on a previous occasion. He says:

I went into that city on a First-day morning, in great fear and humility, being a stranger to all Friends there, and sat me down in a corner of the meeting-house. Friends sat by the sides of the house, and left the middle empty for the rabble (as I thought). We having sat a little time, a Friend began to speak, and had spoken but a very few words before the scholars came in, in such abundance that I supposed they filled the middle part of the house; the Friend sat down as soon as they came in, and the meeting being in silence, they began to talk one to another, and spy out who would preach; and seeing me like a traveller, said, that in the corner, looking rudely upon me: and thus talking one to another for some time, the word of the Lord was strong in my heart to preach unto them; but I was first to say, Sit down, young men, we shall be glad of your company so long as you are civil; which done, they all sat down, and began to listen earnestly what I would say; I preached the way to the kingdom of heaven, to be in Jesus Christ, regeneration and to be born again; and that blessed Jesus taught this doctrine to Nicodemus: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." And though he was a master or teacher in Israel, yet, being carnally-minded, he could not understand these things; neither can any carnally-minded men now know the things of God, for no man knoweth the Father but the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him. So those that preach against revelation, they preach against the true knowledge of the living God, and life eternal. And so went on preaching as it opened in me: the scholars went away quietly, and the meeting ended in prayer to Almighty God.

When travelling in Ireland, Thomas Wilson attended the Province Meeting at Castle Dermot. He says:

It was large, and divers able Friends in the ministry were there; but I was very low in my mind, and did not go up into the gallery, but sat down a little within the door, and many people came in, so that the place about where I sat was much thronged, it being a time that the rabble sort of people were very rude. Several such were there that day, and I, being under great exercise of spirit, the powerful word of the Lord filled my heart; so I stood up and preached the Gospel in the demonstration of the spirit and power that was upon me. The rude rabble were astonished, and became very quiet, and the Lord's heavenly power did shine forth gloriously, under a weighty sense whereof the meeting held and concluded.

His dear friend and travelling companion, James Dickinson, relates that, when they were journeying in Wales, an informer "Came to Haverford West, with a justice to assist him. The power of the Lord was so eminently with Thomas in his testimony, that the justice said: 'If these be the Quakers, I never heard the like. Let them alone.' In the time of this journey many were convinced and turned to the Lord's teaching."

In the "Life of Jane Hoskins," she mentions being at a meeting with Thomas Wilson in 1714, at Plymouth, Pa. She says:

He spoke largely on the passage of the captive maid, and her service to her Lord and Master, and in a powerful manner set forth the privileges which the true members of the church of Christ enjoy under his peaceable government. This and divers other subjects which he mentioned, greatly affected me and reached me in such a manner, that I was much broken, and said in my heart: "Surely all here will be not only convinced but converted by the Eternal Word of God unto the true faith of Christ our Lord, who came to seek and to save all who should believe in his pure name." I thought none could withstand the doctrine preached, it being with great power and Divine authority, not as that of the scribes or hireling priests. What made it further remarkable to me

was that the Friend where they dined insisted on my going with them. With fear and trembling I complied, and being sat down in the house, Thomas Wilson fixed his eyes upon me, which made me conclude he saw something in me that was wrong. I arose and went out, being much affected, but heard him say: "What young woman is that! She is like the little captive maid I have been speaking of this day. May the God of my life strengthen her. She will meet with sore trials, but if she is faithful, the Lord will fit her for his service."

The experience of George Fox was similar to that of Thomas Wilson. He passed through many exercises and conflicts of spirit preparatory to his coming forth as a minister of the Gospel, some of which, as he afterwards saw, were designed to give him a heartfelt experience that would better fit him for declaring to others the mysteries of God's kingdom. His Journal interestingly and instructively shows how one thing after another was opened to his mind by the spirit of the Lord.

About the beginning of the year 1646, he says, the Lord opened to him that none were true believers but such as were born of God and passed from death to life. At another time, he was made to see that to be educated at Oxford or Cambridge, which were the great theological schools of England, was not enough to qualify men to be ministers of Christ. He adds: "I wondered at it, because it was the common belief of people. At another time it was opened in me 'That God, who made the world, did not dwell in temples made with hands.' This, at the first, seemed strange, because both priests and people used to call their temples or churches, dreadful places, holy ground, and the temples of God. But the Lord showed me clearly that He did not dwell in these temples, which men had commanded and set up, but in people's hearts."

His growth in Divine knowledge was attended with many

trials and temptations, which continued upon him for several years. In 1647 there was a great meeting of Baptists in Leicestershire, to which George Fox went, and where, he says: "The Lord opened my mouth, and his everlasting Truth was declared among them, and the power of the Lord was over them all."

In looking back at the experiences through which he had passed, this servant of Christ says he saw that he had been brought through the very ocean of darkness and death. The same eternal power of God, which brought me through these things was that which afterwards shook the nations, priests, professors and people. In 1648 he appears to have entered more fully into his Gospel labors, and mentions attending many large meetings, in which "several tender people were convinced."

At a great meeting at Leicester, held in a "steeple-house," a woman asked a question, out of Peter: "What birth that was, 'A being born again of incorruptible seed, by the word of God, that liveth and abideth forever?'" The priest said: "I permit not a woman to speak in the church," though he had before given liberty for any to speak. "Whereupon," says George Fox, "I stepped up and asked the priest: 'Dost thou call this place (the steeple-house) a church?' 'Or dost thou call this mixed multitude a church?' For the woman asking a question, he ought to have answered it, having given liberty for any to speak. But, instead of answering me, he asked me what a church was? I told him, 'The church was the pillar and ground of Truth, made up of living stones, living members, a spiritual household, which Christ was the head of; but He was not the head of a mixed multitude, or of an old house made up of lime, stones and wood. This set them all on fire."

When in the vale of Beavor, one morning, as he was sit-

ing in the fire. A temptation beset him, which he thus narrates:

It was said, "All things come by nature," and the elements and stars came over me so that I was in a manner quite content with it. But as I sat still and said nothing, the people of the house perceived nothing. And as I sat still under it and let it come, a living hope and a new voice arose in me which said, "There is a living God which made all things." Immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and life rose over it all. My heart was glad, and I praised the living God. After some time I met some people who had a notion that there was no God, but that all things come by nature. I had a great dispute with them, and overturned them, and made some of them confess, that there is a living God. Then I saw that it was good that I had gone through that temptation.

The narrator suggests the following lines by J. G. Whittier:

What is it but a Heaven's Vine,
The man of God, our love and trust
The elements and stars assail,
And the rival spirit tests its truth,
Shown clear by a wind of death.

Is not nature thought the soul is we,
All that place her human from us,
The weakness of her littleness set,
The dust in her unheeding eyes?
All that rebel she if our helpless wills?

Strange god of force, with fear, not love,
Is nothing a worshipper Can prayer
Reach the dead ear of fate, or move
Unfeeling energy to spare?
All that with the cosmic restless tire?

[illegible] dread unknown
From the dust-atoms of the sun
[illegible]
From out the crevices of nature's book,
From all the ever rocky tablets [illegible]

I pray for faith, I long to trust;
I listen with my heart, and hear
A Voice without a sound: "Be just,
Be true, be merciful, revere
The Word within thee: God is near!

"A light to sky and earth unknown,
Pales all their lights: a mightier force
Than theirs the powers of nature own,
And, to its goal, as at its source,
His Spirit moves the universe.

"Believe and trust. Through stars and suns,
Through all occasions and events,
His wise paternal purpose runs;
The darkness of his providence
Is star-lit with benign intents."

O joy supreme! I know the Voice
Like none besides on earth or sea;
Yea, more, O soul of mine rejoice,
By all that He requires of me,
I know what God himself must be.

No picture to my aid I call,
I shape no image in my prayer;
I only know in Him is all
Of life, light, beauty, everywhere,
Eternal Goodness here and there!

I know He is, and what He is
Whose one great purpose is the good
Of all. I rest my soul on his
Immortal love and fatherhood;
And trust Him, as his children should.

Not less that his restraining hand
Is on our selfish seekings laid,
And, shorn of words and works, we stand
Of vain illusions disarrayed,
The richer for our losses made.

I fear no more. The clouded face
Of nature smiles; through all her things
Of time and space and sense I trace
The moving of the Spirit's wings,
And hear the song of hope she sings.

was that of blasphemy—a crime which by the laws of England at that time was punishable with death—and efforts were made to inflict this penalty upon George Fox and others. The spiritual views of religion which they held, and their rejection of outward ordinances and forms, and of all priest-craft, enraged many and led them in some cases to become false accusers. George Fox thus relates his trial on this charge, which took place at the sessions of Court at Lancaster:

There appeared against me about forty priests. These had chosen one Marshal, a priest of Lancaster, to be their orator; and had provided one young priest and two priests' sons to bear witness against me, who had sworn beforehand that I had spoken blasphemy. When the justices were set, they heard all that the priests and their witnesses could say and charge against me, their orator Marshal sitting by and explaining their sayings for them: but the witnesses were so confounded that they discovered themselves to be false witnesses.

There were then in court several who had been at that meeting, wherein the witnesses swore I spoke those blasphemous words which the priests accused me of; and these, being men of integrity and reputation in the country, did declare and affirm in court, That the oath which the witnesses had taken against me was altogether false; and that no such words as they had sworn against me were spoken by me at that meeting. Indeed, most of the serious men of that side of the country, then at the sessions, had been at that meeting, and had heard me both at that and other meetings also. This was taken notice of by colonel West, who being a justice of the peace, was then upon the bench, and said: "That he never saw so many people and good faces together in all his life." Then turning himself to me, he said in the open sessions: "George, if thou hast anything to say to the people, thou mayst freely declare it." I was moved of the Lord to speak; and as soon as I began, priest Marshal, the orator for the rest of the priests, went his way. That which I was moved to declare was this: "That the Holy Scriptures were given forth by the





The trial of George Fox for alleged blasphemy was by no means a solitary case. It is recorded of Anne Audland, afterwards Anne Camm, that she was indefatigable in promulgating the glad tidings of life and salvation. The success which

attended her labors so provoked her persecutors, that they threatened she should be burnt, and she was brought to trial on a charge of blasphemy. In speaking to a priest of Banbury, she had observed: "That true words might be false in the mouths of some who quote them;" and quoting in proof and explanation of her meaning, the language of the prophet Jeremiah: "Though they say the Lord liveth, surely they swear falsely." From these expressions her enemies manufactured the charge of denying that God lived. During the course of the trial she conducted herself with so much prudence and innocent firmness, and gave such judicious answers to the questions propounded to her, that the judge was evidently inclined to her acquittal. Some of the justices who had been active in committing her, finding their designs were likely to be frustrated, stepped down from the bench among the jury, in order to influence their minds against her. Some of the officers of the court protested against their arbitrary and unrighteous proceedings. She was honorably acquitted, but the judge, willing to appease the disappointed rage of her enemies, demanded bond for her good behavior; which, as an innocent woman of good repute, she declined giving, and he remanded her to prison. Here she was thrust into a filthy dungeon several steps below the ground, on one side of which ran the common sewer, emitting a horrible stench, and giving admission to frogs and vermin, which infested her apartment. It was also destitute of any convenience for making a fire to warm the inmates, or dry up the noxious vapors which exhaled from its filthy and disgusting contents.

Among the truths of which our early Friends were convinced, perhaps no one exposed them to more severe sufferings from malicious men, than their faithful adherence to the teaching of Christ, that oaths are forbidden to the Christian. At an earlier period in English history, when the conflict

between popery and protestantism was still recent or, it may be said, still unsettled in England, acts had been passed inflicting severe penalties, extending to the loss of property and imprisonment for life, on those who refused to take certain oaths, avowing allegiance to the king of England, and rejecting the claims of the pope to the government of the church in that country. In a community where every one admitted the propriety of binding themselves by oaths, those who refused these oaths were considered to be disloyal to the government. These obligations were never designed to be applied to a loyal and innocent people, who were willing to be bound by their substance, but who believed that the command "Swear not at all," was obligatory upon them. It was therefore a malicious and hateful perversion of justice of which the enemies of Friends were guilty in so wresting these statutes as to make them apply to those against whom there was no shadow of pretense that they were deficient in loyalty to the king, or were not free from attachment to popery. The history of our Society abounds in instances where, without any show of reason, these oaths were administered to Friends, simply as traps to ensnare them. The account which George Fox gives of his trial at Lancaster in 1664, shows in an interesting manner the efforts of the judges to ensnare him, and his own intrepidity and the clearness of his intellect.

In 1663, a warrant to arrest George Fox had been given by some evil-disposed justices in the north of England, the pretence for which was that he had sent forth a paper cautioning the people against joining in any treasonable plots. Hence it was inferred that he must have some knowledge of such a movement. When he was brought before the justices, one George Middleton (who was reported to be a papist) said to him: "You are a rebel and a traitor." George says:

I asked him whom he spoke to, or whom did he call a rebel. He was so full of envy that for a while he could not speak. But at last he said, he spoke it to me. With that I struck my hand on the table, and told him I had suffered more than twenty such as he, or than any that were there, for I had been cast into Derby prison for six months together, and had suffered much because I would not take up arms against the king before Worcester fight. I had been sent up a prisoner out of my own county by colonel Hacker to Oliver Cromwell, as a plotter to bring in king Charles, in the year 1654, and I had nothing but love and good-will to the king, and desired the eternal good and welfare of him and all his subjects. "Did you ever hear the like?" said Middleton. Nay, said I, ye may hear it again, if ye will, for ye talk of the king, a company of you. But where were ye in Oliver's days, and what did ye do then for him? I have more love to the king for his eternal good and welfare than any of you have.

Finding no other excuse for sending him to prison, they tendered the oath to him, which he would not take. In 1664, he was again brought before the court.

When George Fox was asked in court whether he would take the oath or not, he replied:

Ye have given me a book to kiss and to swear on, and this book which ye have given me to kiss, says: "Kiss the Son," and the Son says in this book, "Swear not at all:" and so says, also, the apostle James. I say as the book says, yet ye imprison me. How chance ye do not imprison the book for saying so? How comes it that the book is at liberty among you which bids me not to swear, and yet ye imprison me for doing as the book bids me? I was speaking this to them, and held up the Bible open in my hand to show them the place where Christ forbade swearing. They plucked the book out of my hand, and the judge said: "Nay, but we will imprison George Fox." Yet this got abroad over all the country as a by-word: "That they gave me a book to swear on that commanded me not to swear at all," and that the Bible was at liberty, and I in prison for doing as the Bible said.

The account of this trial, as given in George Fox's Journal, illustrates several points: The feeling of malice that actuated the court, its disregard of the legal rights of the prisoner, the fearlessness with which George Fox exposed their wrong proceedings, the clear-headedness which enabled him, in measure, to confound his persecutors, and the plain exposition of the Scriptural ground for refusing to swear.

In the account of Friends in Wales, it is stated that the magistrates in Montgomeryshire, being excited to enmity against Friends because so many were convinced of their principles, had most of those who had newly joined with them brought before them, that they might tender them the oath of allegiance. They knew they could not, in conscience, take it, and thus the way was opened to send them to prison.

In the Sixth Month of 1662, five women were committed to close confinement at Haverford-West for refusing to take the oath of allegiance.

At Shrewsbury, where many Friends were confined, divers of their brethren from distant places were drawn, in Christian love, to visit them. The soldiers of the guard apprehended these as they came, and took them before the mayor, who, understanding his business fully by this time, would immediately tender them the oath, and commit them to the company of those they had been sympathizing with. Some so served had come to bring provisions to the prisoners.

William Penn, in his account of the rise of the Society of Friends, points out one of their characteristics, which had much to do with the severe sufferings to which they were exposed. He says:

They refuse to pay tithes or a maintenance to a national ministry, and that for two reasons: The one is, that they believe all compelled maintenance, even to Gospel ministers, to be unlawful, because expressly contrary to Christ's command,

who said: "Freely ye have received, freely give;" at least, that the maintenance of Gospel ministers should be free, and not forced; the other reason of their refusal is, because these ministers are not Gospel ones, in that the Holy Ghost is not their foundation, but human arts and parts, so that it is not a matter of humor or sullenness; but pure conscience toward God, that they cannot help to support national ministers where they dwell, which are but too much and too visibly become ways of worldly advantage and preferment.

The testimonies held by our early Friends to a free Gospel ministry, caused them much suffering. It operated in two ways: First, by bringing them into collision with the laws then in force for the collection of tithes and other so-called church dues; and, secondly, by making enemies of the great body of the priesthood, whose calling and maintenance were thus called in question, and who became some of the most bitter and inveterate of persecutors, and were active in stirring up others to beat and imprison the Quakers. The words of Micah, the ancient prophet, were verified: "He that putteth not into their mouths, they even prepare war against him." The maliciousness and cruelty of many of the priests were altogether at variance with the Divine love which ought to rule in the hearts of those who professed to be ministers of the loving Jesus.

A writer in the "Westminster and Foreign Review" points out the connection between the doctrines of Friends and the persecutions they experienced:

George Fox repudiated priesthood and priestcraft, and dared to deny the right of a human mediator between God and man. He acknowledged but one mediator; one whose services were not to be doled out in pittances apportioned to the coin returned. It, therefore, is not remarkable that the priesthood, of whatever denomination [seeing their craft was in danger], should rise as one man against the Quaker, and denounce him

from the pulpit and the press as an atheist and a traitor; an enemy alike to religion and to law. Such was the case; and when we remember how small, how ramified, how extended is that power and influence which is attacked, we cannot wonder that the Quaker was hurried from place to place like a beast — was torn from his home and family — was thrown into the most foul dungeons — was fingered, maimed, crippled and murdered merely on a false charge of irreligion and disaffection, originating entirely in the vengeance of a priesthood whose claims he resisted, and with whose emoluments the spread of such opinions must of necessity interfere. The [illegible] the marriage, the marriage form, and the interference of the priests in completing it — the churching of women — the [illegible] of infants — the administration of the sacrament — the [illegible] of a woman — the funeral service — the consecration of churches and churchyards — all forms of prayers and written sermons — all were of no avail with the Quaker. This was accounted atheism and high treason in the eyes of the clergy, and all those over whom this influence extended. The boldness with which Fox preached these doctrines is shown in his own Journal. "The Journal of George Fox," says Sir James Mackintosh, "is one of the most extraordinary and instructive documents in the world, and no man of competent judgment can peruse it without revering the virtue of the writer." Here we are presented with the origin of the Quaker tenet against a paid clergy of any description; and from the doctrines of their founder, as agreeing with the New Testament, the Quakers conceive themselves called upon to protest openly against such a ministration of the Gospel, as being contrary to the spiritual injunctions of Christ and the practice of the apostles, and the early Christian church. Hence they refuse to pay all tithes or church demands, patiently submitting to the legal penalties attached to such refusals, and to the rapacity of their enemies, who, in the early periods of the Society, carried their plunder to so great an excess as not only to involve many in total ruin, but also subject them to long and cruel imprisonments, which in many cases of particular hardship, terminated in death. The number who perished in this way throughout the kingdom amounted to three hundred and sixty-nine persons.

Somewhere about the year 1781, a number of Friends were summoned before a Justice of the Peace at the suit of the Vicar of Carlton for not having paid their small tithes. The amount that could be claimed of each annually, according to law, was small, but the demand made before the magistrate appeared to him exorbitant, and he advised the priest to make a more moderate claim. This he refused to do—and although the Friends could not have paid the smallest fraction of the claim, yet the refusal of the prosecutor to abate anything, clearly showed his covetous spirit. He then commenced an exchequer process, throwing it into the Bishop's Court.

After many years' delay he obtained a decree for the amount of his claim, and the costs, and for not paying the sum thus awarded, Joseph Brown, John Wormall, John Stansfield, Henry Wormall, Henry King, John Wilkinson, William Hartley and James Walton, were torn from the bosom of their families, and thrown into York Castle. These men were none of them in affluent circumstances, some were quite poor, and there was not one whose family was not dependent for its support on his industry. Being now debarred from profitable employment, several of the prisoners had no means of preventing their families from becoming dependent upon the charity of their friends. Joseph Brown was a minister, and although affected with a pulmonary complaint, he had, by persevering industry, maintained a wife and family of ten children by his business, which was not a remunerative one, being that of a constructor of dry stone fences. Beside this he tilled a very small portion of land.

The Friends continued in prison about two years, when, through the representations made of the case to the king, and others in authority, a clause was inserted in an act of Parliament by which magistrates were empowered to release them. The prison doors were opened for all the Friends ex-

sept John Wilkinson—who had by death been previously set free from the wrath of the persecutor. Distraints were made on the property of the survivors to meet the unjust claims of the vicar.

On one occasion George Fox, being at a meeting when the preacher took for his text the passage: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price." After he had finished his discourse, George exclaimed: "Come down, thou deceiver! dost thou bid people come freely, and to take of the water of life freely, and yet thou takest three hundred pounds a year of them. Mayst thou not blush with shame! Did not Christ say to his ministers whom He sent to preach: "Freely ye have received, freely give?"

The practice of true friends has ever been in accordance with this principle. Samuel Bownas, in his Memoirs, says:

I visited Leicestershire pretty generally, and a woman of some account, whose name was Jemima Mountney, was convinced, and was with me at sundry meetings, and was exceedingly tender and loving, being thoroughly reached and satisfied. When we parted she was so open-hearted that I was called aside by her, and after having said something to me about her inward condition, she offered me some pieces of gold, which I told her I durst not touch. She very courteously, and with a becoming genteel mien, told me she was both able and willing, and as she had no other way that she could show her gratitude for that spiritual good she had received from my ministry, she could do no less, beseeching that I would receive it, as the true token of her love and respect. In answer, I said it was what I never had done; nor could I now do it; but all the reward I desired and expected was, that she might carefully, with a sincere heart, endeavor that her obedience did keep pace with her knowledge, the hearing of which would rejoice my soul. We parted in great love and tenderness.

Samuel Bownas makes this further remark on the subject of the ministry:

All who have received their ministry from the Lord Jesus, are bound, by his command to his apostles, to give it forth freely. If persons study their preaching to get a living by it, they will be likely to expect to be paid for it; but do we not suppose if all Christians were brought to wait upon God in reverent silence, for ability to worship Him in spirit and in truth, that He would select his ministers for the work who would preach freely as their duty, and that the Redeemer's cause, the reign of the Prince of Peace, would be more effectually spread in the world.

Gough, in his history of the people called Quakers, mentions several cases which show the hard-heartedness of some of the priests, and their injustice in taking more than the law entitled them to. Leonard Cole, for refusing to pay tithes, was sent to prison, and while there the priest made a seizure of his corn and cattle to the value of nearly one hundred pounds for one year's tithe, for which the former occupier of the same farm paid but six pounds.

For fifty pounds demanded, were taken from John Pollard, of Steeple, corn, etc., to the value of three hundred and twenty-two pounds.

John Bishop, in the Isle of Wight, a poor laboring man who had a large family dependent on his labor, was imprisoned in Winchester jail for tithes twenty weeks.

William Vincent, for a demand of only four pence for tithes, was imprisoned in Northampton jail about a year.

Margaret Parke, a poor widow, having three children, was imprisoned twenty-seven months for tithes of cow and hay less than thirteen shillings four pence in value. This poor woman's sufferings were grievous, being closely confined among murderers and thieves, where her friends were not admitted to see her.

It was the practice of Friends to preserve an account of the sufferings they underwent on Truth's account, and the annual epistles of London Yearly Meeting for many years, state the amounts taken from its members on account of tithes, etc., as well as the number in prison. The pecuniary distraints varied from three to upwards of five thousand pounds, and the number of prisoners was often over one hundred. In the year 1829 the meeting was able to report for the first time that there was no Friend in prison on "Truth's account," "On which occasion," says the epistle, "we cannot but commemorate the goodness of our God in this his merciful dispensation, so different from the lot of our fathers."

Of the enmity felt by the clergy towards our early Friends, Robert Barclay remarks:

God having shown us this corrupt and antichristian ministry, and called us out from it, and gathered us into his own power and life, to be a separate people, so that we dare not join with nor hear these antichristian hirelings, neither yet put into their mouths or feed them; oh! what malice, envy and fury hath this raised in their hearts against us! That though we get none of their wares, neither will buy them, as knowing them to be naught, yet will they force us to give them money; and, because we cannot for conscience' sake do it, our sufferings upon that account have been unutterable. These avaricious hirelings have come to that degree of malice and rage, that several poor laboring men have been carried hundreds of miles from their own dwellings, and shut up in prison, some two, some three, yea, some seven years together, for the value of one pound sterling and less. I know myself a poor widow, that for the tithes of her geese, which amounted not to five shillings, was about four years kept in prison thirty miles from her house. Yea, hundreds have hereby spilled their innocent blood, by dying in the filthy noisome holes and prisons. And some of the priests have been so enraged, that goods thus ravished could not satisfy them, but they must also satisfy their fury by beating, knocking and wounding with their hands

innocent men and women for refusing (for conscience' sake) to put into their mouths.

The Journals of Friends who lived in those days, abound with statements of the sufferings by loss of property and imprisonments to which they were subjected for their faithfulness in refusing to pay preachers who had not ministered unto them, and who had no equitable claim upon them, and whose forced maintenance was a violation of the principles laid down by Christ and his apostles.

The word "Tithes" means a tenth part. Among the Jews it was given to the tribe of Levi, as a substitute for their share of the land, when the land of Canaan was divided among the tribes of Israel. There was no similar provision among the early Christians. Indeed, in the earlier period of the Christian church, there was no separate order of clergy, but in their meetings every one was at liberty to exercise the gift of ministry as the Lord called them to the service. It soon became common to raise a church fund, and Tertullian shows the purposes to which it was applied—"In relieving the poor, and upon children destitute of parents, and in the maintenance of aged and feeble persons, and of men wrecked by sea, and of such as have been condemned to metallic mines, or have been cast into prison, professing the Christian faith." In the distribution of these funds, no doubt, the ministers in need would share as well as the other members, not because they were ministers, but because they were poor or in distress.

These funds were derived from voluntary contributions, and were under the care of the deacons—the bishops having nothing to do with them, until the Council of Antioch, in the year 340, ordained that the bishops might distribute them, but that they should take no part of them to themselves, or for the use of the priests who lived with them, unless necessity

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Our early Friends were well aware that their success depended on the Lord's blessing which accompanied their labors. William Penn says: "Without this secret Divine power, there is no quickening and regenerating of dead souls." And again, "These experimental preachers of glad tidings of God's truth and kingdom, could not run when they list, or pray or preach when they pleased, but as Christ, their Redeemer, prepared and moved them by his own blessed Spirit, for which they waited in their services and meetings, and spoke as that gave them utterance." It is evident, therefore, that no amount of preaching or other effort in a religious way, that has its root in an imitation of the proceedings of our early members, can be expected to produce similar results, for it is the Lord alone who can change the heart of man, and only those labors which flow from the movings of his Spirit can we reasonably suppose will receive his blessing.

CHAPTER II.

CHARGES AGAINST FRIENDS.

The sudden rise and rapid growth of the new Society caused, as might be expected, much excitement in many parts of England. The Friends and their principles were often misunderstood, and many false charges were made against them, which filled the popular mind with rage and prejudice. Of

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That I carried bottles about with me, and made people drink of my bottles, which made them follow me. And, that I rid upon a great black horse, and was seen in one county upon my black horse in one hour, and in the same hour in another county three score miles off. With these lies he fed his people, to make them think evil of the Truth which I had declared amongst them. But by those lies he preached many of his hearers away from him; for I travelled on foot, and had no horse at that time; and that the people generally knew.

Such slanderous reports would seem childish and useless at the present day, but at that time there still existed among the people of England a wide-spread belief in witchcraft, to which this priest maliciously appealed. Many hundreds of people were put to death as witches, indeed the last of these murders in England occurred more than sixty years after the date of which we are speaking. So infatuated with this superstition were the people, that one Hopkins made a regular business of going about the country and freeing the different neighborhoods of witches for a stated fee. Many were the innocent victims that were put to death through his means. One of his methods of determining their guilt was to throw them into a pond of water. If they floated it was regarded as a proof that they were witches—but if they sank they were supposed to be innocent.

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Our early Friends were well aware that their success depended on the Lord's blessing which accompanied their labors. William Penn says: "Without this secret Divine power, there is no quickening and regenerating of dead souls." And again, "These experimental preachers of glad tidings of God's truth and kingdom, could not run when they list, or pray or preach when they pleased, but as Christ, their Redeemer, prepared and moved them by his own blessed Spirit, for which they waited in their services and meetings, and spoke as that gave them utterance." It is evident, therefore, that no amount of preaching or other effort in a religious way, that has its root in an imitation of the proceedings of our early members, can be expected to produce similar results, for it is the Lord alone who can change the heart of man, and only those labors which flow from the movings of his Spirit can we reasonably suppose will receive his blessing.

CHAPTER II.

CHARGES AGAINST FRIENDS.

The sudden rise and rapid growth of the new Society caused, as might be expected, much excitement in many parts of England. The Friends and their principles were often misunderstood, and many false charges were made against them, which filled the popular mind with rage and prejudice. Of

this the early records of our Society furnish many illustrations. The priests of that day were among the foremost of those who thus slandered Friends, and it is not surprising that it should have been so, for the doctrines of Friends as to the ground and nature of Gospel ministry and their contention that the system of tithes had no proper place in the Christian dispensation, struck at their business. When at Wakefield in 1652, George Fox said the priest of that church raised many wicked slanders upon me, as:

That I carried bottles about with me, and made people drink of my bottles, which made them follow me. And, that I rid upon a great black horse, and was seen in one county upon my black horse in one hour, and in the same hour in another county three score miles off. With these lies he fed his people, to make them think evil of the Truth which I had declared amongst them. But by those lies he preached many of his hearers away from him; for I travelled on foot, and had no horse at that time; and that the people generally knew.

Such slanderous reports would seem childish and useless at the present day, but at that time there still existed among the people of England a wide-spread belief in witchcraft, to which this priest maliciously appealed. Many hundreds of people were put to death as witches, indeed the last of these murders in England occurred more than sixty years after the date of which we are speaking. So infatuated with this superstition were the people, that one Hopkins made a regular business of going about the country and freeing the different neighborhoods of witches for a stated fee. Many were the innocent victims that were put to death through his means. One of his methods of determining their guilt was to throw them into a pond of water. If they floated it was regarded as a proof that they were witches—but if they sank they were supposed to be innocent.

Rutty in his history of Friends in Ireland, mentions that Thomas Wight attended a Friends' Meeting near Bandon, out of curiosity, but "Finding that the people sat silent for a long time, he began to be very uneasy, and to think within himself, that as he had heard the Quakers were witches, he might be bewitched if he should stay any longer." Elizabeth Bathurst, in "Truth Vindicated," has some remarks which explain Thomas Wight's uneasiness. She says:

Some not knowing the way of the Spirit in themselves, and yet seeing the evident change which hath been wrought upon others by virtue of the powerful operation of this spiritual principle or power of God in their consciences, they have hereupon confidently affirmed the same to be effected by the art of witchcraft and diabolical enchantment; which affirmation, though false, yet may it truly be said to be fixed as a scarecrow or ghostly apparition, to frighten people from so much as looking towards this religion. . . . They have enviously cast upon the professors of it, as the means whereby they convert and turn people to it; alleging it as a matter of wonder that any should be so strangely altered both in countenance, carriage and communication, that on a sudden too (as some have been observed to be) unless it were by the power of sorcery, or some satanical possession. And hence have they mocked at and derided that godly fear and holy trembling, that hath been made to appear in some when the terrors of the Almighty took hold of them by reason of sin, as though this were occasioned through some frenzy humor, being the product of natural weakness and defect, or else produced by the invincible force of magic art, which the creature can no ways resist. So that this hath been a main argument why people should not adventure themselves so much as to go into a Quaker meeting for fear of the great danger (that some suppose there is) of being charmed into that religion; which fear hath so much affrighted the hearts of some, that notwithstanding there are good desires in them after satisfaction in matters of religion, and they have freely confessed even in my hearing: "That this seemeth to be the way to attain the

same; yet they never were, nor do they dare to come amongst this people, to wit, the Quakers, for fear of being forcibly possessed with the belief of their principles."

A belief in demoniacal possession had come down from the earliest ages, and "had been fanned into a new intensity at the close of the middle ages by the physical calamities and moral scepticisms which threw their gloom over the world. But it was not till the chaos and turmoil of the Reformation put its strain on the spiritual imagination of men, that the belief deepened into a general panic. The panic was common to both Catholics and Protestants; it was in Catholic countries, indeed, that the persecution of supposed witches was carried on longest and most ruthlessly. Among Protestant countries, England was the last to catch the general terror; but it was not till the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign that it became a marked feature of the time.

To men like the Puritans, says Green, in his "History of the English People," who looked on the world about them and the soul within them as battle-fields for a never-ceasing contest between God and the devil, it was natural enough to ascribe every evil that happened to many, either in soul or body, to the invisible agency of the spirit of ill. A share of his supernatural energies was the bait by which he was held to lure the wicked to their own destruction; and women, above all, were believed to barter their souls for the possession of power which lifted them above the weakness of their sex."

A bull issued by Pope Innocent VIII., in 1484, and several by succeeding popes, tended to increase the agitation of the public mind on this subject. A writer in Chambers' Encyclopedia, thus describes the result: "A panic fear of witchcraft took possession of society. If any one felt an unaccountable illness, or a peculiar pain in any part of his body, or suffered any misfortune in his family or affairs; or, if a storm arose

and committed any damage by sea or land; or, if any cattle died suddenly; or, in short, if any event, circumstance or thing occurred out of the ordinary routine of daily experience—the cause of it was witchcraft. To be accused was to be doomed: for it rarely happened that proof was wanting. If the accused did not at once confess, they were ordered to be shaved and closely examined for the discovery of the devil's marks; and if any strange mark was discovered, there remained no longer any doubt of the party's guilt. Failing in this kind of evidence, torture was applied. A large proportion of the accused witches, in order to avoid these preliminary horrors, confessed and were forthwith led to execution. Others seemed to confess voluntarily, being probably either insane persons or feeble-minded beings, whose reason had been distorted by brooding over the popular witchcraft code."

In Germany, and other parts of Europe, the prosecutions were carried to a frightful extent. In Geneva five hundred persons were burnt in three months—1515-1516. In the district of Como, one thousand were burnt in 1524, and one hundred per annum for several years afterwards. The mania was later in spreading in England and Scotland, but during the era of the Long Parliament, which sat from 1640 to 1653, three thousand persons were put to death as witches. Even the good and enlightened Sir Matthew Hale, in 1664, tried and condemned two women for bewitching children. The last of these murders in England was in 1716. In Scotland, the whole number of victims has been estimated at four thousand. Both there and in New England the clergy were the prime movers—but the force of this wild delusion spent itself towards the end of the seventeenth century. But a belief in it long lingered among the more ignorant classes, and still exists.

Another false charge brought against our early Friends

was that of blasphemy—a crime which by the laws of England at that time was punishable with death—and efforts were made to inflict this penalty upon George Fox and others. The spiritual views of religion which they held, and their rejection of outward ordinances and forms, and of all priest-craft, enraged many and led them in some cases to become false accusers. George Fox thus relates his trial on this charge, which took place at the sessions of Court at Lancaster:

There appeared against me about forty priests. These had chosen one Marshal, a priest of Lancaster, to be their orator; and had provided one young priest and two priests' sons to bear witness against me, who had sworn beforehand that I had spoken blasphemy. When the justices were set, they heard all that the priests and their witnesses could say and charge against me, their orator Marshal sitting by and explaining their sayings for them: but the witnesses were so confounded that they discovered themselves to be false witnesses.

There were then in court several who had been at that meeting, wherein the witnesses swore I spoke those blasphemous words which the priests accused me of; and these, being men of integrity and reputation in the country, did declare and affirm in court, That the oath which the witnesses had taken against me was altogether false; and that no such words as they had sworn against me were spoken by me at that meeting. Indeed, most of the serious men of that side of the country, then at the sessions, had been at that meeting, and had heard me both at that and other meetings also. This was taken notice of by colonel West, who being a justice of the peace, was then upon the bench, and said: "That he never saw so many people and good faces together in all his life." Then turning himself to me, he said in the open sessions: "George, if thou hast anything to say to the people, thou mayst freely declare it." I was moved of the Lord to speak; and as soon as I began, priest Marshal, the orator for the rest of the priests, went his way. That which I was moved to declare was this: "That the Holy Scriptures were given forth by the

spirit of God; and all people must first come to the spirit of God in themselves, by which they might know God and Christ, of whom the prophets and apostles learnt: and by the same spirit know the Holy Scriptures; for as the spirit of God was in them that gave forth the Scriptures, so that same spirit must be in all them that come to understand the Scriptures. By which spirit they might have fellowship with the Father, with the Son, with the Scriptures, and with one another: and without this spirit they can know neither God, Christ, nor the Scriptures, nor have a right fellowship one with another." I had no sooner spoken those words, but about half a dozen priests that stood behind me, burst into a passion. One of them, whose name was Jackus, amongst other things that he spoke against the Truth said: "The spirit and the letter were inseparable." I replied: "Then every one that hath the letter hath the spirit, and they might buy the spirit with the letter of the Scriptures." This plain discovery of darkness in the priest, moved judge Fell and colonel West to reprove them openly, and tell them: "That according to that position, they might carry the Spirit in their pockets as they did the Scriptures." Upon this the priests being confounded and put to silence, rushed out in a rage against the justices, because they could not have their bloody ends upon me. The justices, seeing the witnesses did not agree, and finding that all their evidences were not sufficient in law to make good their charge against me, discharged me. Thus I was cleared in open sessions of those lying accusations which the malicious priests had laid to my charge; and multitudes of people praised God that day. It was a day of everlasting salvation to hundreds of people: for the Lord Jesus Christ, the way to the Father, the free Teacher, was exalted and set up, his everlasting Gospel was preached, and the word of eternal life was declared over the heads of the priests and all such lucrative preachers.

The trial of George Fox for alleged blasphemy was by no means a solitary case. It is recorded of Anne Audland, afterwards Anne Camm, that she was indefatigable in promulgating the glad tidings of life and salvation. The success which

attended her labors so provoked her persecutors, that they threatened she should be burnt, and she was brought to trial on a charge of blasphemy. In speaking to a priest of Banbury, she had observed: "That true words might be false in the mouths of some who quote them;" and quoting in proof and explanation of her meaning, the language of the prophet Jeremiah: "Though they say the Lord liveth, surely they swear falsely." From these expressions her enemies manufactured the charge of denying that God lived. During the course of the trial she conducted herself with so much prudence and innocent firmness, and gave such judicious answers to the questions propounded to her, that the judge was evidently inclined to her acquittal. Some of the justices who had been active in committing her, finding their designs were likely to be frustrated, stepped down from the bench among the jury, in order to influence their minds against her. Some of the officers of the court protested against their arbitrary and unrighteous proceedings. She was honorably acquitted, but the judge, willing to appease the disappointed rage of her enemies, demanded bond for her good behavior; which, as an innocent woman of good repute, she declined giving, and he remanded her to prison. Here she was thrust into a filthy dungeon several steps below the ground, on one side of which ran the common sewer, emitting a horrible stench, and giving admission to frogs and vermin, which infested her apartment. It was also destitute of any convenience for making a fire to warm the inmates, or dry up the noxious vapors which exhaled from its filthy and disgusting contents.

Among the truths of which our early Friends were convinced, perhaps no one exposed them to more severe sufferings from malicious men, than their faithful adherence to the teaching of Christ, that oaths are forbidden to the Christian. At an earlier period in English history, when the conflict

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[redacted] persecution was still recent or it may be said still present in England. Acts had been passed inflicting severe penalties, extending to the loss of property and imprisonment for life, on those who refused to take certain oaths, swearing allegiance to the king of England and rejecting the claims of the pope to the government of the church in that country. In a community where every one admitted the propriety of taking themselves the oaths, those who refused these oaths were considered to be disloyal to the government. These obligations were never designed to be applied to a loyal and innocent people, who were willing to be bound by their substance, but who believed that the command "Swear not at all," was obligatory upon them. It was therefore a malicious and hateful perversion of justice of which the enemies of Friends were guilty in so wresting these statutes as to make them apply to those against whom there was no shadow of pretense that they were deficient in loyalty to the king, or were not free from attachment to popery. The history of our Society abounds in instances where, without any show of reason, these oaths were administered to Friends, simply as traps to ensnare them. The account which George Fox gives of his trial at Lancaster in 1664, shows in an interesting manner the efforts of the judges to ensnare him, and his own intrepidity and the clearness of his intellect.

In 1663, a warrant to arrest George Fox had been given by some evil disposed justices in the north of England, the pretence for which was that he had sent forth a paper cautioning the people against joining in any treasonable plots. Hence it was inferred that he must have some knowledge of such a movement. When he was brought before the justices, one George Middleton (who was reported to be a papist) said to him: "You are a rebel and a traitor." George says:

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I asked him whom he spoke to, or whom did he call a rebel. He was so full of envy that for a while he could not speak. But at last he said, he spoke it to me. With that I struck my hand on the table, and told him I had suffered more than twenty such as he, or than any that were there, for I had been cast into Derby prison for six months together, and had suffered much because I would not take up arms against the king before Worcester fight. I had been sent up a prisoner out of my own county by colonel Hacker to Oliver Cromwell, as a plotter to bring in king Charles, in the year 1654, and I had nothing but love and good-will to the king, and desired the eternal good and welfare of him and all his subjects. "Did you ever hear the like?" said Middleton. Nay, said I, ye may hear it again, if ye will, for ye talk of the king, a company of you. But where were ye in Oliver's days, and what did ye do then for him? I have more love to the king for his eternal good and welfare than any of you have.

Finding no other excuse for sending him to prison, they tendered the oath to him, which he would not take. In 1664, he was again brought before the court.

When George Fox was asked in court whether he would take the oath or not, he replied:

Ye have given me a book to kiss and to swear on, and this book which ye have given me to kiss, says: "Kiss the Son," and the Son says in this book, "Swear not at all:" and so says, also, the apostle James. I say as the book says, yet ye imprison me. How chance ye do not imprison the book for saying so? How comes it that the book is at liberty among you which bids me not to swear, and yet ye imprison me for doing as the book bids me? I was speaking this to them, and held up the Bible open in my hand to show them the place where Christ forbade swearing. They plucked the book out of my hand, and the judge said: "Nay, but we will imprison George Fox." Yet this got abroad over all the country as a by-word: "That they gave me a book to swear on that commanded me not to swear at all," and that the Bible was at liberty, and I in prison for doing as the Bible said.

The account of this trial, as given in George Fox's Journal, illustrates several points: The feeling of malice that actuated the court, its disregard of the legal rights of the prisoner, the fearlessness with which George Fox exposed their wrong proceedings, the clear-headedness which enabled him, in measure, to confound his persecutors, and the plain exposition of the Scriptural ground for refusing to swear.

In the account of Friends in Wales, it is stated that the magistrates in Montgomeryshire, being excited to enmity against Friends because so many were convinced of their principles, had most of those who had newly joined with them brought before them, that they might tender them the oath of allegiance. They knew they could not, in conscience, take it, and thus the way was opened to send them to prison.

In the Sixth Month of 1662, five women were committed to close confinement at Haverford-West for refusing to take the oath of allegiance.

At Shrewsbury, where many Friends were confined, divers of their brethren from distant places were drawn, in Christian love, to visit them. The soldiers of the guard apprehended these as they came, and took them before the mayor, who, understanding his business fully by this time, would immediately tender them the oath, and commit them to the company of those they had been sympathizing with. Some so served had come to bring provisions to the prisoners.

William Penn, in his account of the rise of the Society of Friends, points out one of their characteristics, which had much to do with the severe sufferings to which they were exposed. He says:

They refuse to pay tithes or a maintenance to a national ministry, and that for two reasons: The one is, that they believe all compelled maintenance, even to Gospel ministers, to be unlawful, because expressly contrary to Christ's command,

who said: "Freely ye have received, freely give;" at least, that the maintenance of Gospel ministers should be free, and not forced; the other reason of their refusal is, because these ministers are not Gospel ones, in that the Holy Ghost is not their foundation, but human arts and parts, so that it is not a matter of humor or sullenness; but pure conscience toward God, that they cannot help to support national ministers where they dwell, which are but too much and too visibly become ways of worldly advantage and preferment.

The testimonies held by our early Friends to a free Gospel ministry, caused them much suffering. It operated in two ways: First, by bringing them into collision with the laws then in force for the collection of tithes and other so-called church dues; and, secondly, by making enemies of the great body of the priesthood, whose calling and maintenance were thus called in question, and who became some of the most bitter and inveterate of persecutors, and were active in stirring up others to beat and imprison the Quakers. The words of Micah, the ancient prophet, were verified: "He that putteth not into their mouths, they even prepare war against him." The maliciousness and cruelty of many of the priests were altogether at variance with the Divine love which ought to rule in the hearts of those who professed to be ministers of the loving Jesus.

A writer in the "Westminster and Foreign Review" points out the connection between the doctrines of Friends and the persecutions they experienced:

George Fox repudiated priesthood and priestcraft, and dared to deny the right of a human mediator between God and man. He acknowledged but one mediator; one whose services were not to be doled out in pittances apportioned to the coin returned. It, therefore, is not remarkable that the priesthood, of whatever denomination [seeing their craft was in danger], should rise as one man against the Quaker, and denounce him

from the pulpit and the press as an atheist and a traitor: an enemy alike to religion and to law. Such was the case; and when we remember how subtle, how ramified, how extended is that power and influence which he attacked, we cannot wonder that the Quaker was hunted from place to place like a beast [illegible] was torn from his home and family—was thrown into the most filthy dungeons—was flogged, maimed, crippled and murdered merely on a false charge of irreligion and disaffection—a charge resting entirely in the vengeance of a priesthood whose offices he declined, and with whose emoluments the spread of such opinions must of necessity interfere. The forms for marriage, the marriage form, and the interference of the priests in completing it—the churching of women—the christening of infants—the administration of the sacrament—the ceremony of confirmation—the funeral service—the consecration of churches and churchyards—all forms of prayers and written sermons—all were of no avail with the Quaker. They were accounted atheism and high treason in the eyes of the clergy, and all those over whom this influence extended. The manner with which Fox preached these doctrines is [illegible] in his own Journal. "The Journal of George Fox," says Sir James Mackintosh, "is one of the most extraordinary and instructive documents in the world, and no man of competent judgment can peruse it without revering the virtue of the writer." Here we are presented with the origin of the Quaker testimony against a paid clergy of any description; and from the doctrines of their founder, as agreeing with the New Testament, the Quakers conceive themselves called upon to protest openly against such a ministration of the Gospel, as being contrary to the spiritual injunctions of Christ and the practice of the apostles, and the early Christian church. Hence they refuse to pay all tithes or church demands, patiently submitting to the legal penalties attached to such refusals, and to the rapacity of their enemies, who, in the early periods of the Society, carried their plunder to so great an excess as not only to involve many in total ruin, but also subject them to long and cruel imprisonments, which in many cases of particular hard-ship, terminated in death. The number who perished in this way throughout the kingdom amounted to three hundred and sixty-nine persons.

Somewhere about the year 1781, a number of Friends were summoned before a Justice of the Peace at the suit of the Vicar of Carlton for not having paid their small tithes. The amount that could be claimed of each annually, according to law, was small, but the demand made before the magistrate appeared to him exorbitant, and he advised the priest to make a more moderate claim. This he refused to do—and although the Friends could not have paid the smallest fraction of the claim, yet the refusal of the prosecutor to abate anything, clearly showed his covetous spirit. He then commenced an exchequer process, throwing it into the Bishop's Court.

After many years' delay he obtained a decree for the amount of his claim, and the costs, and for not paying the sum thus awarded, Joseph Brown, John Wormall, John Stansfield, Henry Wormall, Henry King, John Wilkinson, William Hartley and James Walton, were torn from the bosom of their families, and thrown into York Castle. These men were none of them in affluent circumstances, some were quite poor, and there was not one whose family was not dependent for its support on his industry. Being now debarred from profitable employment, several of the prisoners had no means of preventing their families from becoming dependent upon the charity of their friends. Joseph Brown was a minister, and although affected with a pulmonary complaint, he had, by persevering industry, maintained a wife and family of ten children by his business, which was not a remunerative one, being that of a constructor of dry stone fences. Beside this he tilled a very small portion of land.

The Friends continued in prison about two years, when, through the representations made of the case to the king, and others in authority, a clause was inserted in an act of Parliament by which magistrates were empowered to release them. The prison doors were opened for all the Friends ex-

being solemnized, he stood up and bore his testimony, as he called it, against our set forms."

In 1737, John Griffith was travelling into East New Jersey, and had a meeting near Black's River. He says: "None of our Society were thereabouts, but there were some Ranters, who had taken upon them the name of Quakers, to the great scandal of Friends in that remote place. They came to the meeting, being mostly women. Their impatient, restless spirits would not suffer them to let us hold our meeting quietly; yet they did not seem inclinable to contend, but rather to flatter and applaud us. But we were not free to receive their testimony, any more than Paul and Silas could that of the maid who was possessed with an evil spirit, but rebuked them openly, and publicly declared our disunity with them, desiring the people not to look upon them as belonging to the Society of the people called Quakers, as we could assure the meeting it was not so. I thought the chief service we had at that place was to testify against those wild, frantic people."

It was not only in Great Britain that Friends suffered for the non-payment of tithes at the priests' demands. In Virginia, in 1724, Robert Jordan was summoned to appear before the general court for non-payment of priest's wages. He says:

At my first appearance, the fierceness of the dragon was felt, and his dark power seemed great and terrible, even as though he would have swallowed me quick, and Truth's adversaries seemed to rejoice, for I was made to stand like a fool for them to glory over me, finding it safest for me and the cause, to say little at that time. The indictment being found, seemed very strange to me, who had not been accustomed to such work. However, I composed and stayed my mind in stillness on the Lord, with earnest breathings to Him for Divine aid in this his cause. As I was not conscious of having done any evil therein, I was greatly desirous that I might not give way one jot of my testimony, through fear,

Samuel Bownas makes this further remark on the subject of the ministry:

All who have received their ministry from the Lord Jesus, are bound, by his command to his apostles, to give it forth freely. If persons study their preaching to get a living by it, they will be likely to expect to be paid for it; but do we not suppose if all Christians were brought to wait upon God in reverent silence, for ability to worship Him in spirit and in truth, that He would select his ministers for the work who would preach freely as their duty, and that the Redeemer's cause, the reign of the Prince of Peace, would be more effectually spread in the world.

Gough, in his history of the people called Quakers, mentions several cases which show the hard-heartedness of some of the priests, and their injustice in taking more than the law entitled them to. Leonard Cole, for refusing to pay tithes, was sent to prison, and while there the priest made a seizure of his corn and cattle to the value of nearly one hundred pounds for one year's tithe, for which the former occupier of the same farm paid but six pounds.

For fifty pounds demanded, were taken from John Pollard, of Steeple, corn, etc., to the value of three hundred and twenty-two pounds.

John Bishop, in the Isle of Wight, a poor laboring man who had a large family dependent on his labor, was imprisoned in Winchester jail for tithes twenty weeks.

William Vincent, for a demand of only four pence for tithes, was imprisoned in Northampton jail about a year.

Margaret Parke, a poor widow, having three children, was imprisoned twenty-seven months for tithes of cow and hay less than thirteen shillings four pence in value. This poor woman's sufferings were grievous, being closely confined among murderers and thieves, where her friends were not admitted to see her.

It was the practice of Friends to preserve an account of the sufferings they underwent on Truth's account, and the annual epistles of London Yearly Meeting for many years, state the amounts taken from its members on account of tithes, etc., as well as the number in prison. The pecuniary distraints varied from three to upwards of five thousand pounds, and the number of prisoners was often over one hundred. In the year 1829 the meeting was able to report for the first time that there was no Friend in prison on "Truth's account," "On which occasion," says the epistle, "we cannot but commemorate the goodness of our God in this his merciful dispensation, so different from the lot of our fathers."

Of the enmity felt by the clergy towards our early Friends, Robert Barclay remarks:

God having shown us this corrupt and antichristian ministry, and called us out from it, and gathered us into his own power and life, to be a separate people, so that we dare not join with nor hear these antichristian hirelings, neither yet put into their mouths or feed them; oh! what malice, envy and fury hath this raised in their hearts against us! That though we get none of their wares, neither will buy them, as knowing them to be naught, yet will they force us to give them money; and, because we cannot for conscience' sake do it, our sufferings upon that account have been unutterable. These avaricious hirelings have come to that degree of malice and rage, that several poor laboring men have been carried hundreds of miles from their own dwellings, and shut up in prison, some two, some three, yea, some seven years together, for the value of one pound sterling and less. I know myself a poor widow, that for the tithes of her geese, which amounted not to five shillings, was about four years kept in prison thirty miles from her house. Yea, hundreds have hereby spilled their innocent blood, by dying in the filthy noisome holes and prisons. And some of the priests have been so enraged, that goods thus ravished could not satisfy them, but they must also satisfy their fury by beating, knocking and wounding with their hands

innocent men and women for refusing (for conscience' sake) to put into their mouths.

The Journals of Friends who lived in those days, abound with statements of the sufferings by loss of property and imprisonments to which they were subjected for their faithfulness in refusing to pay preachers who had not ministered unto them, and who had no equitable claim upon them, and whose forced maintenance was a violation of the principles laid down by Christ and his apostles.

The word "Tithes" means a tenth part. Among the Jews it was given to the tribe of Levi, as a substitute for their share of the land, when the land of Canaan was divided among the tribes of Israel. There was no similar provision among the early Christians. Indeed, in the earlier period of the Christian church, there was no separate order of clergy, but in their meetings every one was at liberty to exercise the gift of ministry as the Lord called them to the service. It soon became common to raise a church fund, and Tertullian shows the purposes to which it was applied—"In relieving the poor, and upon children destitute of parents, and in the maintenance of aged and feeble persons, and of men wrecked by sea, and of such as have been condemned to metallic mines, or have been cast into prison, professing the Christian faith." In the distribution of these funds, no doubt, the ministers in need would share as well as the other members, not because they were ministers, but because they were poor or in distress.

These funds were derived from voluntary contributions, and were under the care of the deacons—the bishops having nothing to do with them, until the Council of Antioch, in the year 340, ordained that the bishops might distribute them, but that they should take no part of them to themselves, or for the use of the priests who lived with them, unless necessity

from the pulpit and the press as an atheist and a traitor; an enemy alike to religion and to law. Such was the case; and when we remember how subtle, how ramified, how extended is that power and influence which he attacked, we cannot wonder that the Quaker was hunted from place to place like a beast —was torn from his home and family—was thrown into the most filthy dungeons—was flogged, maimed, crippled and murdered merely on a false charge of irreligion and disaffection, originating entirely in the vengeance of a priesthood whose offices he declined, and with whose emoluments the spread of such opinions must of necessity interfere. The license for marriage, the marriage form, and the interference of the priests in completing it—the churching of women—the sprinkling of infants—the administration of the sacrament—the ceremony of confirmation—the funeral service—the consecration of churches and churchyards—all forms of prayers and written sermons—all were of no avail with the Quaker. This was accounted atheism and high treason in the eyes of the clergy, and all those over whom this influence extended. The boldness with which Fox preached these doctrines is shown in his own Journal. "The Journal of George Fox," says Sir James Macintosh, "is one of the most extraordinary and instructive documents in the world, and no man of competent judgment can peruse it without revering the virtue of the writer." Here we are presented with the origin of the Quaker tenet against a paid clergy of any description; and from the doctrines of their founder, as agreeing with the New Testament, the Quakers conceive themselves called upon to protest openly against such a ministration of the Gospel, as being contrary to the spiritual injunctions of Christ and the practice of the apostles, and the early Christian church. Hence they refuse to pay all tithes or church demands, patiently submitting to the legal penalties attached to such refusals, and to the rapacity of their enemies, who, in the early periods of the Society, carried their plunder to so great an excess as not only to involve many in total ruin, but also subject them to long and cruel imprisonments, which in many cases of particular hardship, terminated in death. The number who perished in this way throughout the kingdom amounted to three hundred and sixty-nine persons.

Somewhere about the year 1781, a number of Friends were summoned before a Justice of the Peace at the suit of the Vicar of Carlton for not having paid their small tithes. The amount that could be claimed of each annually, according to law, was small, but the demand made before the magistrate appeared to him exorbitant, and he advised the priest to make a more moderate claim. This he refused to do—and although the Friends could not have paid the smallest fraction of the claim, yet the refusal of the prosecutor to abate anything, clearly showed his covetous spirit. He then commenced an exchequer process, throwing it into the Bishop's Court.

After many years' delay he obtained a decree for the amount of his claim, and the costs, and for not paying the sum thus awarded, Joseph Brown, John Wormall, John Stansfield, Henry Wormall, Henry King, John Wilkinson, William Hartley and James Walton, were torn from the bosom of their families, and thrown into York Castle. These men were none of them in affluent circumstances, some were quite poor, and there was not one whose family was not dependent for its support on his industry. Being now debarred from profitable employment, several of the prisoners had no means of preventing their families from becoming dependent upon the charity of their friends. Joseph Brown was a minister, and although affected with a pulmonary complaint, he had, by persevering industry, maintained a wife and family of ten children by his business, which was not a remunerative one, being that of a constructor of dry stone fences. Beside this he tilled a very small portion of land.

The Friends continued in prison about two years, when, through the representations made of the case to the king, and others in authority, a clause was inserted in an act of Parliament by which magistrates were empowered to release them. The prison doors were opened for all the Friends ex-

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have none of it. This is the honor which Christ will not receive, and which must be laid in the dust. Oh, the scorn, heat and fury that arose! Oh, the blows, punching, beatings and imprisonments that we underwent for not putting off our hats to men. For that soon tried all men's patience and sobriety, what it was. The bad language and evil usage we received on this account is hard to be expressed, besides the danger we were sometimes in of losing our lives for this matter, and that by the great professors of Christianity. And though it was but a small thing in the eye of man, yet a wonderful confusion it brought among all professors and priests.

William Penn, in speaking of Friends, says:

Not to respect persons was another of their doctrines and practices, for which they were often buffeted and abused. They affirmed it to be sinful to give flattering titles, or to use vain gestures and compliments of respect; though to virtue and authority they ever made a difference, but after their plain and homely manner. They also used the plain language of "Thou" and "Thee" to a single person, whatever was his degree among men.

Robert Barclay, in his "Apology," Proposition XV., unfolds, to some extent, the grounds of the objections felt by Friends to titles of honor and vain compliments: First, because these titles are no part of that obedience which is due to magistrates or superiors, which consists in obeying their just and lawful commands; secondly, such titles are not used in Scripture; and thirdly, they often lay on those who use them a necessity to lie, because he who is styled "Your Excellency" may have nothing of excellency in him; or "Your Grace" may appear to be an enemy to grace, and he who is called "Your Honor" may be known to be base and ignoble; lastly, these titles are part of that honor which comes from below, which is to be rejected by Chistians.

Such absurd compliments as "Your humble servant," etc.,

to say you to a superior, but thee and thou to a servant or inferior. George Fox says: "When the Lord sent me into the world, I was required to thee and thou all men and women without any respect to rich or poor, great or small."

In 1665, George Fox, then incarcerated in Scarborough Castle, and the subject of much interest there, being visited by many people of rank and station, thus speaks:

There came to me another time the widow of old lord Fairfax, and with her a great company, one of whom was a priest. The priest asked me why we said thee and thou to people? for he counted us but fools and idiots for speaking so. I asked him whether those who translated the Scriptures so, and made the grammar and accidence, were fools and idiots, seeing they translated the Scriptures so, thou to one, and you to more than one, and left it so to us? If they were fools and idiots, why had not he, and such as he, who looked upon themselves as wise men, and could not bear thee and thou to a singular, altered the grammar, accidence, and Bible, and put the plural instead of the singular? But if they were wise men who so translated the Bible, and made the grammar and accidence so, I wished him to consider whether they were not fools and idiots themselves, that did not speak as their grammar and Bible taught them; but were offended with us, and called us fools and idiots for speaking so.

It was fully in accord with the Scripture injunction against adorning the person with splendid attire, that the Society of Friends has always borne a testimony in favor of a plain and simple manner of dressing. At the time it arose there was an amazing amount of folly in fashionable dress. Man submitted to be painted, gilded, feathered, and decked with ribbons, laces, ruffles, wings, swords and ornaments with bunches of gay ribbons attached to different parts of the body. Yet the dress of religious people was plain and simple, and when the Society of Friends first became a united people, they made no alteration in their dress on account of their new religion.

But as the Society increased, and many were incorporated into it as the children of members, there arose a necessity for caution on this head. In 1654 George Fox issued an epistle in which he counsels his friends: "Do not wear apparel to gratify the proud mind." And three years later, he says: "Keep out of the vain fashions of the world in your apparel, and run not after every new fashion that the world setteth up."

That eminent minister, John Fothergill, records:

When I was about twelve or thirteen years old, which was after my mother's decease, a strong inclination took place in me to have a coat made with some more resemblance of the mode or fashion of the time, than in the plain manner, which I had, with other Friends, used, and prevailed on my father to grant it; but I was made uneasy in it almost at the first wearing it, and the more so in using it, feeling the certain reproofs of the spirit of Truth, for leaning to, and joining with the vain and restless flesh-pleasing spirit of the world, and turning from the steady plainness of the unchangeable Truth. I was indisputably satisfied, that the enemy of all good worked in the earthly affections of those wherein he could get place, to draw out the mind at times, of the youth especially, after the corruptions of the depraved world, in its changeable and vain fashions, in dress and clothing, in order to lead into the broad way, and by degrees into the wide world, one step making way for another. On the other hand, I was in measure then, and have been since more immovably assured, that the light of the Gospel day, the spirit of Truth, doth appear against and reprove the very conception of such vain desires and inclinations, and would lead and preserve out of them, if people did but attend thereto, and labor honestly to bear the cross of Christ in this respect.

John Woolman records in his Journal that: At our Yearly Meeting in Philadelphia, on the twenty-fifth day of the Ninth Month, 1764, John Smith, of Marlborough, aged upwards of eighty years, a faithful minister, stood up in our Meeting of Ministers and Elders, and appearing to be under a great exer-

cise of spirit, informed Friends in substance as follows: "That he had been a member of the Society upwards of sixty years, and well remembered that, in those early times, Friends were a plain, lowly-minded people, and that there was much tenderness and contrition in their meetings. That, at twenty years from that time, the Society increasing in wealth, and in some degree conforming to the fashions of the world, true humility was less apparent, and their meetings in general not so lively and edifying. That, at the end of forty years, many of them were grown very rich. That wearing fine, costly garments became customary with them and their sons and their daughters, and many of the Society made a specious appearance in the world, which marks of outward wealth and greatness appeared on some in our Meeting of Ministers and Elders. And, as these things became more prevalent, so the powerful overshadowings of the Holy Ghost were less manifest in the Society. That there had been a continued increase of these ways of life, even until now, and that the weakness which had overspread the Society and the barrenness manifest among us, is matter of much sorrow."

John Banks, one of the early ministers in the Society of Friends, in a testimony to the Truth, which he gave forth about the year 1671, says:

The practice of the world is to change from fashion to fashion, in pride of apparel, meats and drinks, to see who can exceed each other in pride and high-mindedness.

The practice of those who truly fear the Lord, is to be plain and decent in their apparel, not giving to change, as they of the world are, nor to wear anything but what becomes the Truth and may tend to adorn the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Josph Pike, who had been preciously visited by the spirit of the Lord when quite young, says that, when at fourteen or fifteen years of age, he was more allured by the pleasures and vanities of the world. Among other things, he says:

I was inclined to take pleasure in fine apparel and the likes,

as I could get them, of which I remember a particular instance. Having got a pretty fine, new coat, the spirit of pride arose in me, and passing along the street (I remember the place), I thought myself, as the saying is, "somebody," but amidst these vain and foolish thoughts, I was in an instant struck as with an arrow from the Lord, and it swiftly passed through my mind after this manner: "Poor wretch! was not Jesus Christ, the Lord of heaven and earth, meek and low of heart, and his appearance mean on earth? He was not proud and high. Wilt thou, poor worm, be high and proud of thyself or clothes?" These thoughts so wounded my spirit that I went home very sorrowful and dejected.

That the spirit of Truth does condemn the desire for gay and fine clothing, has been the experience of many. William Jackson, an honored minister of the Gospel, who lived in Chester County, Pennsylvania, in a conversation with a friend, related the following incident:

He said his parents were religious Friends, much concerned to bring up their children in the Christian plainness which Truth leads into. As he grew towards manhood, he found the cross in regard to dress, irksome to him, and desired more liberty in some things, which his parents were not easy to grant him. On coming of age, he thought as he was now his own master, he would judge for himself, and at a certain time he started to walk to a tailor's, who lived at some distance, to get a coat made in a different manner from the one he had been used to wear. He did not design to make much deviation, but thought he might gratify his inclinations a little. As he walked on the way during the stillness of the night, the witness for God arose in his heart, and brought him under very serious feelings. His mind became distressed; he reasoned that it was but a little change he proposed to make; it was too small a thing to be so uneasy about, and could not make much difference. But the further he went, the more his uneasiness increased, and at length he was so afflicted in mind, that he returned home, and went to bed, where he passed a tossing night. Nature pleaded hard for a little self-

indulgence, and the inward monitor followed him so closely with conviction, that for some days he had little rest. At length Truth prevailed, and so fully was his mind humbled and made to bow under its crucifying power, that, said he: "I took the cloth to the tailor, and told him to make me a coat just like my father's, which was much plainer than I had ever worn; and as I had occasion for new clothing, I had the rest made to suit it, and I have never made any change since, nor had any desire to do so.

The testimony of Birmingham Monthly Meeting, Pennsylvania, respecting the late James Emlen, says:

A few weeks previous to his decease, in conversing with a friend relative to one period of his life, he said (in substance) he was a gay and fashionable young man, but having been brought under the powerful hand of his Heavenly Father, one of the first things in which he was required to take up the cross, was in relation to the arrangement of his hair, which he had been accustomed to wear in the fashionable mode of that time. This sacrifice, he said, although it may seem, and is a very little thing, was much against his inclination, but he yielded, and experienced the reward of a peaceful mind. Another requisition of duty which he found enjoined upon him, was the use to a single person of the pronoun "Thou." He remarked that this was a great trial to him, but the peace which followed, amply compensated for the sacrifice. He was sensible, he said, that the work of religion was going on in his heart, before he made any change in his personal appearance or in his mode of language.

In the year 1683, Friends at Norwich, Eng., were under severe sufferings on account of their faithfulness to religious duty in the attendance of their meetings for Divine worship. Sixty-three persons, both men and women, were in close imprisonment; ten of them in a low dungeon far under ground, and others in the hole among felons. The proceedings in this case were believed to be illegal, and the statement of the circumstances having been prepared, George Whitehead and Gil-

bert Latey were appointed to deliver it to the king, on whom they had waited before on similar occasions. The king was then at Hampton Court, where his council was about to meet, and thither the two Friends repaired. They met the king surrounded by his nobles, as they were proceeding through the park, and found an opportunity to lay the case before him, and received his promise that it should be investigated. Charles treated them kindly and courteously, and entered into conversation with them. He asked them why they said thou and thee. To which Gilbert Latey made answer:

The same reason as the apostle Paul, when speaking to king Agrippa, he says, I think myself happy, king Agrippa, that I shall answer for myself before thee, especially because I know thou art expert in all customs, etc. Also, king Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? And, would to God not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost and altogether such as I am, except these bonds! Upon this the king made a little pause, and seemed to question whether these passages were truly translated, yet said, the translators might have translated you as well as thou, from the Greek; upon which George answered: "Then the translators were as simple as we Quakers." The king replied: "But you will not pull off your hats, and what have you to say for that?" To which Gilbert answered: "If to any mortal, then to the king in the first place;" but it is a matter of conscience, and "we only do it when we approach the Lord in prayer."

After some further conversation, in which part of the nobles took a share, the Friends withdrew, but not until George Whitehead again entreated the king to remember the poor sufferers at Norwich, which he promised to do. This application to the king had its desired effect. At the next assizes which came on soon after, the prisoners were all set at liberty, and no fees were demanded of them.

When Ruth Anna Rutter (afterwards Lindley) was a young woman, before she became a member of the Society of Friends,

she was under deep religious conviction, and felt it required of her to become plain in her attire; at the same time was distressed with the fear of running too fast. She says:

One day, being retired, I threw myself on the bed, and taking up the Bible that lay by the side of it, (scarce knowing what I did,) opened upon this passage: "Put off thine ornaments, that I may know what to do with thee." I also had a dream which still further confirmed me—I thought I was at the point of death, and there seemed no help for me; and being in great agony I covenanted with the Almighty, that if he would spare me a little longer, there was nothing which was required of me, but what I would give up to, through his grace assisting me, and that the remainder of my days should be dedicated to his service. Immediately after I made this covenant I thought I saw myself recovered, and in a plain garment very neat and simple.

Shortly after this I attended a general meeting at Uwchlan; having made preparation thereto as secretly as I could. I took the trimmings off one of my plainest silk gowns and cut off the trail. I had a black bonnet made without much trimming, which I wore instead of my hat and feathers. There was a considerable number of young girls in company, going to the meeting, and I endeavored to appear cheerful; but my heart was secretly engaged in cries to the Lord that I might hear something that would be confirming to me; for I was then wavering whether or not I should join the Methodists. We accordingly went to meeting, and soon after I sat down a deep exercise covered my mind, and after some time dear William Savery got up and spoke so exactly to my state that my heart was much broken, and my spirit contrited within me. We lodged that night at a house where William Savery also was, who, with some others, marking our appearance to be in the gay line of life, wondered a little at our being there upon such an occasion; but upon our telling them it was from a desire of attending that general meeting, they in a pleasant way expressed their approbation, and spoke encouragingly to us.

After my return from this meeting, the weight and neces-

sity of my putting on a plain dress seemed to increase, and one evening, most of the family having gone from home, I sent to the shop for some plain gauze, and by twilight, with a darning needle, made a little round eared cap. Next morning I rose early, but did not leave my chamber until most of the family had breakfasted; being upon my knees, and earnestly petitioning to be rightly directed, after which I went down stairs. My father, mother, and a little nephew, were sitting at the table, and as I entered the room my father viewed me (in a manner that somewhat affected me) with silent astonishment at the alteration; however I was favored to keep in a degree of quiet, although it was indeed a deep trial to be thus exposed to the observation of my connections and acquaintances. But my dear sisters and brothers continuing to treat me with their wonted affection and respect, my heart was, I trust, made measurably thankful. As I labored under a heavy affliction from an inflammation in my eyes, occasioned by a cold taken some time before I changed my dress, which proceeded from my not taking necessary care when I left off my cushion, and my health appearing to decline from the great exercise of mind I was under, my parents sent me to the Yellow Springs, in Chester County, where I spent four weeks. It happened to be in the time of their harvest frolics, and being persuaded by some company who were there for their health, I went to see them dance. But oh, the distress of mind which I felt when entering the dancing room, I cannot describe! It seemed as if I were in a fire, and could not stay many minutes, but walked into the balcony; and shortly after left the company and retired to my chamber, where I gave vent to many tears, and earnestly besought forgiveness for what I had done; after which I felt a little quiet.

When Thomas Story came under religious conviction, and was constrained to decline many things he had before practiced, he says:

Some of his friends got together in a tavern, and my father with them, intending to have me among them to drink a hearty glass, and try in their way whether they could raise my

spirits into a more sociable temper and bring me off from such thoughts.

While they were contriving this scheme, I was retired alone into my chamber, and favored with a sense of the good and soul-nourishing presence of the Lord; but after some time a concern came upon me, which gave me to expect something was in agitation concerning me, and soon after an attorney-at-law, of my acquaintance, came from the company to me, and mentioned certain gentlemen who desired to see me at the tavern. I was not hasty to go, looking for the countenance of the Lord therein, neither did I refuse; but my father and some others being impatient to have me among them, came likewise to me. I arose from my seat when they came in, but did not move my hat to them as they did to me, upon which my father fell a weeping, and said I did not use to behave so to him. I entreated him not to resent it as a fault, though I now thought fit to decline that ceremony, it was not in disobedience nor disrespect to him or them, for I honored him as much as ever, and desired he would please to think so, notwithstanding the exterior alteration. Most of the rest kept up another air, hoping to bring me into the same at the tavern, but I through grace, saw their intents and was aware; and I had now freedom in my mind to go among them. When we came there, the company all arose from their seats, and seeming generally glad, put on airs of pleasantness. In seating themselves again, they placed me in the midst of them and then they put the glass round, and to relish it the more, they began a health to king William. But the secret presence of the Lord being with me, though hid from them, it affected them all in a way they did not expect, for scarcely had two of them drank, till their countenances changed and all were silenced.

The glass, nevertheless, went forward till it came to me, and then I told them I wished both them and the king well, and if I could drink to the health of any, I should more especially to the king's, but should drink no health any more, and so refused it. The glass never went round; for several of them fell to weeping, and were much broken, and all of them were silenced for a time. When this was over, some

of them said they believed I intended well in what I did, and that every man must be left to proceed in the way which he thinks right in the sight of God; and so we parted in solid friendship. It was the secret grace of God which wrought this, and to Him, the Lord alone, did I impute it. The company dispersing, I returned to my chamber in Divine peace and true tranquillity of mind, with which I was favored for many days.

It is recorded of Gilbert Latey that, having enlisted himself under the banner of the Lord, made profession of his blessed Truth and taken up the cross, despising the shame, bearing scorn and reproach, it pleased the Lord to bring a trial upon him like the cutting off the right hand, or pulling out the right eye. For being still in great business in the world, and concerned with persons of considerable rank, who would have their apparel set off with much cost and superfluities of lace and ribbons, he came under a conscientious concern not to meddle therewith, nor suffer his servants to put it on, which made some say he was mad. Upon his refusing to be concerned in this superfluous part, the great people left him, and his trade decayed so, that having a great many servants (assistants), he was forced to part with them, not knowing but he, who lately had such a great business and so many servants, might now himself be a servant to some of the trade, and work at day labor for his bread. This was a close trial, but he patiently waited the Lord's season. Though despised even of his own mother's children, and as it were, banished from his father's house, yet he chose to leave all rather than to lose his peace with the Lord. And He who never forsakes those who trust in Him, was his support, bore up his spirit through all his exercises, and enabled him to be resigned and contented in his will.

It is related of a bishop of London, that being in want of some article connected with house furniture, he sent to the

house of a Friend in the city for patterns of the article he wanted. When the bishop's message reached the Friend's shop, the Friend was absent, but a young and consistent Friend in his employ went to the palace with the desired patterns.

After having shown them to the bishop, he was desired to leave them until next morning, when, after the approval of a pattern, a message should be forwarded to the house for a party to return and take the order.

When the young man reached the warehouse he found his employer there, who queried of him "Where he had been," and on being informed, remarked very sharply, that he supposed he should lose the order, from the young's man's stiffness, and requested to be informed when the bishop's messenger arrived.

The following morning the bishop sent down, according to promise, and the Friend, having been acquainted, away he started. On being introduced to the bishop, the Friend made a profound bow, and accosted the bishop in a manner quite inconsistent with his profession.

The bishop, perceiving this, asked him "If he was the person who called upon him yesterday?" To which the Friend replied: "No; he had left the young man at home, as he preferred calling personally." The bishop told him that he should prefer seeing the person who had previously called upon him, and added to the following effect: "Let me give you a few words of advice, never to be ashamed of consistently carrying out your profession, for, however much others may differ from you in religious opinion, they always admire the conduct of those who consistently carry out the views they hold."

The Friend who transcribed the foregoing incident, Fifth Month 19th, 1850, had the account from the young man himself.

Charles Marshall records: The visit of God's holy and ever-blessed day was signal; and in his fear and dread, we received the Gospel with a ready mind, and with broken hearts, and gave up to follow the Lord fully, casting off the weights and the sin that easily besets, and departed from the evil ways and vanities of this world; stripping off all needless apparel, and forsaking superfluities in meats and drinks; walking in the plain, self-denying path, having the fear and dread of God in our souls, whom we were afraid of offending in word or deed. Our words were few and savory, our apparel and houses plain, being stripped of superfluities, our countenances grave, and deportment weighty, amongst those we had to do with. Indeed, we were a plain, broken-hearted, contrite-spirited people; our souls being in an inexpressible travail, to do all things well-pleasing in the sight of God. Our concern, night and day, was to obtain, through Jesus Christ, the great work of salvation, and thereby, an assurance of the everlasting rest and Sabbath of our God.

The Journal of Thomas Chalkley contains the following narrative of his care to observe the testimonies of our Society as to plainness:

Thinking it convenient to send our little children to school, and not having a schoolmaster of our Society near us, we concluded to put our son and daughter under the care of Nathaniel Walton, to whom I thought it my duty to write a few lines about the salutations and language I would have them trained up in, which were on this wise:

FRANKFORT, thirtieth of Fifth Month, 1727.

Loving friend, Nathaniel Walton:

I hope thou wilt excuse the freedom I take with thee in writing this on account of my children, in these particulars, viz: Respecting the compliment of the hat and courtesying, the practice thereof being against my professed principle: First, because I find nothing like it in the Bible; but, as I think, the contrary. Thou knowest the passage of the three children of God, who stood covered before a mighty monarch; and Mordecai, who could not bow to great Haman; Second, I believe those practices derived from vain, proud man. And

as to language, I desire my children may not be permitted to use the plural language to a single person, but I pray thee to learn them to say "Thee" and "Thou," and "Thy," and to speak properly, many using it improperly; and the rather, I desire it, because it is all along used in the Divine, inspired, holy writings. I know it is generally objected that the end of speech is to be understood. It is understood better in and according to the language of God, Christ and the Holy Ghost, in the Bible, and the language of kings, and all people, as we read it in the Holy Scriptures. Why, then, should we be ashamed of it, or shun it, and bring in and uphold a custom contrary to it? The same care I would have thee take about the names of the days and months, which are derived from the names of the gods of the heathen, and are not found in the Bible.

When Joseph Pike, of Cork, Ireland, was engaged in business, many opportunities of enriching himself by speculative enterprises were offered to him. But everything of this character he steadily declined, being unwilling to burden himself, or set an ill example for others to follow. On one occasion, a proposal was made to him to purchase a large quantity of tobacco, when there was a likelihood of making a great profit, and no apparent danger of losing. But, on considering the subject, he felt it to be his duty to decline it, that the way of Truth might not, through his agency, be evilly spoken of. Another person, who had not the same scruples, or did not obey them, availed himself of the opportunity, by which he made several thousand pounds. In relation to his own conduct on this occasion, Joseph Pike says:

I never repented it, for if it were to do again, and I was sure of getting the same profit which the other did, I would still decline it, for the same reasons. And upon this subject he adds these weighty remarks, which are worthy the consideration of all who are tempted to engage in hazardous enterprises, or to embark in any business of a character to overcharge and burden the mind. "But notwithstanding," he says, "I have often declined the prosecution of prospects

that carried a fair appearance of profit, yet I will not, and dare not, say, that they would have answered accordingly; for the Lord having blessed me in moderate dealing, he might have turned his hand against me, and frustrated my expectation, if I had overcharged myself with business, to the hinderance of that little service I had to do for him. And I can say, in the sincerity of my heart, that I never inclined or strove to be rich, or to make my children great or high in the world, seeing the ill effects of it in others." Indeed, it may truly be said of Joseph Pike, that he was a man "fearing God, and hating covetousness." Against this evil, which often increases in old age, he bore a strong testimony, and in the latter years of his life, he makes these remarks in reference to it: "Oh, this spirit of covetousness! Where it prevails how it darkens and clouds the understanding, and eats out all that is good! The zeal of the Lord burns in my soul against it, and I believe there are few greater evils in the sight of the Lord than this, though there are few evils that have more cloaks and coverings than this hath."

The late John Barclay, of Croydon, Eng., although brought up in a fashionable manner, believed it his duty to live plainly and simply. On the twenty-fourth of Twelfth Month, 1836, he wrote to a young friend:

Picture to thyself any set of people raised up to a deep sense of religion, and carrying out their watchfulness and self-denial to all branches of their conduct, and endeavoring to follow that exhortation: "Be ye holy in all manner of conversation," and whatsover ye "do in word or deed, do all to the glory of God," etc. Would they not soon come to be distinguished from other people, who follow the course of this world, or who secretly yearn after their own hearts' lusts, and comfort themselves with trying to think there is nothing in this and the other little thing, and that religion does not consist in these things? Would they not soon find themselves to be a peculiar people; their outward appearance, their manners, their very gestures restrained and regulated after a mode totally contrary to the generality of those around them? According to that striking passage in one of the Apocryphal

writings, setting forth the language of the ungodly respecting the righteous, so will it be respecting such a people or person as I have described: "He is not for our turn, he is clean contrary to our doings; he was made to reprove our thoughts; he is grievous unto us even to behold; for his life is not like other men's, his ways are of another fashion." Indeed, it has never been any wonder with me, that a people gathered, settled and preserved, as I have hinted at—or as Friends were, when they found themselves estranged from the world at large, and eccentric, through the process of following their convictions of duty, should value this their privilege, and these outward badges, which tend to keep up this desirable distinction and separation from the world's spirit. But they never set up a rule as to dress, or any particular color, cut or fashion, on the same footing as the livery of the monks, or religious orders of the Papists, etc.; they only left off their ornaments and such things as were a burden to them, as unnecessary and unsimple; it was the ever changeable tide of fashion which did the rest, and, in time, caused their dissimilarity and strangeness to appear. But as to the base assertion that George Fox and the early Friends would have changed with the times, it is a conjecture which has its origin in the mere caprice and inclination of those who say so; and the contrary may be as flatly and broadly asserted upon far stronger grounds, even upon the actual facts of the whole tenor of their dissent, as exhibited in their lives, and especially in their writings. The common consent spoken of, is the very conformity they objected to—a consent of worldly men, upon worldly principles, not the consent of men redeemed from the earth. On the other hand, all that have ever rightly given up to make a plain appearance and to speak the plain language, etc., have done it on the very same ground, and not merely because George Fox and others did it. They, the truly convinced, have continued to feel on the subject as he did; and though the instances are rare, as the mercy is great and the work marvellous, and no light and superficial one, such instances are yet from time to time occurring. They are the result of cleansing the inside of the cup, that the outside may become clean also. My case is, I trust, one of these, and per-

haps rather an unusual one, for I was brought up, as thou knowest, in the entire disuse of, and I even cherished a real contempt for such singularities; until I came to see that there was "No peace to the wicked," and that "great peace have all they who love" "the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus." Then as I yielded my mind to be in all things led and guided thereby, nothing offended me but evil, nothing seemed too hard to give up unto, nor anything to be slighted as insignificant, which in any wise contributed to this heavenly peace and progress in what was esteemed so supremely excellent.

The Journal of Thomas Chalkley alludes to the dealings of the Lord with him when in very childhood, recurring to the various exercises and trials which he underwent when but eight or ten years of age, on account of his plain manner of dressing, being thus known as a "Quaker," and that often on his way to and from school, he was stoned and beaten, "Divers telling me it was no more sin to kill me than it was to kill a dog."

Thomas Chalkley relates the following:

One time I remember being amongst some men, one of whom I had reproved, and he told the rest of it, and turned to me and said "That I was no Christian," and asked me "When I said the Lord's prayer?" I asked him if he said it. He replied "Yes." I then asked him, how he could call God, Father, and be so wicked as to swear and take God's name in vain, which I had heard him often do? And I told him what Christ said to the Jews: "Ye are of your father, the devil, because his works ye do;" and that those that did the devil's work could not truly call God, Father, according to Christ's doctrines. Being convicted in their consciences that what I said was true, they were all silent, and wondered that I, being so young, should speak in such a manner. In which, I remember, I had great peace and good satisfaction. And from thenceforth these men let me alone."

His Journal goes on to say: "Notwithstanding I hated to hear wicked words, I loved play exceedingly, being persuaded

[illegible] there was no harm in it, if we used no bad words. One time I was at play at a neighbor's house with the children, and in the midst of my sport I was reached with strong convictions, insomuch that I could not forbear weeping. The children much observing that I wept, said: "Why do you weep?" [illegible] could not tell, except it was because I was a wicked boy. "Oh," said she, "don't believe him, for [illegible] you say so, for you are the best boy in all our [illegible]." But I knew I was told the truth by conviction, and that she was mistaken, for I plainly understood by clear convictions [illegible] Scriptures, which I had been trained [illegible] that I was too vain and wanton; for I [illegible] and playing at cards, and too much delighted therein, and was to be awed with the judgments of God [illegible] my soul." What I did in those sports [illegible] I was took care to do out of sight, and without the knowledge of [illegible] perverts, for I was afraid of their reproofs and [illegible] which I was sure to have, if they [illegible]

The next time [illegible] being at his uncle's, where he had gone on a visit, having with him a pack of cards which he had purchased, but on his way he attended a meeting, in which the minister declaimed against the evil of gaming, particularly of cards. He says: "From this meeting at Wanstead I went to the house of my relations, where the person of the next parish lodged that night, who used to play cards with them sometimes. The time drawing near that we were to go to our games, my uncle called to the doctor, as he styled him, to me and to my cousin, to come and take a game of cards; at which motion I had strong convictions upon me not to do it, as being evil, and I secretly cried to the Lord to keep me faithful to him, and lifting up my eyes, I saw a Bible lying in the window, at the sight of which I was glad. I took it and sat down, and read to myself, greatly rejoicing that I was kept out of the snare. Then my uncle called again, and said: 'Come, doctor, you and I, my wife and daughter, will have a game of cards, for I see my cousin is better disposed.' Then he looked upon me, and said he was better disposed also." He goes on to say: "So their sport, for that time, was spoiled, and mine, in that

practice, forever, for I never, as I remember, played with them more, but as soon as I came home, offered my new and untouched pack of cards to the fire. I am certain the use of them is of evil consequence, and draws away the mind from heaven and heavenly things."

Mary Alexander states: At this time, while young, I was favored to receive much comfort in reading the Holy Scriptures, which I often took up when alone, to my consolation and encouragement. Then deeply did I lament, that any of my precious time had been spent in perusing publications of an unprofitable tendency; such as plays and romances; and I was made sensible that nothing I had ever been in the practice of had so much alienated my mind from the love and fear of God, or led me so far from the simplicity of the pure Truth as books of this kind. How often did I wish I could warn the whole world of their pernicious effects, and especially the young people in our Society. Penning this remark, brings to my remembrance how in an instant I was entirely weaned from ever desiring again to look into a book of this description. It was by a few words expressed by a beloved friend when I was about reading to her one night after we got up stairs, and were retiring to bed. She queried with me, and I believe under Divine influence, "Dear Mary, is such a subject likely to profit us upon our pillows?" The question so forcibly struck my mind, that I very willingly laid down the volume and to the best of my remembrance, I never more read a page in that, or anything of the like kind. I have often thought those few words were indeed, "Like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

A writer in "The British Friend," says: The plain language of Friends, like their plain dresses, has been of much use in preserving them from the follies and temptations of the world. The character of Friends as a society is well known, and it is also well known that they regard as wrong a great many actions that people generally look upon as harmless; and so it happens that the mere fact of a person being known, as a Friend often prevents him from being tempted to do things which otherwise he would be expected and asked to do. In

the same way, a man who is known to be a member of a total abstinence society, will seldom be pressed to drink intoxicating liquor.

The use of the pronouns "thee" and "thou" in ordinary speech, is a peculiarity of Friends, but it is not peculiar to them alone, although, perhaps few people, if any, have like the Friends, looked upon it as springing from religious principle, and therefore have not attached so much importance to it. But, probably few people are aware that all members of the Hungarian Parliament must address one another as "thou." This rule was promulgated by Francis Deak, who looked upon it as the only way of abolishing caste prejudices in Hungary. One of the Hungarian noblemen got into serious trouble through writing a letter to a colleague in which he addressed him as "you" instead of "thou."

In Hungary, and I believe in most countries in Europe, if not in them all, "thee" and "thou" are used only in addressing people of a lower worldly rank, or familiar friends. This used to be the custom in Great Britain also, and is to some extent even yet, especially in remote country districts. The Highlanders, in speaking Gaelic, make the same distinction, and so do our far-away Shetland countrymen in speaking English.

At the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, the lawyer who conducted the prosecution against him "thou'ed" him in a very bitter speech, saying in the course of it: "I thou thee, thou traitor."

Thomas Elwood joined Friends in his youth, very much against the will of his father, who persecuted him sorely for adopting the Quakers' unfashionable and impolite peculiarities, such as refusing to take off his hat in his father's presence, and addressing him as "thou." Poor Ellwood had all his hats torn off his head by his enraged parent, and was obliged to go about bareheaded; and after his hats were all gone, and it became impossible for him to offend more in that way, he was hardly a bit better off, for he could not speak to his father without offending him:

I durst not, writes Thomas, say you to him, but thou or thee, as the occasion required, and then would he be sure to fall on me with his fists. At one of these times, I remember, when he had beaten me in that manner, he commanded me, as he commonly did at such times, to go to my chamber, which I did, and he followed me to the bottom of the stairs. Being come thither, he gave me a parting blow, and, in a very angry tone, said: "Sirrah, if ever I hear you say 'thou' or 'thee' to me again, I'll strike your teeth down your throat!" I was greatly grieved to hear him say so. And feeling a word rise in my heart unto him, I turned again and calmly said unto him: "Would it not be just if God should serve thee so when thou sayest Thou or Thee to Him?" Though his hand was up, I saw it sink, and his countenance fall, and he turned away and left me standing there.

Samuel Neale, when a young man, accompanied Garratt Van Hassan on a religious visit in Ireland. He says:

On our return we called at Christians'-town, and stayed a few nights there, where I met with a remarkable occurrence: I had been used in former times to walk out with my gun and dog; it was a retired way of amusing myself, in which I thought there was no harm; and reasoning after this manner, though I was very thoughtful about leading a new life, yet I now went out as formerly. I remember I shot a brace of woodcocks, and on my return home it rained, and I went to shelter myself by a stack of corn; when it struck my mind as an impropriety thus to waste my time in this way of amusement, so I returned rather heavy-hearted. Dear Garratt and I lodged together; and the next morning he asked me if I was awake, I told him I was; "I have something to say to thee," said he; I bid him say on. "It has been," said he, "as if an angel had spoken to me, to bid thee put away thy gun; I believe it is proper that thou shouldst put away that amusement." To this purport he spoke; and that same night I dreamed that it was said to me, intelligibly in my sleep, that if I would be a son of righteousness, I must put away my gun, and such amusements; it made a deep impression on my mind, and I concluded to give up everything of the kind, and take

up my daily cross and follow the leadings of the Lamb, who takes away the sins of the world.

John Thorp, the day before his peaceful close, related to his family the following circumstance, which occurred in his youth. He said:

When a boy, about fourteen years of age, my attachment to music was such, that when walking in the lanes and fields on an evening, I frequently gratified myself by singing aloud; and indulged therein, even after my mind became uneasy with the practice, until, in one of my solitary evening walks, and when in the act of singing, I heard, as it were, a voice distinctly say: "If thou wilt discontinue that gratification, thou shalt be made partaker of a much more perfect harmony."

Such was the powerful and convincing effect of this solemn and awful communication, that, he added, he never afterwards indulged in the practice.

He also mentioned the case of another, who, prior to joining the Society of Friends, had been a great singer, of whom John Richardson remarked: "He was the greatest singer in that part of the country where he resided, and sung then the songs of Babylon by the muddy waters thereof; but having drunk deep of the brooks of Shiloh, which run softly into the newly converted soul, he could sing and rejoice in the Lord Jesus Christ."

When John Churchman and John Browning were travelling in Talbot County, Md., an elderly man asked them if they saw some posts standing, pointing to them, and added, the first meeting George Fox had on this side of Chesapeake Bay was held in a tobacco-house there, which was then new, the posts that were standing were made of walnut; at which J. B. rode to them, and sat on his horse very still and quiet; then returning again with more speed than he went, J. C. asking him what he saw among those old posts, he answered:

I would not have missed of what I saw for five pounds; for I saw the root and grounds of idolatry. Before I went, I thought perhaps I might have felt some secret virtue in the place where George Fox had stood and preached, whom I believe to be a good man; but whilst I stood there, I was secretly informed, that if George Fox was a good man, he was in heaven, and not there, and virtue is not to be communicated by dead things, whether posts, earth, or curious pictures, but by the power of God, who is the Fountain of living virtue.

A lesson which, if rightly learned, would wean from the worship of images and adoration of relics.

The winter after, John Churchman being out on a religious visit with two Friends in Maryland, attended Sassafras Meeting, of which John Browning was a member, but had then been deceased about a month. He [J. C.] called to see the widow and children, and she gave him in substance the following account of J. B.:

My husband was not long sick, but said he believed he should not recover, and charged me to endeavor that his children should be brought up in the way of Truth, which Friends profess, and if they incline to have trades, to put them apprentice to real Friends, not barely nominal ones (which she said she was willing to do, though she had never yet joined to Friends), and desired she would not trust her own judgment, and named some Friends with whom she should advise in choosing masters. Then said, when I am dead, bury me by my father and mother, in the graveyard belonging to our family; and thou knowest that I put a large gravestone at my father's grave, and there is one ready for my mother's grave, which I did not put there, because I began to think they were more for grandeur than service. I sent for them from England (not at the request of my father), they are mine, and now I have a full testimony against such formal tokens of respect; therefore when I am buried, before the company leave the grave, inform them what my will is, and desire their help to take the gravestone from my father's

grave, and carry it out of the yard, that it may be brought home, and lay one in one hearth and the other in the other hearth of this new house, and they will be of real service there (he had built a new brick house, and the hearth not fully laid), which she promised him to observe, and told me she had complied therewith. He remained sensible to near the last, and departed in a quiet, resigned state of mind.

How weak are the arguments of such who make profession with us, and plead for those grand marks of memorial, or other tokens of distinction, set up at or on the graves of their deceased relations, and how soon would they subside, did they but live so near the pure truth as to feel the mind thereof, as I fully believe this our friend did, knowing that the name of the righteous will not perish, but be had in everlasting remembrance, because their portion is life for evermore.

Bishop Nicholson, with a company of priests, called at John Roberts', who invited him to come into his house; but the bishop declined, yet said he would drink with him. After directing beer to be brought, John returned to the coach-side. A kinsman of the bishop pertly asked the Friend, "Is your house free to entertain such men as we are?" John Roberts replied: "I entertain honest men, and sometimes others." The man remarked to the bishop: "My Lord, John's friends are the honest men, and we are the others." To which John rejoined: "That is not fair, for thee to put thy construction on my words; thou shouldst have given me leave to do that." Squire Masters came out of his coach, and standing by the bishop's coach-side, said in a diverting humor to John Roberts: "My lord and these gentlemen have been to see your burying-ground, and we think you keep it very decent." John had given this piece of ground to Friends for that purpose. He answered: "Yes; though we are against pride, we think it commendable to be decent." The chancellor then said: "But there is one thing among you which I did not expect to

see; I think it looks a little superstitious. I mean those gravestones which are placed at the head and feet of your graves." John Roberts: "That I confess is what I cannot much plead for, but it was permitted to gratify some who had their relatives interred there. We, notwithstanding, propose to have them taken up ere long, and converted to some better use. But I desire thee to take notice, we had it from among you, and I have observed in many things wherein we have taken you for our pattern, you have led us wrong, and therefore we are now resolved, with the help of God, not to follow you one step further." Such was the high Christian character which Friends held, that putting gravestones to mark the place of interment of the body of any one, struck this professor in the church as inconsistent with their religious principles and their testimony against superstitious treatment of the dead. John Roberts' confession, that they could not consistently plead for it, and that they proposed to remove them, showed that faithful ones had had their scruples, and they had determined to come to a stop, and to follow their neighbors no longer.

Wherever the members of our Society lose the conscientious scruples which they have once felt to support its principles undeviatingly, we shall see one innovation after another creeping in among them, and numbers and influence in the Society steadily paving the way for these deviations to be openly advocated and finally pleaded for, as no departure from what the Christian churches generally consider as proper, or unimportant. In this way we may be in heart, and in many things, mixed again amongst the people, our strength being devoured by them, and, like Ephraim, know it not. A Christian grows in the Divine life by little and little, and if he gets off the watch, he may fall away by little and little, until his religion is no more than a shell without the

kernel or substance. Yet the worldly wise may own and flatter him, as he advocates their views, and maintains something of an honorable standing among men. Such uphold one another, and take their ease in the example and authority of numbers, but where is their obedience and their love to the pure Truth?

Instances are on record, too, of the punishment of early Friends by the magistracy for enclosing their burial grounds, among which may be narrated that of Edward Vivers, who in 1665 was taken from his business by order of the lord lieutenant of the county of Oxford, and kept in confinement two years and seven months. Perhaps there is nothing more difficult to contend with than prejudices which are the fruits of early teaching, and the results of priestly influence ; and it is easy to understand how the enclosure of ground for the purpose of sepulture became a cause of offence to those who, apart from the sacerdotal question, had come to look upon such enclosures as something sacred, and appertaining alone to what was termed the "church."

Having, however, taken their stand upon the broad principle of the freeness of the Gospel, and the consequent liberty in all things pertaining to it, our early Friends persisted in the course they had entered upon. Francis Howgill, one of the most explicit writers among them at that day, and from his early associations and pursuits, one of the best informed on ecclesiastical matters, remarks, in reference to burial-grounds and burial yards: "Abraham was the first that we read of that made any place of burial in Hebron, which he bought of Ephron the Hittite for thirty shekels of silver, and there was he and his wife buried, and this was no parish yard, neither did he have any priest or clerk that we read of to receive wages and fees, etc., for ringing a bell and reading or saying a service over the body." And in reference to the

origin of that piece of absurdity called consecration of graveyards, he informs us that "Urbanus, the seventeenth bishop of Rome, was the individual who first ordained churchyards to be hallowed;" and quoting Gaudensius, reminds us "that of old time they did bury their dead in their own ground, which custom was taken away by pope Innocent III., who prohibited that any should cause themselves to be buried in unconsecrated ground." And according to the testimony of another writer, Hospinius, "The custom of being buried in order near the church, at last became so superstitious that they judged it needful even for their salvation." We cannot wonder that early Friends, having adopted a purer Christianity, forsook the practices which, having their root in popery, had thus spread through the length and breadth of the land, and had obtained such hold on the minds of the people. With them the question of sepulture became one of simple truth, and by their course of action they restored the solemnity of that most eventful period of our humanity, the passage to the silent grave. With Francis Howgill they considered that "churchyards" in which to bury their dead in its original was superstitious, and all the ringing and singing, and the reading before and over the body, as idolatrous and superstitious, and therefore to be avoided. Thus they became prepared to adopt the counsel of George Fox: "That all Friends, who are not already provided, should speedily procure convenient burying places, that thereby a testimony may stand against the superstitious idolizing of those places called holy ground."

We see, then, that what we are now pleased to call one of our peculiarities, was in reality in the eyes of early Friends a Christian testimony. Let us be careful that in the change of expression we do not sacrifice anything of principle.

Having come to the conclusion that the Society ought to free itself from all participation in the superstition which

clung to the then modes of sepulture, it was not surprising to find that resort was had to the interment in private grounds, and that many families, more especially in rural districts, set apart small detached plots on their own estates as family burial places. Hence we find scattered up and down where Friends are now very much extinct as a body, small detached graveyards, some under the care of the Society, and some that have long since passed into other hands, but which latter, from reverence to the dead, are still kept enclosed and unoccupied. However this mode of sepulture might suit a nomad state, it was a salutary regulation on the part of the Society to direct that Friends should have well ordered burial-grounds under the care of the body for the purposes of sepulture; and it was almost a natural consequence that with this regulation they would discard all the ceremonies and pomp that prevailed in the world. Hence we find it recorded by their historian "That in the burial of the dead they mind decency, and endeavor to avoid all pomp; and the wearing of mourning is not approved by them, for they think that the mourning which is lawful may be shown sufficiently to the world by a modest and grave deportment. This severe simplicity, which extended itself to the very grave's mouth, in the absence of everything like ornament on the receptacle of the corpse, was indeed a great offence to the customs of the age. It called forth much animadversion from the world, and caused no small amount of suffering to those who adopted it—numerous individuals were committed to prison, great persecutions were endured, and much pecuniary loss borne, for the simple act of attending the mortal remains of their friends and relatives to the grave. So sweeping at times were the raids upon the mourners and attenders at funerals, that instances are recorded where large bodies of Friends were swept away at once to prison. In Somersetshire in

1675, thirty-two persons were fined for being at a funeral, and had cows, corn and other goods taken from them for penalties, amounting to upwards of eighty-two pounds.

So offensive to the public mind was the mode of sepulture adopted by Friends, that it became a proverb of reproach "That the newly-risen Society buried its members like dogs." This accusation was not likely to lessen the sufferings of Friends, and accordingly we find George Fox, ever equal to an emergency, issuing an address from the press, under the title of "Encouragement to All to Trust in the Lord." In this document he remarks:

You see what entertainment the Lord of glory had when He came into the world—a manger, instead of a cradle; and when He went out of the world the Scripture doth not say that He had so much as a coffin. Joseph of Arimathea wrapped his body in linen, and laid it in a sepulchre in a garden. And all you that say we bury like dogs, because that we have not superstitious and needless things upon our coffins and a white and black cloth with escutcheons, and do not go in black, and hang scarfs upon our hats, and white scarfs over our shoulders, and gold rings, and have sprigs of rosemary in our hands, and ring bells—how dare you say that we bury our people like dogs, because we cannot bury them with the pomps and glory of the world? Whereas ye do not read that Christ, the Prince of Life, our Lord and Saviour, had any of these things, neither when He came into the world, nor when He went out of the world; and refused the pomp and glory of it when the devil tempted Him with it; . . . therefore, follow not the pomps and glory of this world at your children's coming into the world, nor bring them up in the pomp and glory of the world the times while they live, nor use them at going forth out of the world; but follow Christ Jesus, who is not of the world, who is your Redeemer, your Saviour, your Way, your Truth and Life, your Bishop, your Shepherd, your Priest, your Prophet—and let Him rule in your hearts by faith, who will give you life abundantly,

who is from above and not from below. That you may be built upon Him, the living rock, and the foundation of God standeth sure. Amen, amen, saith my soul.

The testimony of William Edmundson as to the concern that rested on the minds of early Friends to be preserved from the inroads of any worldly spirit is instructive. He says:

At the first, when the Lord called and gathered us to be a people, and opened the eyes of our understandings, then we saw the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the wickedness that was in the world; and a perfect abhorrence was fixed in our hearts against all the wicked, unjust, vain, ungodly, unlawful part of the world in all respects. And we saw the goodly and most glorious lawful things of the world, were abused and misused—and that many snares and temptations lay in them, with troubles and dangers of divers kinds, which we felt the load of, and that we could not carry them, and run the race the Lord had set before us, so cheerfully as to win the prize of our salvation. Wherefore our care was to cast off this great load and burthen; viz: great and gainful ways of getting riches, and to lessen our concerns therein; that we might be ready to answer Christ Jesus, our Captain, who had called us to follow Him in a spiritual warfare under the discipline of his daily cross and self-denial. Then the things of this world were of small value with us, so that we might win Christ, and the goodliest things thereof were not near us, so that we might be near the Lord; for the Lord's Truth outbalanced all the world, even the most glorious part of it.

CHAPTER IV.

CONVINCEMENT.

The early members of our Society felt themselves to be servants of the Lord Jesus, and to the extension of his grace and good spirit they looked for any good fruits from their labors in his cause. For, as William Penn expresses it: "Without this secret, Divine power, there is no quickening and regenerating of dead souls. The bent and stress of their ministry was conversion to God, regeneration and holiness; not schemes of doctrine and verbal creeds, or new forms of worship." They were not satisfied that men should accept the truth of the doctrine they preached, merely from a conviction of the intellect; but they earnestly pressed the necessity of their being thereby changed in heart and life.

Robert Barclay in his Apology interestingly relates his own experience. He says:

It was not by strength of argument, or by a particular disquisition of each doctrine, and convincement of my understanding thereby, I came to receive and bear witness of the Truth, but by being secretly reached by this life; for when I came into the silent assemblies of God's people, I felt a secret power among them which touched my heart, and as I gave way unto it, I found the evil weakening in me, and the good raised up, and so I became thus knit and united unto them, hungering more and more after the increase of this power and life whereby I might feel myself perfectly redeemed. And indeed this is the surest way to become a Christian, to whom afterwards the knowledge and understanding of principles will not be wanting, but will grow up so much as is needful, as the natural fruit of this good root, and such a knowledge will not be barren nor unfruitful. After this man-

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ner we desire therefore all that come among us to be proselyted, knowing that though thousands should be convinced in their understanding of all the truths we maintain, yet if they were not sensible of this inward life, and their souls not changed from unrighteousness to righteousness, they could add nothing to us. For this is that cement whereby we are joined, as to the Lord, so to one another. Yea, if such should come among us, and from that understanding and convincement they have of the Truth, speak ever so true things and utter them forth with ever so much excellency of speech, if this life were wanting, it would not edify us at all, but be as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

In the records of our Society there are preserved many interesting narratives of the work of Divine grace in effecting convincement and conversion. One of these is the account left of her experiences by Jane Fenn, afterwards Jane Hoskins. It contains so much of spiritual instruction and is so full of life, that an outline of it may profitably be inserted here.

She was a native of England, and brought up as an Episcopalian—coming under the operations of Divine grace, she felt that it was the Lord's will that she should go to Pennsylvania. She was quite young, and her father being opposed to her removal, she found no way of carrying out her concern except by persuading one, Robert Davis who was himself going over the sea, to pay her passage, with a promise that she would repay him out of her future earnings. After her arrival in Philadelphia, Robert insisted that she should bind herself as a servant for four years to a person that was an utter stranger to her; and on her refusal, had recourse to law, and by process laid her under confinement.

This was a trying experience for a poor young creature among strangers. But, she says, the Lord heard her cries, raised up friends, and provided for her.

The principals of four families living at Plymouth who had

several children, agreed to purchase a sober young woman, as a school mistress, to instruct them in reading, etc. On applying to their friends in town, I was recommended for that service. When we saw each other, I perceived it my place to go with them. Wherefore on their paying Davis twelve pounds, currency, being the whole of his demand against me, I bound myself to them, by indenture, for the term of three years, and went cheerfully with them to Plymouth.

I have since thought, how wonderful it was, that though various scenes and trials attended me, yet I was enabled to perform the service they had for me. The children learned very fast; which afforded comfort to me, and satisfaction to their parents. My love to them was great, and theirs equally so to me; so that all my commands were obeyed with pleasure. And afterwards, when we met, we could tell one another of it, with sincere regard and affection. They proved sober, religious men and women.

I served my time out faithfully, and never had cause to repent. The people with whom I lived, were those called Quakers. As I had not been among any of that denomination before, I had a desire, in my mind, to become acquainted with their principles and manner of worship. Having liberty, I was ever ready to go to their meetings, though at first, only as a spy. But after I had been some time among them, and took notice of their way and manner of performing Divine worship to God, I was ready to conclude, and say in my mind, surely these are his people. A brave, living people, they really were; there being then divers worthies among them, who, I believe, are now in the fruition of "Joy unspeakable, and full of glory," the earnest of which they, through mercy, then at times partook of, to the satisfaction of their hungry and thirsty souls. The solid, weighty, and tender frame of spirit, which some of them were many times favored with, in meetings, brought serious considerations over my mind, with this query: "Why is it not so with me?" and I said in my heart: "These people are certainly better than I am; notwithstanding I have made a great deal more to do about religion than they."

As I pondered on these things, that saying of the apostle,

"Neither circumcision nor uncircumcision availeth anything, but a new creature in Christ Jesus," was often brought to my mind. I saw this work must begin in the heart, and be carried on by a Divine power. This I was soon convinced of, and therefore could wait with patience, though in silence. But yet the whole work was not completed; it went on gradually, step by step, which demonstrates the parental care of our Heavenly Father, carrying the lambs in his arms, lest they should be weary and faint. Who can but admire his goodness and celebrate his praise. His wisdom and power are great. Oh! that all would but dwell under his peaceable government, and learn of Him, who is pure and holy. Through the operation of Divine Goodness, great love was begotten in my heart to these people; and if at any time Friends were concerned to speak against any evil habit of the mind, I did not put it from me, but was willing to take my part, and have sometimes thought it all belonged to me.

As I continued in this humble frame, and was diligent in attending meeting when I could, Infinite Goodness was graciously pleased to favor me with a fresh and large visitation of his heavenly love, and often tendered my spirit, and begot strong desires after true and saving knowledge, and that the way of life and salvation might be clearly demonstrated; and blessed be his eternal name, He heard my cries, and was pleased to send his servants, both male and female, filled with life and power, who sounded forth the Gospel in Divine authority, declaring the way to the Father through the door of Christ, and opening the principles of these people, by turning our minds inward to the pure gift and manifestation of the Spirit.

This doctrine agreeing with what she had been in some measure convinced of, she was made willing to join heartily with it. She passed through many exercises in the great work of regeneration. One time, when sitting in a meeting, a call arose in her mind: "I have chosen thee a vessel from thy youth to serve me, and to preach the Gospel of salvation to many people; and if thou wilt be faithful, I will be with

thee unto the end of time, and make thee an heir of my kingdom." Like many others, she shrank exceedingly from entering on the office of a minister of the Gospel, and thereby brought upon herself for a time much spiritual darkness and distress of mind. She was favored at length with a renewed visitation of Divine mercy, under which she was strengthened to submit to the Lord's requirings. Yet after this she continued to have many temptations, and suffered much from the buffetings of satan. At one time, when sitting alone in the woods, she says: A cry arose in my heart thus:

If I die it shall be at thy footstool, O Lord! for thy loving kindness has been great to me, from my youth to this day. Then, falling on my knees, I prayed that He would be graciously pleased to enlighten my understanding in such a manner that I might clearly see wherein I had offended so merciful a Father; for I thought I had offended Him, because I was suffered to be so tempted. His word then became as a fire in my breast, and the answer I received was to this effect: "Be thou encouraged. Thou art suffered to pass through these trying dispensations, not only on thy own account, but for the sake of others, to whom, when qualified, I will, in my own time, send thee. Be faithful, and I will be with thee to the end of time."

At this intimation I was tendered and filled with gratitude to his Divine Majesty, who alone can deliver his children out of all their afflictions. And my soul, at this time, under a sweet sense of his goodness, bows with awful reverence and with praises to his holy name, and says, Who is like unto our God?

There were many incidents occurred during the time of my being among these Friends, to whom I was indebted for payment of my passage, which, for brevity's sake, I omit. When the time for which I engaged to them was expired [autumn of 1715], I served them a quarter of a year longer, in consideration of the tender regard they had shown to me, when it was in their power to have conducted otherwise—and also for granting me the liberty of going to week-day meetings

—which additional service they accepted from me with reluctance. We loved one another much; and being unwilling to part, I stayed with them till the spring following [1716], and then, in much love and tenderness, we parted.

When she had fulfilled her contract, she found a concern to move over Schuylkill, which she did, and stayed some time at Haverford. Her narrative continues:

One First-day, after I had sat some time in Haverford Meeting, David Lloyd, from Chester, with his wife and several other Friends, came into the meeting. As soon as they were seated it was as though it had been spoken to me, "These are the people with whom thou must go and settle." They being strangers to me, and appearing as persons of distinction, I said in my heart, Lord, how can such an one as I get acquaintance with people who appear so much above the common rank? The word was in my soul, "Be still; I will make way for thee in their hearts. They shall seek to thee." I knew not what to think of this, and was afraid it might be a temptation of satan; yet rested content in the thought that the Lord, who never yet had failed, was all-sufficient to provide for me. At that instant a great stillness came over me, and I felt the love of my heavenly Father to affect me in a very uncommon manner. I afterwards understood that David Lloyd and his wife fixed their eyes upon me, feeling a near sympathy with me—such as they had never known toward a stranger before, and said in their hearts: "This young woman is, or will be, a preacher." They were both tendered, and it was fixed in their minds that they were to take me under their care, and nurse me for the Lord's service, with a promise that his blessing should attend them. This I had from their own mouths, after I came to live with them.

After the meeting, I was passing away as usual, for fear of being taken notice of, but was stopped by a Friend, who asked me to go home with her, saying the Chester Friends were to dine there. I excused myself as well as I could. Then those Friends came to me, and spake kindly, which affected me in such a manner that they let me go, but told some Friends there how they felt towards me, and how it opened to them

in the meeting. They left their love to me, and said they intended to visit me soon, with proposals for my living with them; for according to what each of them felt in themselves, they were to become instruments of good to me.

Soon after this, I became acquainted with Elizabeth Levis, a Friend, of Springfield. The way and manner of which was thus: I had not appeared in public for a great while, nor felt any motions that way. I was very low in my mind, and having got into a dark state, had again almost lost hope, and thought it impossible but that I should fall a sacrifice to the temptations of the grand enemy, who still followed me. However, it happened that Elizabeth Levis came to visit Haverford Meeting, where I then was. After some time of silence, she stood up, and speaking in the authority of Truth, so effectually laid open my present state, that I could heartily subscribe to the truth of her testimony. The power that attended her ministry reached the witness of God in my heart. A zeal was begotten in me for the honor of the good cause, and I was filled with love to the instrument through whom I had been thus favored. Hope was again renewed in me, that, by virtue of the word preached, the Lord would still continue his wonted favors to me, and preserve me from the snares of the wicked one.

After meeting, Elizabeth took kind notice of me, and said, "I came here to-day, through the cross—the Lord knows for what end! It may be for thy sake." I was so overcome that I could not speak, but wept much, and esteemed it as a blessing that she had taken notice of me. I went home, rejoicing in spirit, because I had met with Divine refreshment, of which I was in much need.

As it had pleased the Almighty to visit me in a wonderful manner, by the renewing of his pure love, I made covenant, that if He would be with me in the way I should go, He should be my God.

My mind was still engaged about Chester, with strong desires to be with Friends there, but how to accomplish it I knew not. Yet I knew the promises of God were yea, and amen; and in this I confided. However, a good opportunity soon offered. I was just finishing some work, which I had taken to

do for a Friend; and on my saying: "When this is done, I know not where to get more," one, not of our Society, being in company, said to me: "Fear not; God will always provide for you, because you fear his great name." I made no reply. But, in a few minutes, somebody knocked at the door. I, being next, opened it, when I saw a man of a good appearance, sitting on horseback. He asked whether there was any young woman there that wanted a place, for he wanted a maid—one that was sober. We desired him to alight, and inquired of him whence he came. He and his family belonged to Chester Meeting, and he lived not far from the town. It immediately occurred to my mind, it may be this is a providential thing to bring me to that people. I will give him expectation of my going with him next week, if he will come for me; but concluded to hire only for a month, to see how I liked his wife, etc. I communicated my mind to him. He accepted the offer, and asked what wages I required. I answered, as usual, what they thought I deserved. So we parted. His name was Benjamin Head, a worthy, honest man. He called at a Friend's house just by, and told of his success, and when he was to fetch me. They told him I was a preacher, and they were unwilling to part with me. But he had my word, and came according to our agreement. I was prepared to attend his call, and so went with him.

I found his family consisted only of himself, his wife and daughter, with one man and maid-servant. His wife, being apprised of my character, received me with love and affection, which lasted, not only while we lived together, but to the conclusion of her time in this life. Indeed, it would have been high ingratitude in me, if I had not returned their kindness in the best manner I could, for I had not been there three weeks before I was seized with a violent fever, which reduced me so low that my life was despaired of. They got the best advice that could be had—sparing neither cost nor labor, in hopes of restoring my health. Though the distemper was violent on my body, yet I was favored with quietude of mind, and was entirely resigned to the Divine will, whether to live or die.

It is a great blessing that attends those who fear God, that

his Holy Spirit accompanies their souls when upon a bed of languishing. The Psalmist experienced this in his day; and so will all the righteous now, as well as then.

This illness held me near three months, in all which time this Friend Head and her daughter, a sober young woman, attended me, night and day, very carefully. Several of Chester Friends and others also visited me, and tendered their services, in ministering things suitable for my disorder, as well as otherwise, so that I wanted for nothing that was proper for me. Some friends were for removing me; but that was impossible. Besides, the Friend with whom I was, declared against any such motion, and I was opposed to it myself, under this consideration, that if it pleased Providence to raise me, it would be my duty to stay, and make such retaliation as might be in my power.

Thus, the time was prolonged six or seven months, instead of one. So that we, poor, short-sighted mortals, may propose many things to ourselves, but Providence can disappoint; and all for our good, if we patiently submit, and indeed, it is our interest, as well as duty, so to do. Grace Lloyd, perceiving that Friend Head was unwilling to part with me, forbore speaking anything of her mind to me, until after I had got out to meeting; which I did as soon as I was able.

My first going to meeting was on a First-day. The meeting was large, by reason that John Danson, a Friend from Great Britain, was there. [Twelfth Month, 1718.] I sat about the middle of the house, under much exercise of spirit, insomuch that the Friend was sensible of it, though at that distance. And although I did not appear in testimony, yet I was not hid. I don't remember anything remarkable that attended the meeting. John Danson was silent; and as soon as it broke up, he spoke to David Lloyd, saying: "Stop that young woman who sat in such a place. I have something to say to her from the Lord." He spoke so loud that I heard him, and trembling, was going away. But Grace Lloyd desired me to stay, and kindly told me I must go home with her. I excused myself, but it did not avail. She would not be denied—I must go. I therefore asked leave of Friend Head, which she readily gave me, and left a horse for me to ride home.

When we came to David Lloyd's, there was a great company of Friends; but not thinking myself worthy, I would not thrust in among them, intending to go among the servants. But this was not permitted, for, as I was entering the parlor, I heard the English Friend say: "Where is the young woman —I want her company." I came in, and was seated next to him. He took hold of my hand, fixed his eyes upon me, and after a little silence, spoke to me in such a manner, by way of encouragement, as I have not freedom here to relate. Only so much I may say, he proved a true prophet to me, as I afterwards experienced, respecting the work the Lord was preparing me for, and about to employ me in. But I, like Nicodemus, was ready to say: How can this be? Will the Almighty engage such a poor, unworthy creature in his so great a work? He knows I am no ways sufficient for the task. But the Divine word was: "Trust in my all-sufficient power—that shall properly qualify thee for every service. What I require of thee is, to be faithful, and thou shalt see greater things than have yet been made manifest."

I felt Infinite Goodness near. My soul bowed in awful reverence to the Divine Majesty of heaven and earth, and in the secret of my heart I said: "Lord, I will submit to every dispensation which thou allottest." The Friends present were mightily broken, and were made partakers together of the virtue of light and life, which caused gladness of heart, so that little food satisfied some of us.

After dinner, the Friend spoke to David Lloyd and his wife, saying: "Take this young woman; make her your adopted child, and give her liberty to go wherever Truth leads." They told him that was their intention, and when I was free to come, their house should be my home for the future. He replied: "Do as you say, and the blessing of God will attend you on her behalf." Grace Lloyd then took me into another apartment, and told me how she and her husband were drawn in love to me, the first time they saw me, at Haverford (as has been related), and if I would come and live with them, they intended to do well for me.

I admired at the ordering of Providence, in thus providing for me, a poor, destitute orphan, separated from all my natu-

ral friends, in a strange land, and having no certain habitation here, in mutability. Oh, that all would fear and serve the living God, whose goodness endures forever! It was his own work, and He shall have the praise. We parted, in tears, under the holy influence of Divine love, and I, with a sense of his wonderful kindness to me, went home, rejoicing in spirit, and praising the Almighty.

I entered into David Lloyd's family as an upper servant, such as in England are called housekeepers, having the keys, plate, linen, etc., delivered unto me. They had a great family, and everything passed through my hands. As they had reposed such a trust in me, it brought a weighty concern on my mind that I might conduct aright and discharge my duty faithfully, both to my principles and their servants; and, being sensible of my own weakness, I many times, when others were asleep, poured out my prayers to God, and asked wisdom of Him who gives liberally and upbraideth not.

I was often afraid, lest, through my misconduct I should bring dishonor to the pure Truth I made profession of; for I now began to speak frequently in meetings, and many eyes were upon me. I was become like a city on a hill, which could not be hid. Christ, our Lord, speaking of this situation, says: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven." This text was often revived in my memory, and under this dispensation I was led through a painful, anxious travail of soul. I considered I had been tried in low life, though I never wanted for necessaries, but was always provided for. And having met with kind treatment from all sorts of people, I was blessed with contentment in the station allotted me. Now I was to be proved with greater plenty and favored with the company of valuable Friends, who often frequented our house, and though I was but in the station of a servant, yet I was much noticed by them, for when they came I was always allowed to be in the room with them. This was a great obligation conferred on me—but it did not elevate my mind—it made me more humble and assiduous in my business. Another favor conferred on me was that I always dined with master and mistress, which was of advantage, for many times their conversation was profitable.

Thus, as I kept my eye steady to the Almighty, He gave me favor among Friends, and with both my said benefactors. They were kind and affectionate, like tender parents, watching over me for good; often telling me to mind the dictates of Truth, and if at any time I found a concern to visit any meetings, to be sure to go; and they were very careful to provide suitably for me in every respect. This was engaging, and my love to them increased daily. I judged it my duty to make their interest my own, as if I was their child; and can in truth say I never wilfully disobliged either of them, nor left their service, to serve myself, in any shape. I went nowhere without their leave, not so much as to buy some trifles I wanted. And when a religious concern came over my mind to visit the churches of Christ, they were the first I made acquainted therewith.

There is to the writer something very instructive and touching in the manner in which the Lord cared for his servant, and brought her into such a position outwardly that she was able to perform the different services He required of her. And I do not doubt that her kind friends, David and Grace Lloyd, felt the reward of peace for their care over her.

She travelled much as a minister, having gone on one occasion to Bermuda; on another, to Great Britain, besides several journeys in America.

George Whitehead, who was an eminent minister among our early Friends, was brought up among the Episcopalians. The Lord was graciously pleased to visit him in early life and to awaken desires after a true amendment of life. While still young in years, he heard of a people called Quakers, who trembled at the word of God, and observing how they were reviled and reproached by loose and wicked people, occasioned his further inquiry.

About this period, in attending one of the meetings of the newly-risen Society of the Quakers, he was much affected by perceiving how greatly the spirits of most of those who were

there assembled seemed broken and contrited, more especially in the case of a young woman, who, on quitting the meeting, he observed to sit down upon the ground, "With her face towards the earth, as if," he says, "she regarded nobody present, but, moaning bitterly, cried out, 'Lord, make me clean! O Lord, make me clean!' which," he adds, "did far more tenderly and deeply affect my heart than what I had heard spoken, and more than all the preaching that ever I had heard from man or men, and was a certain testimony to me (the spirit of the Lord evidencing to my spirit), that it was a real work of his power upon her heart, which also operated upon the hearts of others, causing both trembling, sorrow and contrition, in order to bring them to true repentance and amendment of life."

Some time after I was fully convinced, says he, and my mind turned to the light, and I was persuaded and resolved to persevere among Friends, before I heard our dear Friend, George Fox. The first time I heard him minister was at an evening meeting at Sunny Bank. I was then very low, serious and intent in my mind, willing to see and taste for myself, for my own inward satisfaction; and I saw and felt that his testimony was weighty and deep; and that it proceeded from life and experience, and did bespeak Divine revelation, and tended to bring to an inward feeling and sense of the life and power of Christ, and the sanctifying operation thereof in the heart. His speech was not with affected eloquence or oratory, or human wisdom, but in the simplicity of the Gospel, to turn the mind to the light and life of Christ; and the Lord abundantly blessed his ministry to many.

As to the progress which by Divine assistance I came to experience in the work of the Lord Jesus Christ in me, after I came to be resolved and settled in my mind and conscience, to join in communion with the said people, and to frequent their assemblies as aforesaid, the Lord by his light and grace of his Holy Spirit, having fully persuaded me, that without being converted as well as convinced, and without being re-

generated, sanctified, and born again, I could not enter into his kingdom, nor be an heir thereof, and that the godly sorrow unto true repentance, and a real amendment of life, must be wrought by his grace and good spirit in me: and, that without holiness none can see God.

Upon these and such serious Christian considerations, I was persuaded by the grace of God to give up in obedience to follow Christ Jesus; to believe in and obey his light given me, and to wait therein diligently, to receive power from Him to become a true child of God; for as many as truly receive Christ the Son of God, He gives them power to become sons of God.

Samuel Bownas was born in Westmoreland about the year 1676—Persecution being still hot, many Friends were in prison at Appleby for attending that meeting, whom my dear mother went to visit, taking me along with her, and we had a meeting with the prisoners, several Friends from other places being likewise there by appointment. I observed, though very young, how tender and broken they were; and I was very inquisitive of my mother, why they cried so much, and thee too, said I, why did thee? She told me that I could not understand the reason of it then, but when I grew up more to man's estate I might.

To return to my apprenticeship: I had a very kind loving master and mistress, but had little consideration about religion, nor any taste thereof. On First-days I frequented meetings, and the greater part of my time I slept, but took no account of preaching, nor received any other benefit, than that being there, kept me out of bad company, which indeed is a very great service to youth. I took much liberty in discourse, and was taken notice of, as a witty, sensible young man: but often on my bed, I reflected on my way of life with sorrow, yet frequently fell into the same way again. I never was given to swearing, nor to any very gross vice, but what I gave way to most, was jesting, and turns of wit to provoke mirth, which gave me often after it was over, a heavy heart. Thus I went on for nearly three years; but one First-day, being at meeting, a young woman, named Anne Wilson, was there and preached. She was very zealous, and I fixed my

eye upon her, she, with a great zeal, pointed her finger at me, uttering these words with much power: "A traditional Quaker, thou comest to meeting as thou went from it the last time, and goest from it as thou came to it, but art no better for thy coming; what wilt thou do in the end?" This was so suited to my condition, that, like Saul, I was smitten to the ground, but turning my thoughts inward, in secret I cried, Lord, what shall I do to help it? And a voice as it were, spoke in my heart, saying, Look unto me, and I will help thee; and I found much comfort, which made me shed abundance of tears. Then I remembered what my mother told me some years before, that when I grew up more to man's estate, I should know the reason of that tenderness and weeping, which I now did to purpose. I went home with a heavy heart, and could neither eat nor sleep, as I used to do, but my work never succeeded better in my hands than it did at this time, nor was my mind ever less in it. My conduct, as well as countenance, was much altered, so that several in the family were fearful that I should fall into a kind of melancholy; but I longed for the meeting day, and thought it a very long week. When the time of meeting came, my mind was soon fixed and staid upon God, and I found an uncommon enjoyment that gave me great satisfaction, my understanding being opened, and all the faculties of my mind so quick, that I seemed another man. A Divine and spiritual sweetness abiding with me night and day, for some time, I began to see and understand the Scriptures, and the nature of preaching the doctrine of the Gospel in the power and spirit, plainly seeing a difference between a preacher of the letter and of the spirit, which, till then, I was wholly ignorant of, not having before that, the least degree that I could perceive of Divine understanding. But upon looking back and considering what I had heard such and such Friends preach, which, at that time I did not understand, I now understood it clearly, which was a plain demonstration to me, that all saving knowledge is from Divine light, which we cannot comprehend, until we are assisted so to do by a visitation from heaven."

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Seventh Month, of the year 1652, we heard of a people raised up at or about Malton, who were called Quakers, which was the first time I heard of that name being given to any people. They were by most persons spoken against, but when I strictly inquired what they had to lay to their charge, that might give cause for such aspersions as were thrown out upon them, I met with none that could justly accuse them of any crime. They said they were fantastical and conceited, and burnt their lace and ribbons, and other superfluous things, which they used formerly to wear, and that they fell into strange fits of quaking and trembling. But these reports increased my desire to see, and be acquainted with some of them; and in the Eighth Month, of the aforesaid year, I heard that the Quakers were come to Bridlington, whereat I greatly rejoiced in my spirit, hoping I should get some opportunity to see them. This was that faithful laborer and minister of the Gospel, William Dewsbury, who then was ordered into these parts; and on Fifth-day following, I heard they were come to Frodingham. Being on my master's work at Brigham, I could not go in the day, but determined to go in the night, and would gladly have some of my acquaintance to go with me; but the night being very dark, none would go, so I went alone. Coming into the room where William was, I found him writing, and the rest of his company sitting in silence, seeming to be much retired in mind, and fixed towards God. Their countenances being grave and solid, preached unto me, and confirmed what I had before believed, that they were the people of the Lord. After a little while, William ceased writing, and many of the town's people coming in, he began, in the power and wisdom of God, to declare the Truth. And oh! how was my soul refreshed, and the witness of God reached in my heart! I cannot express it with pen. I had never heard nor felt the like before; for he spake as one having authority and not as the scribes; so that if all the world had said, 'nay,' I could have given my testimony, that it was the everlasting truth of God."

Thomas Wight, of the city of Cork, was born in the year 1640. His father, Rice Wight, was minister of the town of Bandon, a zealous man in the duties of his office, and of a

more tender conscience, and devoted in that respect, than the generality of the priests, and very strict in the education of his children, according to the manner of the church of England. His son, Thomas, served a hard apprenticeship with a clothier in Bandon, and whilst in his service, hearing of a Quakers' meeting to be held in the neighborhood, he went to it out of curiosity. Finding that Friends sat silent for a long time, he grew very uneasy, and began to think, that as he heard the Quakers were witches, he might become bewitched if he should stay much longer in the meeting. However, he waited a short time, until Francis Howgill, then on a religious visit in these parts, stood up, and uttered these words: "Before the eye can see, it must be opened; before the ear can hear, it must be unstopped; and before the heart can understand, it must be illuminated." As Francis opened these three sentences to the congregation, with great clearness, and energy, his ministry made a deep impression on Thomas's mind, and he was in great measure convinced of the truth of the doctrine preached by this distinguished servant of the Lord Jesus. But the prejudices of education, and the reproach cast upon him by his relations for going to the Quakers, very much wore off the impressions received at that meeting. Some time after Edward Burrough came into these parts, to visit Friends and others in the work of the Gospel, under whose powerful preaching the state of his soul was so effectually reached, accompanied with such evidence of Truth, that he, as well as many others, was no longer able to withstand it, and he now resolved, through Divine assistance, to be faithful, according to the light received, through the difficulties that might attend him.

Samuel Crisp, who was a clergyman in the church of England about the year 1700, was under conviction for his transgressions, and earnestly seeking for reconciliation with God.

He felt that he must leave the church of England, but knew not what body of men he should join. He was altogether unacquainted with Friends, except that he knew the Quakers were everywhere spoken against, so that he wondered "with what face they could call themselves Christians." Being in London, he says:

As I had occasion to be one day at a bookseller's shop, I happened to cast my eye on Barclay's works, and, having heard that he was a man of great account amongst the Quakers, I had a mind to see what their principles were, and what defence they could make for themselves. For sure, thought I, these poople are not so silly and ridiculous, nor maintainers of such horrid opinions, as the author of "The Snake" and some others would make us believe. I took Barclay home with me, and I read him through in a week's time, save a little treatise at the end, which, finding to be very philosphical, I omitted. But, however, I soon read enough to convince me of my own blindness and ignorance, in the things of God. There I found a light to break in upon my mind, which did mightily refresh and comfort me in that poor, low and humbled state in which I then was. For, indeed, I was then, and had been, for a considerable time before, very hungry and thirsty after righteousness, and, therefore, I received the Truth with all readiness of mind. It was like balm to my soul, and as showers of rain to the thirsty earth, which is parched with heat and drought. This author laid things down so plainly, and proved them with such ingenuity and dexterity of learning, and opened the Scriptures so clearly to me, that, without standing to cavil, dispute, raise argument or objection, or consulting with flesh and blood, I presently resigned myself to God; and weeping for joy that I had found so great a treasure, I often thanked Him, with tears in my eyes, for so kind a visitation of his love, that He was graciously pleased to look towards me, when my soul cried after Him. So, though before I was in great doubt and trouble of mind, not knowing which way to determine myself, yet now the sun breaking out so powerfully upon me, the clouds were scattered. I was now fully satisfied in my

own mind which way I ought to go, and to what body of people I should join myself. So I left the communion of the church of England, and went to Grace-church Street meeting.

David Ferris was a native of Connecticut, and brought up as a Presbyterian. He was early in life favored with religious convictions; but through unwatchfulness and unfaithfulness, fell into a state of great mental distress. He says:

On a certain day, in this season of despair and deep distress, I concluded to leave my native land, and go into some foreign country, to spend the residue of my days; where I purposed to remain unknown, and that none of my relations or acquaintances should know what was become of me. Being, in my own apprehension, a poor, lost, reprobate creature, I was not willing to remain at home, to be a disgrace to my relations and country people. This was a day of the deepest affliction and distress that I had known. Towards evening, as I followed the plough, my attention was arrested, as it were, by a still, small voice, saying: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin." But I put it by, saying in my heart: "It is too late; there has been a day wherein I might have been cleansed; but alas! I have let it pass over my head forever."

Some time after this (perhaps half an hour), while I was musing on what land I should flee to, the same words passed through my mind again, with more authority than before, and commanded my attention rather more closely than they had done; but I again put them by, concluding I had lost all right to apply them to myself. So I resumed the consideration of my flight for a foreign land. In the meantime my sorrow and anxiety of mind increased, so that I was not well able to support it, or go on with my business. But while I was still musing, the same words, unsought for and unexpectedly, passed through my mind with greater power and authority than any time before: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." At the sound of them my soul leaped for joy. I felt that a door of hope was opened, and said in my heart: "If all sin, why not mine?" Then a living hope sprang in my soul. I saw the arms of mercy open to receive me, and

the way cleared before me as a road through a thicket. I was now filled with joy unspeakable; thanksgiving and living praise to my Redeemer arose in my heart for the experience of so great and marvellous a deliverance. That my feet should be plucked out of the mire, and set upon a rock; that I, who had no hope just before, should now be favored with a well-grounded assurance of pardon and acceptance, was a mercy never to be forgotten.

From this time I sought for Divine assistance, and in infinite kindness, a hand of help was extended for my restoration and the healing of my backslidings. Then I was enabled to sing upon the banks of deliverance, and praise the name of Him who lives forever. The Holy Spirit, that blessed teacher, whom I had formerly been favored with, but had forsaken, was now restored, as a leader and teacher, to direct and instruct me in the way to peace and rest. From this time, my mind, after such great favor, was humbled and made subject to the cross of Christ, and heartily willing to take it up daily, and follow Him, my kind leader, in the narrow way of self-denial. And as I was obedient, He led me to forsake my vain course of life, and all those youthful delights and sensual pleasures which were displeasing to my dear Lord and Master, who, in wonderful mercy, had lifted me out of the dungeon, and heard my prayers in a time of deep affliction. He now became my director in all things, showing me clearly what my duties were, and enabling me to perform them in an acceptable manner.

As I waited upon the Lord for instruction, my understanding was gradually enlightened, so as to perceive many errors in my former creed, and to discover the Truth in opposition to the doctrines of my education. That which stood most in my way, and appeared to be a grievous hardship to mankind, as well as a great dishonor to a just and righteous God, was their doctrine of unconditional election and reprobation, which would, according to their apprehension of it, shut out the chief part of mankind from all hope of mercy, as they believed they were the Lord's only people, and that but few of others were within the pale of election. Yet I believe there were some amongst them who had a more extensive charity. I was much concerned on this subject, and being earnestly desirous to

discover the Truth, it pleased the Lord to open my understanding, clearly to perceive the error of this doctrine; and I was enabled to believe that Christ, who "gave himself a ransom for all," would "have all men to be saved, and come to a knowledge of the Truth."

I had before this period heard of a people called Quakers, but was unacquainted with any of them. As I had never seen any of their writings I knew not what doctrines they held, but ascribe all my knowledge in Divine things to the inward manifestation of grace and truth, the teaching of the Holy Spirit. It was Christ, the light of the world, the life of men, who opened to me the Scriptures, and gave me a discerning of their meaning; and as I was faithful and obedient to the pointings of Truth, I was favored with further and clearer discoveries thereof.

I continued at the college until near the time for taking my degrees, and being convinced of the errors of my education relating to the doctrines we held and the worship we performed, I apprehended it was time to consider what was best for me to do; and being favored to see that a qualification or commission derived from man was not sufficient for the Gospel ministry, I concluded not to take their degrees nor depend upon their authority.

About three weeks after leaving college, he says:

I went to a Yearly Meeting of the people called Quakers, on Long Island, in order to discover whether they were a living people or not, for a living people I wished to find. I had thought for several years before that there ought to be such a people, a people who had life in them, and abounded in love to each other, as did the primitive Christians; a people who knew they had passed from death unto life, by their love to the brethren.

Here I gathered strength, and was more confirmed that I was right in leaving the college; for I found a living, humble people, full of love and good works, such a one as I had never seen before. I rejoiced to find that which I had been seeking, and soon owned them to be of the Lord's people, and of the true church of Christ, according to his own description of it when he says: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another."

At the meeting before mentioned, there were several eminent ministers from Europe, both male and female. I there heard women preach the Gospel, in the Divine authority of Truth, far exceeding all the learned rabbies I had known. This was not so strange to me as it might have been to others, for I had seen before, by the immediate manifestation of grace and truth, that women as well as men might be clothed with Gospel power: and that daughters as well as sons, under the Gospel dispensation, were to have the Spirit poured upon them that they might prophesy; and though I had never before heard a woman preach, yet I now rejoiced to see the prophecy fulfilled.

Jarvis Ferris now felt that he must separate himself from the people among whom he had been educated, and he embraced the views which distinguished the Society of Friends. He met with many close trials of his faith and patience. For a time his father was much displeased at the change which was manifest in his sentiments and deportment; but becoming convinced of his son's sincerity, he was at length reconciled to him.

The reader may have noticed in the preceding accounts that there was some variety in the mode in which the Lord dealt with his children in bringing them into submission to his holy will. In some cases the Divine visitation seemed to come suddenly, and with overpowering force; in others there was a more gradual unfolding of the Divine will, and a submission was felt—one thing was opened to the understanding after another. But in every case it was needful that the Lord's will should be obeyed, as without this there could be no growth in grace or any establishment in Christ Jesus, the Rock on which the Church is founded.

[illegible] Andrews, a person who became an [illegible] in the hand of God in gathering many to [illegible] which seemed to be the turning point in [illegible] was a comparatively simple incident, from which one

would scarcely have expected such important results to follow. The account given of him says:

His residence was at that time in the Jerseys, near the seashore, amongst a wild sort of people, Indians and others, vain and loose in their conversation, fond of frolicking, music and dancing; amongst these he acted the part of a fiddler. In this situation, as he was one day working in his field, he came across a part of a human body, which he had seen before, which, as he now saw it, lying on the ground, a thought struck him, that it was not right to suffer a part of his fellow creature to be thus thrown up and down in the open field; but that he ought to do with it as he would desire to be done by in the like condition; after some reasoning of this sort, he decently buried it and returned to his work again, with an answer of peace in his mind.

From that time he grew pensive. The pure witness of Truth rose in him, by which he was made sensible he had spent many years in vanity, that it was high time for him to turn unto the Lord, and a desire was begot in him to experience an inward acquaintance with God and be favored with power from Him, to forsake his vanity and loose living, the iniquity of which was then opened to him; and he found a call in his mind to destroy that fiddle, which had been so much an instrument to lead himself and others, to the misspending their precious time; this he concluded to do, when he went home; but delaying to perform this resolution, as he lay in his bed he felt the fire of God's wrath kindled on account of his disobedience, which induced him, the next day, to break the fiddle in pieces, which, when done, his heart rejoiced, and he felt a strength of hope rising in him, that God would give him farther power over all his vanities. A sense was also given him, that if he was faithful to what the Lord would require of him, he should be made an instrument in God's hand, to gather a people to his praise, from those very loose people amongst whom he resided; which seemed strange to him. But as his heart became daily more and more exercised towards God, and in giving him thanks for his mercies, a lively concern and desire came upon him, that sinners might be brought, as he had been, to a sight of the error of their ways. He then found it to be his duty to

speak to those same people, whom he had led on in folly and vanity, and to direct them to the service of God. This he at first found to be hard work; but being charged by the Spirit to be faithful to what was required of him; and made sensible that if he was so, God would be with him, but that if he refused, he should be left to himself, and fall into a worse condition than he was in before, he was enabled to speak to them, though in great fear, and the Lord caused his admonition to be well received by his neighbors. And on the next day of worship, instead of spending their time in rioting and excess, as they were used to do, some of them sat with him to read the Scriptures, and confer together upon the things which related to eternity, in which his understanding was opened to see that the right worship of God was to be performed in silence, unless when moved by the Spirit to appear in vocal service, under which prospect he found himself moved to kneel down and pray: and sometime after, to exhort his companions, which was accompanied with so much energy and power, that the people were much affected.

Stephen Crisp says of the early visitation of Divine Grace to his soul: So soon as I can remember, the Lord made me to understand that which consented not to any evil, but stood in my soul as a witness against all evil; and manifested that I should not lie, nor steal, or be stubborn or disobedient, but should behave myself in meekness and quietness, and set Truth before me, as that which was better than falsehood. This witness ministered peace and boldness to me in my childhood, when I hearkened to the counsel of it. But there was a contrary nature and seed in me that was of this evil world, as most of all suiting the carnal mind, and an eye began to open in me that saw what was acceptable with man, rather than what was well pleasing to God.

About seven or eight years old, when judgment overtook me for evil, I would yield that it was so, and therefore thought that I must do something to please God again; and hereupon I learned to pray, and to weep in secret, and to covenant with God for more watchfulness, and I thought for a season, I was unburthened from my weight. Yet this best state was accompanied with many questionings, whether my evils were blotted

out, especially when I was again led into evil thoughts, words or actions. For the [Divine] witness cried even then, to have my whole mind given up to the Lord; that I should serve him, but I knew not that it was from God. I knew that I wanted power to answer the requirings of that in me which witnesseth against evil, and this I lamented day and night. When I was about ten years old, I sought the power of God with great earnestness, with strong cries and tears; and if I had had the whole world, I would have given it, to have known how to obtain power over my corruptions.

The autobiography of Richard Davies shows the gradual manner in which it sometimes pleases the Lord to unfold the mysteries of his kingdom to his children. When he was an apprentice to a man named Evan Jones, "A poor man in mean habit;" a Quaker called at the house and fell into conversation on religious subjects with his master. Evan's wife, finding him unable for the task he had undertaken, slipped into the shop where Richard Davies was at work, and addressing him, said: "Why do you not go out to help your master? there is a Quaker at the door that hath put him to silence." Richard seizing hold of his Bible, hastened to the door as a dutiful servant to help his master in a tight place. The subject under consideration when Richard reached the scene of action, was the use of the singular number to a single person. Richard took up the debate, and although admitting that the Almighty used the singular number in speaking to Adam, and that it was also the language of Scripture, he declared that was not enough, for we must have a command for it; and turning to the poor man in a very peremptory manner, he demanded what command he had to speak Thee and Thou. The poor man promptly answered in the language of Scripture, "Hold fast the form of sound words, which thou hast heard of me." The Friend's readiness in quoting Scripture, and his willingness to read in the Bible at Richard's request, was a

convincing proof that the report that the Quakers denied the Scriptures, and would not read them, was false. Richard found that he was not a match for the poor man, and the poor man saw that what he had said, had reached the witness for God in the youth. He quit disputing, and exhorted Richard to take heed to the light, that shining in his heart, did make manifest his vain thoughts, and reprove him in secret for every idle word and action. He told him that this light "was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," and that in that light he would see more light, and that would open the Scriptures to him, and that he would receive a measure of the Spirit that gave them forth. It was "the more sure word of prophecy, unto which he did well if he took heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day-star arise in your hearts." He spoke also of the inward work, and the operation of God's Holy Spirit upon the soul: recommending to the "Grace of God, that bringeth salvation, teaching us, that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world." Richard adds: "And so he departed from our house, and I set him a little along on his way. Now when I came back from him, the consideration of his words took fast hold on me, that I could not go from under them; and the more I waited in that light that he recommended me to, the more my former peace, and that in which I formerly took comfort, was broken; and herein I came to see, that our former building could not stand, for we built upon that which the apostle called 'wood, hay, and stubble.' Here I came to a loss of all my former knowledge; and my former performances proved but a sandy foundation. Then I did, with much humility and poverty of spirit, beg of Almighty God, that I might build upon that Rock, that the true

church of Christ was built upon, that the gates of hell might not prevail against me."

Richard was now in the school of Christ, and although he had many spiritual trials and difficulties to encounter, he grew in grace and knowledge, and in his silent waitings upon God was often much broken and tendered. He was afraid of being deceived; and having read that satan was "transformed into an angel of light," he desired to be watchful and circumspect. He wished for a little more outward information, and he desired of the Lord that he might see the poor man once again. He says that "It pleased God that he came again that way, and I desired of my master and mistress to give him lodging, and that he might be with me, to which they consented." Richard then queried of him about the Quakers' way of worship, and the ordinances, so called, of bread and wine, and baptism, and their judgment of the Scriptures. He received satisfaction on these points, and in the morning the poor man again passed on his way.

Gradually the various doctrines held by the Society of Friends, and the peculiarities into which they had been led, were unfolded to Richard Davies, and he was brought into conformity thereto. His mistress now began to show much hard feeling towards him, and at one time under the temptation of satan, she was determined to take his life. Richard felt himself freely given up to die, but the Lord checked her wicked feelings, and she was afterwards more moderate towards him. In her last sickness the remembrance of her harsh conduct to him came so heavily upon her, that she told her husband "She thought she should not die until she had asked Richard to forgive her." He freely gave the forgiveness she craved, and she ended her days in peace.

The simple account which our late honored Friend, Christopher Healy, gave of his own early experience, furnishes an

generated, sanctified, and born again, I could not enter into his kingdom, nor be an heir thereof, and that the godly sorrow unto true repentance, and a real amendment of life, must be wrought by his grace and good spirit in me; and, that without holiness none can see God.

Upon these and such serious Christian considerations, I was persuaded by the grace of God to give up in obedience to follow Christ Jesus; to believe in and obey his light given me, and to wait therein diligently, to receive power from Him to become a true child of God; for as many as truly receive Christ the Son of God, He gives them power to become sons of God.

Samuel Bownas was born in Westmoreland about the year 1676—Persecution being still hot, many Friends were in prison at Appleby for attending that meeting, whom my dear mother went to visit, taking me along with her, and we had a meeting with the prisoners, several Friends from other places being likewise there by appointment. I observed, though very young, how tender and broken they were; and I was very inquisitive of my mother, why they cried so much, and thee too, said I, why did thee? She told me that I could not understand the reason of it then, but when I grew up more to man's estate I might.

To return to my apprenticeship : I had a very kind loving master and mistress, but had little consideration about religion, nor any taste thereof. On First-days I frequented meetings, and the greater part of my time I slept, but took no account of preaching, nor received any other benefit, than that being there, kept me out of bad company, which indeed is a very great service to youth. I took much liberty in discourse, and was taken notice of, as a witty, sensible young man: but often on my bed, I reflected on my way of life with sorrow, yet frequently fell into the same way again. I never was given to swearing, nor to any very gross vice, but what I gave way to most, was jesting, and turns of wit to provoke mirth, which gave me often after it was over, a heavy heart. Thus I went on for nearly three years; but one First-day, being at meeting, a young woman, named Anne Wilson, was there and preached. She was very zealous, and I fixed my

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Thomas Thompson says: It came to pass about the Sixth or

Seventh Month, of the year 1652, we heard of a people raised up at or about Malton, who were called Quakers, which was the first time I heard of that name being given to any people. They were by most persons spoken against, but when I strictly inquired what they had to lay to their charge, that might give cause for such aspersions as were thrown out upon them, I met with none that could justly accuse them of any crime. They said they were fantastical and conceited, and burnt their lace and ribbons, and other superfluous things, which they used formerly to wear, and that they fell into strange fits of quaking and trembling. But these reports increased my desire to see, and be acquainted with some of them; and in the Eighth Month, of the aforesaid year, I heard that the Quakers were come to Bridlington, whereat I greatly rejoiced in my spirit, hoping I should get some opportunity to see them. This was that faithful laborer and minister of the Gospel, William Dewsbury, who then was ordered into these parts; and on Fifth-day following, I heard they were come to Frodingham. Being on my master's work at Brigham, I could not go in the day, but determined to go in the night, and would gladly have some of my acquaintance to go with me; but the night being very dark, none would go, so I went alone. Coming into the room where William was, I found him writing, and the rest of his company sitting in silence, seeming to be much retired in mind, and fixed towards God. Their countenances being grave and solid, preached unto me, and confirmed what I had before believed, that they were the people of the Lord. After a little while, William ceased writing, and many of the town's people coming in, he began, in the power and wisdom of God, to declare the Truth. And oh! how was my soul refreshed, and the witness of God reached in my heart! I cannot express it with pen. I had never heard nor felt the like before; for he spake as one having authority and not as the scribes; so that if all the world had said, 'nay,' I could have given my testimony, that it was the everlasting truth of God."

Thomas Wight, of the city of Cork, was born in the year 1640. His father, Rice Wight, was minister of the town of Bandon, a zealous man in the duties of his office, and of a

more tender conscience, and devoted in that respect, than the generality of the priests, and very strict in the education of his children, according to the manner of the church of England. His son, Thomas, served a hard apprenticeship with a clothier in Bandon, and whilst in his service, hearing of a Quakers' meeting to be held in the neighborhood, he went to it out of curiosity. Finding that Friends sat silent for a long time, he grew very uneasy, and began to think, that as he heard the Quakers were witches, he might become bewitched if he should stay much longer in the meeting. However, he waited a short time, until Francis Howgill, then on a religious visit in these parts, stood up, and uttered these words: "Before the eye can see, it must be opened; before the ear can hear, it must be unstopped; and before the heart can understand, it must be illuminated." As Francis opened these three sentences to the congregation, with great clearness, and energy, his ministry made a deep impression on Thomas's mind, and he was in great measure convinced of the truth of the doctrine preached by this distinguished servant of the Lord Jesus. But the prejudices of education, and the reproach cast upon him by his relations for going to the Quakers, very much wore off the impressions received at that meeting. Some time after Edward Burrough came into these parts, to visit Friends and others in the work of the Gospel, under whose powerful preaching the state of his soul was so effectually reached, accompanied with such evidence of Truth, that he, as well as many others, was no longer able to withstand it, and he now resolved, through Divine assistance, to be faithful, according to the light received, through the difficulties that might attend him.

Samuel Crisp, who was a clergyman in the church of England about the year 1700, was under conviction for his transgressions, and earnestly seeking for reconciliation with God.

burg, Virginia, and Mildred sometimes accompanied her husband to a meeting of Friends in the neighborhood of their residence. She had once before their marriage been at such a meeting, but appears to have derived no satisfaction therefrom. She says of Friends:

Going sometimes with my husband to their silent meetings, I sat among them, wondering at such a manner of holding a religious meeting, it being to me as lost time—time that I might have improved at my own meeting. Truly, a silent meeting was all foolishness to me.

At that time I had not read a page in a Friends' book that I remember. But after this, my mind being prepared, I picked up John Woolman's Journal, and said in my heart, I will look in this book to see if there is any sense in anything a Quaker can write. Before I had read many pages my spirit was broken and my heart contrited under a sense that the want of sense was in me, and not in the Quakers. I was blinded with tears, and had to shut the book. Yet, from time to time, and little by little, being anxious to see the contents, I read it as secretly as possible. Truly I had not got half through, before I thought I saw the beauty of holiness shine in his remarks brighter than I ever saw the sun shine in the clearest day. What he said on the subject of oppression answered to the exercise through which I had passed on the same subject, as face answereth to face in a glass.

Although now in a good degree convinced of the principles Friends profess, yet there was something in me that felt abhorrence at the idea of ever being called a Quaker, notwithstanding the fervent desire of my soul, day and night, to become an humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom I did believe according to the Scriptures. I continued going to the Baptists' meeting and Friends' by turns, until, when I would go to the [Baptists'] meeting-house door, it seemed to me I felt a hand, though invisible, clap me on the right shoulder, and with it I heard the language in secret, yet plain and intelligible: "Thou hast no business here." I did not know what to make of it. Though startled; I went in and took my seat. But my peace was broken, so I could not enjoy the meeting.

I went to the Baptist meeting again and again, and as often as I did so, felt the same invisible hand, and heard the same language. My poor mind was all in confusion. I had a great life in singing, but I had no pleasure in it in those meetings. I had not then felt any concern about singing or compliments not being right. Such was the state of my mind I did not know what to do. My distress increased so when I went to the Baptist meeting that I gave it up, and went to no meeting for a time. On First-day I would read Friends' books. My peace sometimes was great whilst at home reading, notwithstanding my stubborn determination not to be called a Quaker. Oh, the matchless mercy, the long suffering of the Good Shepherd, who laid down his life for the sheep, was marvellously manifested in waiting for a poor nothing like me.

About four years after her marriage, Mildred became a member among Friends, and as she was strengthened to persevere in a Christian course, desiring above everything else to love and serve her God, and to know the salvation of her soul wrought out, she became prepared to advocate publicly the Lord's cause.

The following account was received from Isaac Pickerill, an eminent Friend of Reading in Berkshire: at the time of the occasion he lived in the borough. I was informed, said he, of an ancient woman Friend living in Long Lane, who had let in some discouragement that as she was little known, Friends would not permit her body to be interred in their burial ground, which, when I heard of, I went with a Friend or two to pay her a visit. On coming to the door, a little girl ran out and said: "Grandmother, here is some of your friends asking for you." On which she rose up and met us and said: "And is it some of my dear friends come to see me? The Lord preserve them and me to the end!" Having sat down and conversed with her about the subject of her uneasiness. we assured her that her request would be granted, and added that if she needed any assistance for her support she should have every accommodation in their power to procure, which tended to revive her, and she cheerfully said: "Now, friends,

I will tell you how I was convinced. I was a young lass, at that time in Dorsetshire, when George Fox came into that country, and he having appointed a meeting, to which the people generally flocked, I went among the rest, and in going along the road, this query rose in my mind: "What is it that condemns me when I do evil, and justifies me when I do well? What is it?" In this state I went to the meeting, which was large. George Fox rose with these words: "Who art thou who, queriest in thy mind, What is it that condemneth me when I do evil, and justifieth me when I do well? What is it? I will tell thee. Lo! He that formed the mountains, and created the winds, and declareth unto man what are his thoughts, that maketh the morning darkness, and treadeth upon the high places of the earth; the Lord, the Lord of hosts in his name. It is He by his Spirit that condemneth thee for evil, and justifieth when thou doest well. Keep under its dictates, and He will be thy preserver to the end." To which she added: "It was truth, the very truth, and I have never departed from it."

Thomas Story, in his Journal, thus gives his views of the manner in which the conversion of the Indian races to Christianity would be effected:

As to the conversion of the Indians of all, or any nation and nations, to the Truth, I believe the Lord will call them, after the power of antichrist is overthrown; but it seems to me, that learning, or the historical part of religion, or their own language (which is very barren of pertinent words), will not be much instrumental in it; but the Word of life, whose Divine and life-giving intellectual speech is more certainly known in the mind, will tender their hearts, in a silent state and retirement, by means of some instruments that the Lord will raise up and qualify for that purpose; who shall not confound them with a long fruitless history of needless things. But when the Lord shall send forth his word, the light of the Gentiles, the quickening spirit of Jesus, into and upon any of them in holy silence, or in prayer, their minds shall be directed to the Spirit himself, as the present object of their faith, obedience and love, and author of their present joy and salvation; and so, believing in the Light shall become chil-

dren of that light and day of God, and heirs of eternal life in Him. And then the histories in the Bible, the prophecies of the prophets of God, and the fulfilling of them; the evangelical account of the conception, birth, life, doctrine, miracles, death, resurrection, ascension, glorification, mediation, intercession, and judgment of Him, who is the substance of all, and that true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, will be the more clearly received by the Indians, when the Almighty shall think fit to acquaint them therewith.

Thomas Story, writes thus beautifully of the blessings attending on a true submission to God:

I called unto God out of the great deep; He put on bowels of mercy, and had compassion on me, because his love was infinite, and his power without measure. He called for my life and I offered it at his footstool; but He gave it me as a prey with unspeakable addition. He called for my will, and I resigned it at his call; but He returned me his own in token of his love. He called for the world, and I laid it at his feet, with the crowns thereof; I withheld them not at the beckoning of his hand. But mark the benefit of exchange, for He gave me, instead of earth, a kingdom of eternal peace; and in lieu of the crowns of vanity, a crown of glory.

Rebecca Travers was a gentlewoman, who was thought of account in that day of religious excitement and high profession. She had received a good, religiously guarded education, and was a zealous professor among the Baptists. The many reports that had reached her of the Quakers in the north, had prejudiced her strongly against them. She looked upon them as worthless, uncivil fanatics, who were very uncomely in their appearance, their manners and carriage; with whom those who stood fair in church or State could wish to have little or nothing to do.

James Naylor having come to London in 1655, preached with so much eloquence that many of the higher rank flocked to hear him, and some of the Baptist pastors challenged him

to dispute with them. A time and place was agreed on and there was no little interest excited among very many. Rebecca Travers having been invited by one of her friends to accompany her to hear this dispute, consented to go, fully prepared—as she afterwards said—to witness the defeat of the rustic Quaker by the learned ministers of her own Society. But greatly was she surprised and confounded, when the "countryman," rising on a platform opposite to the ministers, after they had spoken, poured out such a stream of Scriptural argument as overturned all the objections that had been brought forward against the principles of Friends, and showed that those principles were based on the immutable foundation of Truth. Two of the Baptist ministers said they were sick, and went away, while the other failed to show how the texts he quoted sanctioned the opinions he advanced.

Though mortified at the result of the dispute, Rebecca was curious to hear James Naylor preach, and the next First-day went to the Bull-and-Mouth meeting, where he spoke so convincingly, that she remarked: "She could not but declare, that if she had lived in the apostles' days, she could not have heard Truth more plainly, nor in greater power and demonstration of the Spirit, than she had that day." From that time she became a constant attender at the meetings of Friends; but still she found it a hard matter fully to act up to the doctrines she knew to be true. There were many things to be given up hard to part with, and her former habits of religious profession prompted to seek for that knowledge in Divine things, which could be obtained by the natural understanding alone. Some time after, having been invited to dine in company with James Naylor, a person present who was a high professor, put many curious questions to him. James answered him with wisdom, but with great caution; but not so as to gratify the strong desire she felt to hear him discourse of

these sacred mysteries. Presently James Naylor, reaching across the table, took her by the hand and addressing her, said: "Feed not on knowledge; it is as truly forbidden to thee, as ever it was to Eve: it is good to look upon; but not to feed on; for who feeds on knowledge, dies to the innocent life." This was spoken with power, and carried conviction to her soul. She gave up her own willing, and searching into hidden mysteries, became emptied of her self-knowledge, and taking up the daily cross, she found that, as a babe in Christ, all that was necessary for her to know of those things hidden from the wise and prudent, was revealed to her by the spirit of her Father in heaven. She became an acceptable minister in the Society; suffered much for witnessing to the Truth, and died beloved, in a good old age.

John Conran of Ireland, gives the following account of his religious experience:

I was born in the city of Dublin, in the year 1739; my parents professing with the church of England, I was bred in that profession, and had the advantage of a pretty liberal education under a clergyman of that way. After I had acquired some acquaintance with the classics, before I was twelve years old, I was placed under the care of Abraham Shackleton, of Ballitore, where I acquired further improvement in my former studies, as well as an acquaintance with such learning as was necessary to qualify me for business.

I was placed apprentice in Lisburn, in the county of Antrim, to learn the linen trade; in that situation I had more liberty than hitherto I had experienced. My intimate acquaintance was with young men, about my own age; and having a pretty good share of money given to me by my relations, it led me into amusements to which youth are incident. I kept a horse, and was very fond of hunting; I attended balls and assemblies, to which I was much addicted: and this led to a desire after fine clothes, which I indulged to an expensive degree; I was also fond of music, and had a strong propensity

to singing and whistling, which the love of music leads to. I may say with Solomon, I gave my heart to know pleasure in most shapes which the sons of men are given to—not, as the wise man said, to know what it was good for; that knowledge was reserved by the good Shepherd for a future day, when I was made to see in that light which is superior to the written word, that these things lead to the chambers of death; for the lovers of (worldly) pleasure are not, nor can be, lovers of God, as there is no concord between Christ and belial. I continued pretty much in these practices and habits till I was about twenty-four years of age, when I felt my mind oftentimes brought into serious reflections, and that disposition gradually wore away which led me into gay company, and at the same time out from hearing the Divine voice, which was a still small voice in the secret of my heart; and to the surprise of many, some of whom were otherwise valuable members of the community, I left the assemblies which were termed innocent amusements. I had lodgings in town, and kept very much at home; my former companions used to come and tempt me to go with them, but I refused with such a countenance bespeaking a degree of solidity as surprised them; and I heard it reported I was taking leave of my senses, which occasioned others to come and look at me to see if it were so.

I had been in the practice of going occasionally to the meetings of Friends for years past, but as my spirit became exercised after more durable riches than I had already obtained, I attended them more frequently, yet cannot say I felt myself much benefited thereby; for although I knew the people called Quakers made profession of a more spiritual religion than other people in this land, I was not then capable of forming a just judgment of that which I had only heard of by the hearing of the outward ear; my spiritual eye had not been then anointed, by which only I could see the wonders of the new creation of God, in, and through his dear Son, Christ Jesus. The time was not yet come that the Lord would enter into his temple, and the earth would be moved at his divine presence, who indeed is the Lord of the whole earth, and worthy, worthy to be feared, honored and obeyed!

Whilst I was in this seeking frame of mind I attended a

Province meeting held in Lurgan. In the first sitting a Friend spoke upon this portion of Scripture: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him and he with me." I did not find this testimony produced any good effect in me, for I was built up in a good opinion of the religious profession of my education, and I did not see much in the lives and conversation of many amongst the Quakers, to induce me to give them much preference to many amongst my fellow-professors: moreover, I did not comprehend the nature or use of silent meetings.

There was a Friend there from Pennsylvania, Robert Willis, I think he was silent in that sitting. Upon Friends gathering into the meeting for discipline, I went in, not knowing the impropriety of it; and though there were door-keepers they let me pass on, as they observed a solidity in my countenance. In the pause of silence, Robert Willis spoke, what it was I could not tell, my mind being gathered into inward silence; but such a power broke in upon me that I was greatly broken into tears, and my whole body was shaken in an extraordinary manner, attended by feeling the Divine Life to arise within me; and though it brought a spirit of judgment with it, yet it left a healing virtue, so that I thought then I would not be ashamed to confess to the Truth in the public streets, let the shame be ever so great. The cross then was nothing to me when compared with the treasure which was hidden in my heart; I was then determined to sell all, so that I could gain this pearl I had been searching for so long. Oh, I remember that day, how I did rejoice! a new song was put into my mouth, even praises to my God! This I call, as to myself, the beginning of the new creation of God, in Christ Jesus. The Gospel in the days of the first messengers was termed by the worldly-wise and prudent, foolishness—an eminent publisher of it was told much learning had made him mad; their lives, indeed, were counted as madness, because the life they then lived was in Christ Jesus, whilst the lives of those who condemned them were after the flesh, fulfilling the lusts thereof. At the same time I fear there are many who make profession with me of those things, who are not able to comprehend

them, for we have not anything that is good but what is given to us of God; and if we are not concerned to ask wisdom from Him we shall not receive it, for the promise remains to be to those who ask; some amongst us do ask, but they ask amiss, asking that from the form which it cannot give. But I write these things for the wayfaring man and woman who may be travelling Zionward, and can read me in their own experience, to encourage them to hold on their way, and to let no discouragements they may meet with in their wilderness travel, cause them to look back to Egypt, for it is only those who hold out to the end that will be saved.

I was now very much reduced to silence, and my spirit oft-times inward, waiting and looking after Him whom my soul loved. I thought, having found Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write—whose blessed day Abraham saw in the vision of life, and was glad, and whose blood of sprinkling speaketh better things than that of Abel—that now the Egyptian bondage of sin was at an end; which perhaps was the case with Israel formerly, when Moses brought the message to them from the God of their fathers, commanding Pharaoh to let Israel go and worship their God. But spiritual Pharaoh was not to be so easily prevailed against as I thought. When he found I was for moving from under his government, and making for the promised land, submitting myself day after day to the guidance of the cloud by day, and the bright flame by night, I was closely pursued by him, his horsemen and chariots, as if they were determined I should not escape from them. The power that was permitted them to try me was great, so much so that I thought there was no other power so great, not having as yet experienced the coming of Him who was stronger than they, clothed with the power of his Father, to spoil the strong man of his goods, turn them out and take possession for himself. This is the work of regeneration - this is the Gospel of glad tidings (the power of God), preaching and teaching liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them who had been bound by the chains of darkness and of sin. This is not the work of a day or of a year - perhaps it may be that of the greatest part of our lives. The command of our Lord and Master must be remembered in every stage of our journey, to 'watch and pray.'

The narratives of their convincement and early religious life given in the autobiographies of the members of our religious Society are full of deep instruction. They all speak of the reproofs for sin, of the Divine inspeaking Word—the remorse and contrition that follow—the sense of forgiveness through the atoning sacrifice of Christ—the sweet consolations of obedience and well-doing—the being led on from knowledge to knowledge in the path of duty—the conquest over pride, vanity, sensuality and selfishness.

One of the most interesting of these narratives is that left us by the first John Fothergill. He was born at Wensleysdale, in Yorkshire, in 1676, of pious, exemplary parents, members of our religious Society.

When I was between six and seven years old, as near as I can recollect, being at some little play with another boy, through the force of a sudden temptation, I swore an oath, which, notwithstanding it was to a truth, yet such secret convictions of the evil of so doing in the sight of the Almighty God, so affected my mind with sorrow and remorse, as made a lasting impression on my judgment, and also imprinted that warning and fear in my heart in this respect, that I never did the like since on any occasion.

Another thing I am inclined to mention is, that when I was about twelve or thirteen years old, which was after my mother's decease, a strong inclination took place in me to have a coat made with some more resemblance of the mode or fashion of the time than in the plain manner which I had, with other Friends, used, and I prevailed on my father to grant it. But I was made uneasy in it almost at the first wearing it, and the more so in using it, feeling the certain reproofs of the Spirit of Truth, for leaning to and joining with the vain and restless flesh-pleasing spirit of the world, and turning from the steady plainness of the unchangeable Truth. I was indisputably satisfied that the enemy of all good worked in the earthly affections of those wherein he could get place, to draw out the mind at times, of the youth especially, after the unsteady

corruptions of the depraved world, in its changeable and vain fashions in dress and clothing, in order to lead into the broad way, and by degrees into the wide world, one step making way for another. On the other hand, I was in a measure then, and have been since more immovably assured that the light of the Gospel day, the Spirit of Truth, doth appear against and reprove the very conceptions of such vain desires and inclinations, and would lead and preserve out of them, if people did but attend thereto and labor honestly to bear the cross of Christ in this respect.

I think this year, Thomas Wilson and James Dickenson came into the country, and some time afterwards to visit the meeting of Friends at Crosswicks. I happened to be at the meeting before they came in. The sight of them struck me. The heavenly frame of mind which their countenances manifested, and the awe they seemed to sit under, brought a stillness over my mind, and I was as ground prepared to receive the seed. James stood up in the authority of the Gospel, and in it he was led to unravel me and all my works from top to bottom, so that I looked on myself like a man dissected or pulled to pieces—all my religion, as well as all my sins, were set forth in such a light that I thought myself undone. After he sat down, Thomas stood up and brought me together again, I mean what was to be raised, bone to his bone, with the sinews and strength that would constitute a Christian. I almost thought myself new born, the old man destroyed and the new man made up, concluding I should never be bad again, that my sins were forgiven, and I should have nothing to do but to do good. I thought I had gotten my lot in the good land, and might sit now under my own vine and fig-tree, and nothing more should make me afraid.

Poor creature! I had only a sight. I did not yet think what powerful adversaries I had to war with. This has been the miserable case of many. They have sat down under a convincement, and in a form of religion, some depending on former experience or former openings, some on their education, some on a bare belief and knowledge historical of the Scriptures and principle of Truth.

we would go to it. I was not then quite fifteen years old. So, after our very long walk, we went into the meeting; and when I saw Friends sitting around me in solemn silence, I was much struck with it, and with the very great difference there was between what I now saw, and all that I had ever before seen in religious meetings. In every meeting that I previously had been at, there had been no silence, no waiting on the Lord, and no preparation for the solemn duty of worshipping Almighty God, but they went right away to singing, or praying, or preaching; and when they were done, they hurried off without ceremony and without taking any time for solemn reflection, that they might profit by what they had heard. But here all was changed. And when I looked over the meeting, and saw many people sitting quietly around me, I asked myself this question; "What are these people doing?" for they have not yet heard preaching, or any good advice for them to be thinking about. And I said: "Can this be worship? Are these people really worshipping their Heavenly Father?" I looked very attentively at the Friends in the gallery, and when I saw the solid gravity with which they sat, and especially after I had observed that tears were trickling down some of their cheeks, although there had not been a word spoken, I said in my heart: "Surely these people have something in them which I know nothing about." And I felt an earnest desire in my heart to know what that something was, and where they got it from, and how it was to be obtained; that, if it were possible, I might get some too, and come to know what it was that made the tears run down their faces, without any of the common means having been employed to produce such effects. Thus the Lord began to open my spiritual eyes, by first kindling holy desires in my heart to know and understand the mysteries of godliness. And blessed be his holy name, He not only raised these desires in my heart, but by the inshining of his Holy Spirit, He gave me an understanding of one mystery after another, as I was able to receive it, until I was brought, through Divine grace and by the revelation of his light and love and power in my soul, to set my seal to all the doctrines and testimonies which He raised up Friends in the beginning to uphold before the nations of the earth. No doubt the reading

interesting description of the manner in which Divine grace operated on his mind in quite early life. It is as follows:

I very well remember, though I was then quite a child, the day my father brought "Sewell's History" home with him. If I was but a little fellow, yet I was quite a good reader, and my father set me to read the book to him, whilst he sat upon his bench making shoes, for he was by trade a shoemaker. I recollect distinctly, as though it was but yesterday, how much I was affected in reading some parts of that book, especially where it told of the constancy which so many of those poor people, both young and old, showed under suffering and cruel persecution. I often had to stop reading, for I could not go on for weeping, and my sister Hannah, who was older than I, would take the book and read till I was composed enough to go on again. My childish sympathies were indeed very much stirred up on account of these poor, innocent sufferers of whom we read; and I thought that if there ever were any really good people in the world, these surely were some of them. And I said in my heart, if the Lord should ever make me a Quaker, like He did the people of whom we read, and give me his testimonies to bear for the Truth, that I also would be willing to suffer for his sake, and that I would rather lay down my life and die for Him, than draw back and give up my religion because of persecution. And I now gratefully remember that the Lord did, in his own appointed time, visit my soul, and reveal his dear Son in me; and as I was made willing to bear his yoke and become obedient to the word of Life that He gave me from season to season, as I was able to bear them, one after another of his precious doctrines to believe, and more and more of his noble testimonies to uphold and declare before the people, for his great name's sake.

And now I feel bound in gratitude to say, that He has graciously enabled me to continue faithful to Him, my good Lord and Master, for nearly sixty years. It will be sixty years this coming summer since I first attended a Friends' meeting. My brother John and I thought we would like to go to a Quaker meeting, and as the nearest one to us, we heard, was at Hopkinton, Rhode Island, we concluded one First-day morning that

we would go to it. I was not then quite fifteen years old. So, after our very long walk, we went into the meeting; and when I saw Friends sitting around me in solemn silence, I was much struck with it, and with the very great difference there was between what I now saw, and all that I had ever before seen in religious meetings. In every meeting that I previously had been at, there had been no silence, no waiting on the Lord, and no preparation for the solemn duty of worshipping Almighty God, but they went right away to singing, or praying, or preaching; and when they were done, they hurried off without ceremony and without taking any time for solemn reflection, that they might profit by what they had heard. But here all was changed. And when I looked over the meeting, and saw many people sitting quietly around me, I asked myself this question; "What are these people doing?" for they have not yet heard preaching, or any good advice for them to be thinking about. And I said: "Can this be worship? Are these people really worshipping their Heavenly Father?" I looked very attentively at the Friends in the gallery, and when I saw the solid gravity with which they sat, and especially after I had observed that tears were trickling down some of their cheeks, although there had not been a word spoken, I said in my heart: "Surely these people have something in them which I know nothing about." And I felt an earnest desire in my heart to know what that something was, and where they got it from, and how it was to be obtained; that, if it were possible, I might get some too, and come to know what it was that made the tears run down their faces, without any of the common means having been employed to produce such effects. Thus the Lord began to open my spiritual eyes, by first kindling holy desires in my heart to know and understand the mysteries of godliness. And blessed be his holy name, He not only raised these desires in my heart, but by the inshining of his Holy Spirit, He gave me an understanding of one mystery after another, as I was able to receive it, until I was brought, through Divine grace and by the revelation of his light and love and power in my soul, to set my seal to all the doctrines and testimonies which He raised up Friends in the beginning to uphold before the nations of the earth. No doubt the reading

interesting description of the manner in which Divine grace operated on his mind in quite early life. It is as follows:

I very well remember, though I was then quite a child, the day my father brought "Sewell's History" home with him. If I was but a little fellow, yet I was quite a good reader, and my father set me to read the book to him, whilst he sat upon his bench making shoes, for he was by trade a shoemaker. I recollect distinctly, as though it was but yesterday, how much I was affected in reading some parts of that book, especially where it told of the constancy which so many of those poor people, both young and old, showed under suffering and cruel persecution. I often had to stop reading, for I could not go on for weeping, and my sister Hannah, who was older than I, would take the book and read till I was composed enough to go on again. My childish sympathies were indeed very much stirred up on account of these poor, innocent sufferers of whom we read; and I thought that if there ever were any really good people in the world, these surely were some of them. And I said in my heart, if the Lord should ever make me a Quaker, like He did the people of whom we read, and give me his testimonies to bear for the Truth, that I also would be willing to suffer for his sake, and that I would rather lay down my life and die for Him, than draw back and give up my religion because of persecution. And I now gratefully remember that the Lord did, in his own appointed time, visit my soul, and reveal his dear Son in me; and as I was made willing to bear his yoke and become obedient to the word of Life that He gave me from season to season, as I was able to bear them, one after another of his precious doctrines to believe, and more and more of his noble testimonies to uphold and declare before the people, for his great name's sake.

And now I feel bound in gratitude to say, that He has graciously enabled me to continue faithful to Him, my good Lord and Master, for nearly sixty years. It will be sixty years this coming summer since I first attended a Friends' meeting. My brother John and I thought we would like to go to a Quaker meeting, and as the nearest one to us, we heard, was at Hopkinton, Rhode Island, we concluded one First-day morning that

we would go to it. I was not then quite fifteen years old. So, after our very long walk, we went into the meeting; and when I saw Friends sitting around me in solemn silence, I was much struck with it, and with the very great difference there was between what I now saw, and all that I had ever before seen in religious meetings. In every meeting that I previously had been at, there had been no silence, no waiting on the Lord, and no preparation for the solemn duty of worshipping Almighty God, but they went right away to singing, or praying, or preaching; and when they were done, they hurried off without ceremony and without taking any time for solemn reflection, that they might profit by what they had heard. But here all was changed. And when I looked over the meeting, and saw many people sitting quietly around me, I asked myself this question; "What are these people doing?" for they have not yet heard preaching, or any good advice for them to be thinking about. And I said: "Can this be worship? Are these people really worshipping their Heavenly Father?" I looked very attentively at the Friends in the gallery, and when I saw the solid gravity with which they sat, and especially after I had observed that tears were trickling down some of their cheeks, although there had not been a word spoken, I said in my heart: "Surely these people have something in them which I know nothing about." And I felt an earnest desire in my heart to know what that something was, and where they got it from, and how it was to be obtained; that, if it were possible, I might get some too, and come to know what it was that made the tears run down their faces, without any of the common means having been employed to produce such effects. Thus the Lord began to open my spiritual eyes, by first kindling holy desires in my heart to know and understand the mysteries of godliness. And blessed be his holy name, He not only raised these desires in my heart, but by the inshining of his Holy Spirit, He gave me an understanding of one mystery after another, as I was able to receive it, until I was brought, through Divine grace and by the revelation of his light and love and power in my soul, to set my seal to all the doctrines and testimonies which He raised up Friends in the beginning to uphold before the nations of the earth. No doubt the reading

of "Sewell's History" and other now forgotten incidents, prepared, in a measure, my heart for the reception of their truth, but on this day I was first made sensible of a true convincement, and saw the dawn of the true Gospel day arise in my soul. And thus those principles and doctrines of life and salvation began to be recognized by me—and blessed be my Stay and Holy Helper who has preserved me from departing from them, from that day to the present time.

After meeting, Friends showed great kindness to us poor lads, and we had many invitations to dinner. We went home with one which would not take us out of our way, and this Friend was indeed truly kind to us. He told us that he would be glad to see us at meeting when we should feel inclined to come, and pressed us to make his house our home when we did come. His truly friendly conduct to us made a deep and lasting impression on my mind.

When Christopher Healy was between thirteen and fourteen years of age, he attended a school in New England, taught by a Presbyterian master, who heard them every Seventh-day morning say their catechism. This had for some time been very irksome to the lad, the secret witness testifying against it. In looking at the answer that fell to his lot in the lesson one day, he found that, to the question: "What are the decrees of God?" he must reply, "That God's decrees are the wise, free and holy acts of the counsel of his will, whereby from all eternity He hath, for his own glory, unchangeably foreordained whatsoever comes to pass in time," etc. This doctrine of predestination in subversion of man's free agency, was what his Bible had not taught him, and he found that he must decline these lessons; but how to break his determination to the master was the question; yet, as his peace consisted in it, he made the request. In surprise, the teacher desired to know why he wished to be excused from saying his catechism, which he looked upon as next to the Bible, if not equally sacred. The straitened boy could only reply that he did not feel easy to learn it. "But," said the master, "I cannot excuse you unless you give me a reason." At length Christopher had fairly to tell him he could not learn his catechism because it was not true." "Not true!" said the astonished master, who, although

he set great store by the lad, seemed almost horror-struck at his declaration. However, finding him firm, he told him that if he would make his word good by proving the catechism to be false, he would excuse him hereafter from these lessons, and after school that day was appointed for the proof. A time of deep trial, the little fellow had till the hour came, to which nearly all his school fellows staid. But Christopher, though so young, had read his Bible with care, and had a retentive memory, and the good Remembrancer brought to his recollection this passage of the prophet Jeremiah, where, speaking in the name of the Most High, it is said: "They have built the high places of Tophet, which is in the valley of the son of Hinnom, to burn their sons and their daughters in the fire; which I commanded them not, neither came it into my heart." Showing that these things were not pre-ordained of God, but were of man's own wickedness. The astonished schoolmaster could only say he "did not think there had been anything like it in the Bible." However, he released the lad from saying his catechism any more.

Twenty-five years afterwards, when Christopher had been recommended as a minister of the Society of Friends about seven months, a concern came upon his mind to visit the scenes of his childhood, and having procured the requisite credentials from his Monthly Meeting, he came to this very spot, and appointed a meeting, to which his old schoolmaster and former schoolfellows were invited and came. In this meeting he was led to relate this anecdote, saying: "And ye are my witnesses," as he appealed to them, and detailed some of the dealings of the Lord with him in drawing him towards Friends, and opening one by one their testimonies to his understanding. His old master seemed rejoiced to see him, and clung to him with affection, and his schoolfellows received him with open arms.

In her early life, Mildred Ratcliff was a zealous Baptist. Her father and a number of her near connections were ministers among them, and she was warmly united to that people. When quite young she was married to Harrison Ratcliff, who had been brought up among Friends. They resided near Lynch-

burg, Virginia, and Mildred sometimes accompanied her husband to a meeting of Friends in the neighborhood of their residence. She had once before their marriage been at such a meeting, but appears to have derived no satisfaction therefrom. She says of Friends:

Going sometimes with my husband to their silent meetings, I sat among them, wondering at such a manner of holding a religious meeting, it being to me as lost time—time that I might have improved at my own meeting. Truly, a silent meeting was all foolishness to me.

At that time I had not read a page in a Friends' book that I remember. But after this, my mind being prepared, I picked up John Woolman's Journal, and said in my heart, I will look in this book to see if there is any sense in anything a Quaker can write. Before I had read many pages my spirit was broken and my heart contrited under a sense that the want of sense was in me, and not in the Quakers. I was blinded with tears, and had to shut the book. Yet, from time to time, and little by little, being anxious to see the contents, I read it as secretly as possible. Truly I had not got half through, before I thought I saw the beauty of holiness shine in his remarks brighter than I ever saw the sun shine in the clearest day. What he said on the subject of oppression answered to the exercise through which I had passed on the same subject, as face answereth to face in a glass.

Although now in a good degree convinced of the principles Friends profess, yet there was something in me that felt abhorrence at the idea of ever being called a Quaker, notwithstanding the fervent desire of my soul, day and night, to become an humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, in whom I did believe according to the Scriptures. I continued going to the Baptists' meeting and Friends' by turns, until, when I would go to the [Baptists'] meeting-house door, it seemed to me I felt a hand, though invisible, clap me on the right shoulder, and with it I heard the language in secret, yet plain and intelligible: "Thou hast no business here." I did not know what to make of it. Though startled; I went in and took my seat. But my peace was broken, so I could not enjoy the meeting.

I went to the Baptist meeting again and again, and as often as I did so, felt the same invisible hand, and heard the same language. My poor mind was all in confusion. I had a great life in singing, but I had no pleasure in it in those meetings. I had not then felt any concern about singing or compliments not being right. Such was the state of my mind I did not know what to do. My distress increased so when I went to the Baptist meeting that I gave it up, and went to no meeting for a time. On First-day I would read Friends' books. My peace sometimes was great whilst at home reading, notwithstanding my stubborn determination not to be called a Quaker. Oh, the matchless mercy, the long suffering of the Good Shepherd, who laid down his life for the sheep, was marvellously manifested in waiting for a poor nothing like me.

About four years after her marriage, Mildred became a member among Friends, and as she was strengthened to persevere in a Christian course, desiring above everything else to love and serve her God, and to know the salvation of her soul wrought out, she became prepared to advocate publicly the Lord's cause.

The following account was received from Isaac Pickerill, an eminent Friend of Reading in Berkshire: at the time of the occasion he lived in the borough. I was informed, said he, of an ancient woman Friend living in Long Lane, who had let in some discouragement that as she was little known, Friends would not permit her body to be interred in their burial ground, which, when I heard of, I went with a Friend or two to pay her a visit. On coming to the door, a little girl ran out and said: "Grandmother, here is some of your friends asking for you." On which she rose up and met us and said: "And is it some of my dear friends come to see me? The Lord preserve them and me to the end!" Having sat down and conversed with her about the subject of her uneasiness. we assured her that her request would be granted, and added that if she needed any assistance for her support she should have every accommodation in their power to procure, which tended to revive her, and she cheerfully said: "Now, friends,

I will tell you how I was convinced. I was a young lass, at that time in Dorsetshire, when George Fox came into that country, and he having appointed a meeting, to which the people generally flocked, I went among the rest, and in going along the road, this query rose in my mind: "What is it that condemns me when I do evil, and justifies me when I do well? What is it?" In this state I went to the meeting, which was large. George Fox rose with these words: "Who art thou who, queriest in thy mind, What is it that condemneth me when I do evil, and justifieth me when I do well? What is it? I will tell thee. Lo! He that formed the mountains, and created the winds, and declareth unto man what are his thoughts, that maketh the morning darkness, and treadeth upon the high places of the earth; the Lord, the Lord of hosts in his name. It is He by his Spirit that condemneth thee for evil, and justifieth when thou doest well. Keep under its dictates, and He will be thy preserver to the end." To which she added: "It was truth, the very truth, and I have never departed from it."

Thomas Story, in his Journal, thus gives his views of the manner in which the conversion of the Indian races to Christianity would be effected:

As to the conversion of the Indians of all, or any nation and nations, to the Truth, I believe the Lord will call them, after the power of antichrist is overthrown; but it seems to me, that learning, or the historical part of religion, or their own language (which is very barren of pertinent words), will not be much instrumental in it; but the Word of life, whose Divine and life-giving intellectual speech is more certainly known in the mind, will tender their hearts, in a silent state and retirement, by means of some instruments that the Lord will raise up and qualify for that purpose; who shall not confound them with a long fruitless history of needless things. But when the Lord shall send forth his word, the light of the Gentiles, the quickening spirit of Jesus, into and upon any of them in holy silence, or in prayer, their minds shall be directed to the Spirit himself, as the present object of their faith, obedience and love, and author of their present joy and salvation; and so, believing in the Light shall become chil-

dren of that light and day of God, and heirs of eternal life in Him. And then the histories in the Bible, the prophecies of the prophets of God, and the fulfilling of them; the evangelical account of the conception, birth, life, doctrine, miracles, death, resurrection, ascension, glorification, mediation, intercession, and judgment of Him, who is the substance of all, and that true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, will be the more clearly received by the Indians, when the Almighty shall think fit to acquaint them therewith.

Thomas Story, writes thus beautifully of the blessings attending on a true submission to God:

I called unto God out of the great deep; He put on bowels of mercy, and had compassion on me, because his love was infinite, and his power without measure. He called for my life and I offered it at his footstool; but He gave it me as a prey with unspeakable addition. He called for my will, and I resigned it at his call; but He returned me his own in token of his love. He called for the world, and I laid it at his feet, with the crowns thereof; I withheld them not at the beckoning of his hand. But mark the benefit of exchange, for He gave me, instead of earth, a kingdom of eternal peace; and in lieu of the crowns of vanity, a crown of glory.

Rebecca Travers was a gentlewoman, who was thought of account in that day of religious excitement and high profession. She had received a good, religiously guarded education, and was a zealous professor among the Baptists. The many reports that had reached her of the Quakers in the north, had prejudiced her strongly against them. She looked upon them as worthless, uncivil fanatics, who were very uncomely in their appearance, their manners and carriage; with whom those who stood fair in church or State could wish to have little or nothing to do.

James Naylor having come to London in 1655, preached with so much eloquence that many of the higher rank flocked to hear him, and some of the Baptist pastors challenged him

to dispute with them. A time and place was agreed on and there was no little interest excited among very many. Rebecca Travers having been invited by one of her friends to accompany her to hear this dispute, consented to go, fully prepared—as she afterwards said—to witness the defeat of the rustic Quaker by the learned ministers of her own Society. But greatly was she surprised and confounded, when the "countryman," rising on a platform opposite to the ministers, after they had spoken, poured out such a stream of Scriptural argument as overturned all the objections that had been brought forward against the principles of Friends, and showed that those principles were based on the immutable foundation of Truth. Two of the Baptist ministers said they were sick, and went away, while the other failed to show how the texts he quoted sanctioned the opinions he advanced.

Though mortified at the result of the dispute, Rebecca was curious to hear James Naylor preach, and the next First-day went to the Bull-and-Mouth meeting, where he spoke so convincingly, that she remarked: "She could not but declare, that if she had lived in the apostles' days, she could not have heard Truth more plainly, nor in greater power and demonstration of the Spirit, than she had that day." From that time she became a constant attender at the meetings of Friends; but still she found it a hard matter fully to act up to the doctrines she knew to be true. There were many things to be given up hard to part with, and her former habits of religious profession prompted to seek for that knowledge in Divine things, which could be obtained by the natural understanding alone. Some time after, having been invited to dine in company with James Naylor, a person present who was a high professor, put many curious questions to him. James answered him with wisdom, but with great caution; but not so as to gratify the strong desire she felt to hear him discourse of

these sacred mysteries. Presently James Naylor, reaching across the table, took her by the hand and addressing her, said: "Feed not on knowledge; it is as truly forbidden to thee, as ever it was to Eve: it is good to look upon; but not to feed on; for who feeds on knowledge, dies to the innocent life." This was spoken with power, and carried conviction to her soul. She gave up her own willing, and searching into hidden mysteries, became emptied of her self-knowledge, and taking up the daily cross, she found that, as a babe in Christ, all that was necessary for her to know of those things hidden from the wise and prudent, was revealed to her by the spirit of her Father in heaven. She became an acceptable minister in the Society; suffered much for witnessing to the Truth, and died beloved, in a good old age.

John Conran of Ireland, gives the following account of his religious experience:

I was born in the city of Dublin, in the year 1739; my parents professing with the church of England, I was bred in that profession, and had the advantage of a pretty liberal education under a clergyman of that way. After I had acquired some acquaintance with the classics, before I was twelve years old, I was placed under the care of Abraham Shackleton, of Ballitore, where I acquired further improvement in my former studies, as well as an acquaintance with such learning as was necessary to qualify me for business.

I was placed apprentice in Lisburn, in the county of Antrim, to learn the linen trade; in that situation I had more liberty than hitherto I had experienced. My intimate acquaintance was with young men, about my own age; and having a pretty good share of money given to me by my relations, it led me into amusements to which youth are incident. I kept a horse, and was very fond of hunting; I attended balls and assemblies, to which I was much addicted: and this led to a desire after fine clothes, which I indulged to an expensive degree; I was also fond of music, and had a strong propensity

to singing and whistling, which the love of music leads to. I may say with Solomon, I gave my heart to know pleasure in most shapes which the sons of men are given to—not, as the wise man said, to know what it was good for; that knowledge was reserved by the good Shepherd for a future day, when I was made to see in that light which is superior to the written word, that these things lead to the chambers of death; for the lovers of (worldly) pleasure are not, nor can be, lovers of God, as there is no concord between Christ and belial. I continued pretty much in these practices and habits till I was about twenty-four years of age, when I felt my mind oftentimes brought into serious reflections, and that disposition gradually wore away which led me into gay company, and at the same time out from hearing the Divine voice, which was a still small voice in the secret of my heart; and to the surprise of many, some of whom were otherwise valuable members of the community, I left the assemblies which were termed innocent amusements. I had lodgings in town, and kept very much at home; my former companions used to come and tempt me to go with them, but I refused with such a countenance bespeaking a degree of solidity as surprised them; and I heard it reported I was taking leave of my senses, which occasioned others to come and look at me to see if it were so.

I had been in the practice of going occasionally to the meetings of Friends for years past, but as my spirit became exercised after more durable riches than I had already obtained, I attended them more frequently, yet cannot say I felt myself much benefited thereby; for although I knew the people called Quakers made profession of a more spiritual religion than other people in this land, I was not then capable of forming a just judgment of that which I had only heard of by the hearing of the outward ear; my spiritual eye had not been then anointed, by which only I could see the wonders of the new creation of God, in, and through his dear Son, Christ Jesus. The time was not yet come that the Lord would enter into his temple, and the earth would be moved at his Divine presence, who indeed is the Lord of the whole earth, and worthy, worthy to be feared, honored and obeyed!

Whilst I was in this seeking frame of mind I attended a

Province meeting held in Lurgan. In the first sitting a Friend spoke upon this portion of Scripture: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him and he with me." I did not find this testimony produced any good effect in me, for I was built up in a good opinion of the religious profession of my education, and I did not see much in the lives and conversation of many amongst the Quakers, to induce me to give them much preference to many amongst my fellow-professors: moreover, I did not comprehend the nature or use of silent meetings.

There was a Friend there from Pennsylvania, Robert Willis, I think he was silent in that sitting. Upon Friends gathering into the meeting for discipline, I went in, not knowing the impropriety of it; and though there were door-keepers they let me pass on, as they observed a solidity in my countenance. In the pause of silence, Robert Willis spoke, what it was I could not tell, my mind being gathered into inward silence; but such a power broke in upon me that I was greatly broken into tears, and my whole body was shaken in an extraordinary manner, attended by feeling the Divine Life to arise within me; and though it brought a spirit of judgment with it, yet it left a healing virtue, so that I thought then I would not be ashamed to confess to the Truth in the public streets, let the shame be ever so great. The cross then was nothing to me when compared with the treasure which was hidden in my heart; I was then determined to sell all, so that I could gain this pearl I had been searching for so long. Oh, I remember that day, how I did rejoice! a new song was put into my mouth, even praises to my God! This I call, as to myself, the beginning of the new creation of God, in Christ Jesus. The Gospel in the days of the first messengers was termed by the worldly-wise and prudent, foolishness—an eminent publisher of it was told much learning had made him mad; their lives, indeed, were counted as madness, because the life they then lived was in Christ Jesus, whilst the lives of those who condemned them were after the flesh, fulfilling the lusts thereof. At the same time I fear there are many who make profession with me of those things, who are not able to comprehend

them, for we have not anything that is good but what is given to us of God; and if we are not concerned to ask wisdom from Him we shall not receive it, for the promise remains to be to those who ask; some amongst us do ask, but they ask amiss, asking that from the form which it cannot give. But I write these things for the wayfaring man and woman who may be travelling Zionward, and can read me in their own experience, to encourage them to hold on their way, and to let no discouragements they may meet with in their wilderness travel, cause them to look back to Egypt, for it is only those who hold out to the end that will be saved.

I was now very much reduced to silence, and my spirit oft-times inward, waiting and looking after Him whom my soul loved. I thought, having found Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write—whose blessed day Abraham saw in the vision of life, and was glad, and whose blood of sprinkling speaketh better things than that of Abel—that now the Egyptian bondage of sin was at an end; which perhaps was the case with Israel formerly, when Moses brought the message to them from the God of their fathers, commanding Pharaoh to let Israel go and worship their God. But spiritual Pharaoh was not to be so easily prevailed against as I thought. When he found I was for moving from under his government, and making for the promised land, submitting myself day after day to the guidance of the cloud by day, and the bright flame by night, I was closely pursued by him, his horsemen and chariots, as if they were determined I should not escape from them. The power that was permitted them to try me was great, so much so that I thought there was no other power so great, not having as yet experienced the coming of Him who was stronger than they, clothed with the power of his Father, to spoil the strong man of his goods, turn them out and take possession for himself. This is the work of regeneration—this is the Gospel of glad tidings (the power of God), preaching and teaching liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them who had been bound by the chains of darkness and of sin. This is not the work of a day or of a year—perhaps it may be that of the greatest part of our lives. The command of our Lord and Master must be remembered in every stage of our journey, to 'watch and pray.'

The narratives of their convincement and early religious life given in the autobiographies of the members of our religious Society are full of deep instruction. They all speak of the reproofs for sin, of the Divine inspeaking Word—the remorse and contrition that follow—the sense of forgiveness through the atoning sacrifice of Christ—the sweet consolations of obedience and well-doing—the being led on from knowledge to knowledge in the path of duty—the conquest over pride, vanity, sensuality and selfishness.

One of the most interesting of these narratives is that left us by the first John Fothergill. He was born at Wensleysdale, in Yorkshire, in 1676, of pious, exemplary parents, members of our religious Society.

When I was between six and seven years old, as near as I can recollect, being at some little play with another boy, through the force of a sudden temptation, I swore an oath, which, notwithstanding it was to a truth, yet such secret convictions of the evil of so doing in the sight of the Almighty God, so affected my mind with sorrow and remorse, as made a lasting impression on my judgment, and also imprinted that warning and fear in my heart in this respect, that I never did the like since on any occasion.

Another thing I am inclined to mention is, that when I was about twelve or thirteen years old, which was after my mother's decease, a strong inclination took place in me to have a coat made with some more resemblance of the mode or fashion of the time than in the plain manner which I had, with other Friends, used, and I prevailed on my father to grant it. But I was made uneasy in it almost at the first wearing it, and the more so in using it, feeling the certain reproofs of the Spirit of Truth, for leaning to and joining with the vain and restless flesh-pleasing spirit of the world, and turning from the steady plainness of the unchangeable Truth. I was indisputably satisfied that the enemy of all good worked in the earthly affections of those wherein he could get place, to draw out the mind at times, of the youth especially, after the unsteady

corruptions of the depraved world, in its changeable and vain fashions in dress and clothing, in order to lead into the broad way, and by degrees into the wide world, one step making way for another. On the other hand, I was in a measure then, and have been since more immovably assured that the light of the Gospel day, the Spirit of Truth, doth appear against and reprove the very conceptions of such vain desires and inclinations, and would lead and preserve out of them, if people did but attend thereto and labor honestly to bear the cross of Christ in this respect.

I think this year, Thomas Wilson and James Dickenson came into the country, and some time afterwards to visit the meeting of Friends at Crosswicks. I happened to be at the meeting before they came in. The sight of them struck me. The heavenly frame of mind which their countenances manifested, and the awe they seemed to sit under, brought a stillness over my mind, and I was as ground prepared to receive the seed. James stood up in the authority of the Gospel, and in it he was led to unravel me and all my works from top to bottom, so that I looked on myself like a man dissected or pulled to pieces—all my religion, as well as all my sins, were set forth in such a light that I thought myself undone. After he sat down, Thomas stood up and brought me together again, I mean what was to be raised, bone to his bone, with the sinews and strength that would constitute a Christian. I almost thought myself new born, the old man destroyed and the new man made up, concluding I should never be bad again, that my sins were forgiven, and I should have nothing to do but to do good. I thought I had gotten my lot in the good land, and might sit now under my own vine and fig-tree, and nothing more should make me afraid.

Poor creature! I had only a sight. I did not yet think what powerful adversaries I had to war with. This has been the miserable case of many. They have sat down under a convincement, and in a form of religion, some depending on former experience or former openings, some on their education, some on a bare belief and knowledge historical of the Scriptures and principle of Truth.

Thomas Story, in his memoirs, relates the following remarkable visitation of Divine grace:

My mind being truly earnest with God, thirsting unto death for the knowledge of the way of life, He was pleased to hear the voice of my necessity, for I wanted present salvation, and the Lord knew my case could not admit of further delay. Being moved by his own free mercy and goodness, even in the same love in which He sent his Son, the beloved, into the world, to seek and save the lost; on the first day of the Second Month, in the evening of the year, according to the common account 1689, being alone in my chamber, the Lord brake in upon me unexpectedly, quick as lightning from the heavens, and as a righteous, all-powerful, all-knowing and self-condemning Judge, before whom my soul, as in the deepest agony, trembled, was confounded and amazed, and filled with such awful dread as no words can reach or declare. My mind seemed plunged into utter darkness, and eternal condemnation appeared to enclose me on every side, as in the centre of the horrible pit, never to see redemption thence, or the face of Him in mercy, whom I had sought with all my soul. But in the midst of this confusion and amazement, where no thought could be formed, or any idea retained, save eternal death possessing my whole man, a voice was formed and uttered in me: "Thy will, O God, be done; if this be thy act alone, and not my own, I yield my soul to thee." In conceiving these words, from the word of life, I quickly found relief; there was all-healing virtue in them, and the effect was so swift and powerful, that, even in a moment, all my fears vanished, as if they had never been, and my mind became calm and still, and simple as a little child, the day of the Lord dawned, and the sun of righteousness arose in me, with Divine healing and restoring virtue in his countenance, and He became the centre of my mind.

It was some time after this remarkable experience, before Thomas Story met with the Society of Friends.

The occasion of it was some concerns that I had in the west parts of Cumberland, when lodging at an inn kept by one of

that profession, on a Seventh-day night; and inquiring of him concerning some points of their religion, I perceived no material difference between his sentiments and mine, in the particulars then asked after; and he also perceived I was nearer them than he or perhaps any other had thought; for I had formerly opposed the same man in some things, which gave him occasion to inform me of their meeting, to be held next day, at a country village called Broughton.

As I had been desirous to be rightly informed concerning that people, and to see them as in truth they were, I was pleased with the opportunity, and the next morning the Friend and I set forward toward the meeting. He being zealous to have me further informed and convinced of the truth of their way, spake of many things as we rode along, and with a good intent, but my mind being composed, and its attention directed towards God, who knew I only wanted to see the Truth, and not to be deceived, I could not take any distinct notice of what the Friend said; which he perceiving, after some time desisted, and said no more. And then we rode some miles together in profound silence, in which my mind enjoyed a gentle rest and consolation from the Divine and holy presence.

When we came to the meeting, being a little late, it was full gathered, and I went among the throng of the people on the forms; and sat still among them in that inward condition and mental retirement; and although one of their ministers, a stranger, began to speak to some points held by them, and declaim against some things held by others and denied by them, particularly predestination as asserted by the Presbyterians; yet I took not much notice of it. I did not doubt but, like all other sects, they might have something to say, both for their own and against the opinion of others, yet my concern was rather to know whether they were a people gathered under a sense of the enjoyment of the presence of God in their meetings; or, in other words, whether they worshipped the true and living God in the life and nature of Christ, the Son of God, the true and only Saviour. And the Lord answered my desire according to the integrity of my heart. Not long after I had sat down among them, that heavenly and watery cloud overshadowing my mind, broke into a sweet

abounding shower of celestial rain, and the greatest part of the meeting was broken together, dissolved and comforted in the Divine presence of the true, heavenly Lord; which was divers times repeated before the meeting ended. In the same way, by the same Divine power, I had been often favored before when alone, and when no eye but that of heaven beheld, or any knew but the Lord himself, who in infinite mercy had been pleased to bestow so great a favor. And as many small springs and streams descending into a proper place, and forming a river, becomes more deep and weighty, even so, thus meeting with a people gathered of the living God into a sense of the enjoyment of his Divine and living presence, through Jesus Christ, the Son of God and Saviour of the world, I felt an increase of the joy of salvation of God; and the more by how much I now perceived I had been under the like mistake as the prophet of God of old, but now was otherwise informed by a sure evidence and token, by the witness of the Divine Truth, in which no living soul can err or be deceived, being self-evident and undeniable in all those who truly know Him. Our joy was mutual and full, though in many tears, as in cases of the deepest and most unfeigned love; for the Friends there being generally sensible I was affected and tendered with them, by the influence of the Divine Truth they knew and made profession of, did conclude I had been at that time, and not before, convinced and come to the knowledge of the way of Truth among them; and their joy was as of heaven at the return of a penitent, and mine as the joy of salvation from God in view of the work of the Lord so far carried on in the earth, when I had thought, not long before, there had scarcely been any true and living faith or knowledge of God in the world.

Christopher Story, who resided in the North of England, attended a meeting appointed by Thomas Carleton and Thos. Langhorn. He says:

Thomas Carleton, a man of a sweet countenance, spake concerning the Spirit of Truth being come, that convinceth the world of sin, and that this, if taken heed unto, would lead out of all sin; of which words I was heartily glad; for I said in myself, "I have felt that from a child, which condemned me

for sin, and if this be sufficient to lead out of sin, it is what I have long wanted."

Being invited, the Friends went home with him. In a few hours, it being in the winter, and the nights about the longest, many neighbors came to hear and see, and the house being pretty well filled, Thomas Carleton and Thomas Langhorn advised me to speak to the people to sit down, and we would have a meeting; I did so, and we had a meeting. Afterwards several of us went to an upper room, and having written some queries, came down. When the Friends perceived what we aimed at, Thomas Carleton called for a Bible, and did not so much argue with us, as endeavor to let us see what the Scripture said, putting us gently by, for we were much for arguing; we parted pretty well satisfied. Next morning the Friends going to Carlisle, Christopher Taylor and I went with them, and we asked many things, which they answered to our satisfaction. After we parted on our return home, we said one to another, "If there be saints on earth, these men are two of them!"

Isaac Penington, in describing his spiritual progress, mentions some of the exercises and trials he passed through, and goes on to say:

At last, after all my distresses, wanderings, and sore travails, I met with some writings of this people called Quakers, which I cast a slight eye upon and disdained, as falling very short of that wisdom, light, life and power, which I had been longing for and searching after; I had likewise, some pretty distance of time after this, opportunity of meeting with some of them, and divers of them were by the Lord moved (I know it to be so since), to come to me: as I remember at the very first they reached to the life of God in me; which life answered their voice, and caused a great love in me to spring to them; but still in my reasonings with them, and disputes alone, in my mind, concerning them, I was very far off from owning them, as so knowing the Lord, or so appearing in his life and power as my condition needed, and as my soul waited for. Yea, the more I conversed with them, the more I seemed in my understanding and reason to get over them, and to

trample them under my feet, as a poor, weak, silly, contemptible generation; who had some smatterings of Truth in them, and some honest desires towards God, but very far off from the clear and full understanding of his way and will. And this was the effect almost of every discourse with them, they still reached my heart, and I felt them in the secrets of my soul, which caused the love in me always to continue, yea, sometimes to increase towards them; but daily my understanding got more and more over them, and therein I daily more and more despised them.

After a long time I was invited to hear one of them (as I had been often, they in tender love pitying me, and feeling my want of that which they possessed), and there was an answer in my heart, and I went in fear and trembling, with desires to the Most High, who was over all, and knew all, that I might not receive anything for Truth, which was not of him, nor withstand anything which was of him, but might bow before the appearance of the Lord my God, and none other: and indeed, when I came, I felt the presence and power of the Most High among them; and words of truth, from the Spirit of Truth, reaching to my heart and conscience, opening my state as in the presence of the Lord. Yea, I did not only feel words and demonstrations from without, but I felt the dead quickened, the seed raised, insomuch as my heart, in the certainty of light and clearness of true sense, said: "This is He, this is He, there is no other; this is He whom I have waited for and sought after from my childhood, who was always near me, and had often begotten life in my heart, but I knew him not distinctly, nor how to receive him, or dwell with him." And then in this sense in the melting and breakings of my spirit, was I given up to the Lord, to become his, both in waiting for the further revealings of his seed in me, and to serve him in the life and power of his seed.

Christopher Taylor is said to have received a classical education intended to fit him for the priestly office; but he afterwards became a religious teacher among the Puritans. While thus employed, he appears to have been tried with doubts as

them the knowledge of his will, and enabling them to endure hardship as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. The innocent boldness and fortitude of children and the young people, in following the example of their parents and older friends, by keeping up their meetings for the public worship of God in the face of cruel persecution, shows the sense they had of the importance of this religious duty, and the obligation they felt to perform it, whatever might be the consequences, even while debarred of the company of their fathers and mothers, who were locked up in filthy dungeons. It would be well for our young Friends to make themselves acquainted with the history of the rise of their Society, the doctrines and testimonies which their forefathers held, and their firmness in maintaining them. Follow them as they followed Christ, and He will make you pillars in his church, and reward you with the white stone and the new name upon it.

In the year 1683, one hundred and ninety-one Friends in Bristol were returned into the exchequer on the statute of twenty pounds per month for absence from the national worship, and their fines within that period amounted to sixteen thousand, four hundred and forty pounds, or about eighty thousand dollars. The prisoners in Newgate drew up an account of the outrages committed by the keeper, and his bad language to them. In the account they say: "At length it pleased the Lord to visit this keeper with his judgments, which were dreadful, that he could not eat, nor sleep, but very little. By day he would strive against it, and by drinking and keeping vain company, endeavored to get ease for his troubled conscience, and while the effect of the liquor was upon him in the day-time, he would seem as if nothing was amiss. At night he was in agony; then he would desire us to pray for him, and wish that he had never seen the inside of the jail, saying it had undone him. He desired several of us to forgive what he had

done; to which we replied, he should ask forgiveness of God, for we did forgive him. Doctors were sent for, and he was bled; but he told them no physic would do him good, his distemper was another thing, and no man could do him good; his day was over, and there was no hope of mercy from God for him. Seeing him in this woful condition, our hearts did pity him, and desired if the will of the Lord was so, he might find a place of repentance. Some of us had opportunities to speak with him, and found that he had his senses and understanding well, and we used such arguments as in Christian tenderness we thought best, to persuade him out of his hardness and unbelief. One of us said to him, we hoped his day was not over, because he had a sense of his condition. To which he answered: I thank you for your good hope, but I have no faith to believe; and further said, Faith is the gift of God; so nothing would enter him, but that his day was over, and there was no mercy for him. In this miserable state he continued until the last of the Ninth Month, and in the morning ended this miserable life." They say: "This is not made public, the Lord knows, out of any revenge to the persons concerned, but as a warning to all. Neither is it of any self-boasting, as though by our own ability we had undergone all the cruelties inflicted on us; but to Him that lives for evermore, do we ascribe the glory; by his power alone, we have been supported. And if this example of God's judgments on this man shall stop any from their evil courses, we have our end."

The case of this poor man, as contrasted with the feelings of his prisoners, furnishes a striking illustration of the fact that man's happiness depends far more on the feelings of the mind than on outward surroundings. There are many evidences that our early Friends often enjoyed great comfort in the midst of their trials.

Joseph Besse says: "It was a received observation among

this people, that during the time of their deepest suffering at Aberdeen, they found the favor of God attending them, and his hand of providence preserving them, so that not only their spirits were continued cheerful, praising the Lord in the midst of their most grievous afflictions, but also their bodies kept in health and strength, under the most unhealthy confinement, beyond all human probability or expectation. And even the malice of their adversaries became, against their own wills, subservient to the spreading the doctrine of Truth, which they were called to bear, and even their close imprisonment, on purpose to prevent their preaching, was made a means of many blessed opportunities, to promote what was the aim and design of their adversaries therein to hinder. And that during this persecution, their appointed meetings in that town were not only constantly held at the usual times, but greatly increased in the number of persons attending them; for the women, whose husbands were frequently shut up in prison, failed not, with their children, to assemble themselves together for the worship of God at the stated time and place. Which constancy of theirs, with the accession of other persons out of the country, and the returning of the prisoners as soon and as often as any of them were released, so far disappointed the persecuting magistrates, that they were not able to prevent the holding of any one of the public assemblies of this people, during the whole course of this persecution.

Moreover, the sufferers, to their exceeding great consolation, did especially remark that, to encourage them to be faithful and constant, the power and influence of the spirit of God was in a more than ordinary manner manifest among them, insomuch that their prison-house was turned into an house of prayer and praise, and the aboundings of the love of God did enlarge their hearts, and enable them to utter and sound forth his Truth to the reaching and convincing of many souls, and even to the amazement of their enemies; until at length the

hands of their persecutors became weakened, some of them being removed by sudden death in an exemplary manner, and the priests, George Meldrum, John Menzies and William Mitchell, one of them by death and the other two by law, deprived of their power and silenced from preaching; the lord of Hudda, who had threatened by his own authority to pull down their meeting-house, turned out of his office of chancellorship; and James Sharp, the Bishop of St. Andrews, so called, whom the magistrates of Aberdeen made use of as their principal instrument, by his power in council, to crush the Quakers and suppress their meetings, inhumanly and barbarously murdered by some wicked Presbyterians, who waylaid him as he passed by in his coach and six, and assassinated him, calling him an apostate, a betrayer and a persecutor.

This remarkable concurrence of so many unusual and extraordinary events which befell the principal instruments of their sufferings, was observed and acknowledged by those who in Christian constancy and patience under oppression, quietly expected the Lord's appointed time for their deliverance, as manifest tokens of his displeasure revealed against their opposers, and gradually tending to restrain the remainder of men's wrath against the innocent sufferers, and in due season to obtain their relief, which was shortly after effected.

Robert Widders was one who suffered much on account of his religious principles. Thomas Camm says of him:

I never saw him in the least dejected nor concerned, when his cattle, corn and household goods were by wholesale swept away. But he was one that knew well for what he suffered, who enjoyed the sweetness of an eternal reward, in heavenly treasure an hundred-fold here, together with the evidence of a crown in eternity. Thus, Robert Widders had learned to be cheerful and content in the want, as in the abounding of those outward things with which he had been largely endowed, and could, like upright Job, bless God who gave, and who permitted them to be taken away. Frequently, when conversing respecting other Friend's trials, he would say: "It is well with all those that suffer for the cause of Truth; they are blessed, they enjoy peace. There is nothing that hath come, but there

hath been need for it, and a service in it; for all our sufferings work together for our good and the glory of God; and the remainder of wrath will be restrained." During the illness which immediately preceded his death, he was resigned to the will of God, and dwelt on the Lord's mercies to his church, saying, in the language of the prophet: "The Lord shall comfort Zion; He will comfort all her waste places; He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert as the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody."

A large number of Friends being confined in Newgate, in Bristol, felt their minds drawn to address an epistle to their brethren at their approaching Yearly Meeting in London, from which the following is taken, dated seventeenth of the Third Month, 1684:

The time being near when Friends may be together, we thought it might not be unwelcome to you to hear from us. The Friends who have been long prisoners at Bridewell, the keeper removed hither on the second instant, so that the number in this jail is above one hundred, crowded in dark, damp, dungeon-like holes, many in a place called "Paul's," where never any before were put to lodge that we heard of. These things cry aloud, but many hearts are hard, and those who might remedy, will not regard, but impute it wholly to our fault. We mention these things to inform how we are, rather than to complain. Indeed, God hath been so good to us, and still is so, that it doth outbalance all these light afflictions. He hath given health, and preserved it in several appearances of very great danger, which mercy is even to a wonder. He hath given comfort, content, unity, peace and love amongst us greatly, and by his fatherly care, hath so provided always for us, that we have had no want. For all which mercies we desire you with us to praise the Lord, and to pray unto Him for us here, that God would forever keep us in faithfulness to Him, that we may become even as monuments of his mercy, that He who alone is worthy, who is all, and doth all, may have all the honor, praise and renown, now, henceforth, and forevermore.

Within this week we are pulled and haled out, and not suffered to meet together, the keeper saying he has orders for it from his masters, and so are thrust and locked in several places in heaps. But in this is our rejoicing, that they cannot keep God from us, by whose power we are kept in patience to suffer these things from the hands of men to whom we never did any harm, to whom God grant repentance before his anger breaks forth in an overflowing scourge, and there be no remedy. Blessed be God, we are well, and our love is to all our dear friends in the holy Truth of God, whose lives, liberty and peace, we pray God preserve. In your approaches to the throne of grace, forget us not; that is the greatest good we can do one another, who have none in heaven but the Lord, nor desire any on earth but Him only.

These Friends were kept prisoners in Bristol another year, and when the Yearly Meeting in London was drawing on, they again addressed them in the Fourth Month, 1685:

Dear friends and brethren. This being the season wherein you may be glad to hear from one another as fellow-members of that living body of which Christ Jesus is Head, we thought you might hear from us, who, though still in bonds, yet in good satisfaction, knowing affliction is that in which all the righteous in all ages ever past to God's heavenly kingdom.

Elizabeth Stirredge, with some other Friends, were taken from their meeting-house, after their persecutors had put faggots at the door, and threatened to burn it, and then committed to Ilchester Jail. It was a most dismal place, where they had nothing to sit or lie upon, but the damp, cold ground. In this comfortless condition, some of their Friends, prisoners in an adjoining room, put through the grates four dust or chaff pillows, two blankets, and a little straw, whereon they laid down, like a flock of sheep in a pen. It was in a very cold winter, but most of them took their rest sweetly. When they laid down, Elizabeth Stirredge says, this consideration came into her heart: "Lord, thou knowest for what we are

exposed to this hardship; it is because we cannot betray our testimony, nor wrong our conscience, nor deal treacherously with our souls. Lord, be thou our comfort in this needful time; for it is thy presence makes hard things easy, and bitter things sweet; and thou hast sweetened the waters of a bitter cup. Oh, thou, Physician of value, who can strengthen both soul and body, be with us this night, and all the nights and days that we have to live in this world." Her heart was then filled with the Lord's mercy and comfortable presence, insomuch that she could have sung aloud of his goodness, and blessings bestowed upon them, but looking over her fellow-prisoners, and seeing them asleep, she forebore.

Many people came to the prison door in the morning, to see how many of them were dead from their hard fare; some said they were sure that she was dead, for she looked as if she would not live until the morning. Finding them all well, they confessed and said: "Surely we were the people of God, if there were any." It being First-day, they had a meeting in the prison, to which many Friends came, and the presence of the Lord was with them, and filled their hearts with joy and gladness. Elizabeth Stirredge says: "I was constrained to praise the Lord, and magnify his power, and to testify in the hearing of many, that we were so far from repenting of our coming there, that we had great cause to give glory, honor and praises to the Lord God of heaven and earth, because He had found us worthy to suffer for his name and Truth. His presence was with us, and sanctified our afflictions, and made the prison like a palace to us; and we would not change our state for all the glory of the world, if it were proffered unto us."

Some years previous to this imprisonment, when persecution was severe, and they were turned out of their meeting-house, many who became weary with standing in the street,

consulted about meeting in private, and told those who could not conform to their proposal, that if they would come and meet with John Story and some others in private, they might sit together in quietness, and wait upon the Lord, and enjoy the benefit of meeting, which would be better than standing in the street, to be hurried and thronged together, and had hardly any time to wait upon the Lord. But Elizabeth Stirredge and others, could not join this human policy to escape suffering, but believed it to be their duty to support their testimony for the Truth, in the face of their bitter enemies; and John Story and his adherents parted from them, and left them, as it were in the open field to endure reproach. Their persecutors said: "Here are the fools, the wise men are gone. They have more wit than to meet so near the justice's house, to aggravate him and ruin themselves; do you think to stand against all the powers of the earth? A company of silly fools!" If any should say, was this a discouragement to you, Elizabeth Stirredge answers: "No; our fear and zeal towards God was increased; and I can say to the praise and honor of his everlasting name, my cries and supplications ascended night and day unto Him, for strength to stand in my lot and testimony, and that I might be able to hold out to the end. And forever blessed be the Lord, He strengthened my weakness, and made the weak as strong as David, and afforded his living presence amongst us, to our great comfort."

When George Whitehead was imprisoned at Bury, St. Edmonds in 1655, the jailor treated him and his friends with great cruelty, because they would not buy beer of him.

Yet, in the midst of these atrocities, the spirits of the sufferers were exalted by the sustaining power of God, and enabled to soar above that region in which the persecution of men or devils had power to operate. On one occasion, George Whitehead, with three more Friends, were put into a dungeon,

four yards under ground, by this inhuman jailor and his turnkey, because they would not desist from crying against the wickedness that surrounded them. He describes the place by saying:

It was very dark, and but a little compass at the bottom, and in the midst thereof an iron grate, with bars above a foot distant from each other, and under the same, a pit or hole, we knew not how deep; but being warned thereof by a woman that saw us put down, and pitied us, we kept near the sides of the dungeon, that we might not fall into the said pit, and there we were detained near four hours, singing praises to the Lord our God, in the sweet enjoyment, and living sense of his glorious presence, being nothing terrified nor dismayed at their cruelties; but cheerfully resigned in the will of the Lord, to suffer for his name and Truth's sake.

"I am still truly humbled and thankful," says George Whitehead, when many years afterwards he reverted to these fiery trials: "I am still truly humbled and thankful to the Lord our God, in remembrance of his great kindness to us, how wonderfully he supported and comforted us through and over all these our tribulations, strait confinement and ill usage, and preserved us in bodily health." And speaking of the painfulness of the circumstances which attended their imprisonment, in regard to the filth and abominations of the place in which they were kept, yet, says he: "The Lord by his power so sanctified the confinement to me, that I had great peace, comfort and sweet solace; and was sometimes transported and wrapt up in spirit, as if in a pleasant field, having the fragrant scent and sweet smell of flowers, and things growing therein."

He says that the happiness enjoyed by him and his companions, surprised the prisoners. Speaking of the merciful support and consolations of God, "in the comfortable enjoyment of his glorious Divine power and presence," he remarks, "Several of us have often been made to sing aloud in praise to his glorious name; yea, his high praises have been in our mouths, oftentimes to the great amazement and astonishment of the malefactors shut up in the same ward with us. When

walking therein, our hearts have been lifted up in living praises to the Lord, often for several hours together, with voices of melody. O, the sweet presence and power of the Lord our God; how precious to be enjoyed, in prisons and dungeons! O, my soul, still bless thou the Lord, and forever praise his excellent name, for the true, inward sense and experience thou hast often, and long had, and still hast, of his Divine power, and unspeakable goodness! Glory and dominion be to our God, and to the Lamb that sits upon the throne forever and ever!"

William Leddra, the day before he was executed in New England, wrote to his friends a letter, in which he says: "The sweet influences of the morning star, like a flood distilling into my innocent habitation, hath so filled me with the joy of the Lord in the beauty of holiness, that my spirit is as if it did not inhabit a tabernacle of clay, but is wholly swallowed up in the bosom of eternity, from whence it had its being."

Well might he exclaim, under such a glorious experience: "What can the wrath and spirit of man, that lusteth to envy; aggravated by the heat and strength of the king of the locusts, which came out of the pit, do unto one that is hid in the secret places of the Almighty? or unto them that are gathered under the healing wings of the Prince of Peace? under whose armor of light they shall be able to stand in the day of trial."

A similar feeling animated the fathers in the church who were concerned to advise and comfort their younger Friends when under trial. Thomas Ellwood was carried a prisoner to Oxford, and there he received a loving epistle from his dear friend Isaac Penington, who thus saluted him:

Great hath been the Lord's goodness to thee, in calling thee out of that path of vanity and death, wherein thou wast running towards destruction, to give thee a living name and an inheritance of life among his people; which certainly will be the end of thy faith in Him, and obedience to Him. And let it

not be a light thing in thine eyes, that He now accounteth thee worthy to suffer among his choice lambs, that he might make thy crown weightier, and thy inheritance the fuller. O, that that eye and heart may be kept open in thee, which know the value of these things! and that thou mayst be kept close to the feeling of the life, that thou mayst be fresh in thy spirit in the midst of thy sufferings, and mayest reap the benefit of them; finding that pared off thereby, which hindreth the bubblings of the everlasting spring, and maketh unfit for the breaking forth and enjoyment of the pure power! This is the brief salutation of my dear love to thee, which desireth thy strength and settlement in the power, and the utter weakening of thee as to self. My dear love is to thee.

So also George Fox in a letter addressed to Friends in Ireland, who had been under great sufferings, tells them that "the Lord "Is able to preserve and keep you, and to save to the uttermost, and none can hurt so much as an hair of your heads, except He suffer it to try you, for he upholds all things in heaven and earth."

Edward Burrough also issued a letter of encouragement to those who were imprisoned or otherwise persecuted, in which he says:

It is true the gates of hell at this time seem to be open against us, and we are a people like to be swallowed up of our enemies, and floods of wickedness seem to overflow, and the waves of the great sea seem to be void of mercy, and the hope of our adversaries is to extinguish us from being a people, and to destroy us from the face of the earth; and the hands of our persecutors are highly exalted at this day, as though all that we have done for the Lord, by our labors and travels should now be made of none effect.

Well, dear brethren, though it be thus, yet our God can deliver us, and confound our adversaries; and we can appeal unto our God, and can spread our cause before Him; and He knows that our sufferings and our afflictions are altogether unjust, and unequal, and unrighteous, and that our persecutors do afflict us out of their envy, and without any just cause adminis-

tered unto them by us; our God knows it, angels and saints know it, that we are at this day a persecuted people, for religion's sake; and this our present affliction is not any just punishment, either from the justice of God, or the justice of men.

Their confidence in the Divine power to deliver them and confound their adversaries, was not misplaced. Although judges and magistrates, bishops and clergy, exerted themselves to root out the Quakers; and numbers of unprincipled, lying informers, were encouraged to make a prey of the Quakers; yet, by their constancy in acting and suffering, they wearied out the most determined hostility; till at length even their bitterest enemies became tired of their own fruitless efforts to repress them and to counteract the dissemination of their religious tenets. And notwithstanding the iron hand of tyranny and persecution was long stretched forth against this people with relentless severity, they bore its inflictions with a meekness, patience and fortitude which nothing could subdue; their hearts being so powerfully influenced by the love of God, that they were made willing to part with all things, even with life itself, for his name's sake.

Not only did the Quakers weary out opposition, but their Christian conduct and patience under suffering, not unfrequently led to the conversion of soldiers, constables, gaolers, and even of informers, who were the instruments of carrying the cruel laws into effect. Their exemplary conduct in private life also won over many to the consideration and adoption of their principles; so that during the whole reign of Charles II., in which, with a few intervals, a heavy persecution prevailed, the numbers of the Quakers increased greatly.

Christopher Story, after relating the efforts that were made in the part of England where he resided, for about three years, to break up our meetings, impoverish our families and imprison our bodies, adds: "And yet I can say all things wrought to-

gether for good to them that loved God; for in this time of persecution we lost but one man, and several were added, and we had glorious meetings."

In a hot time of persecution, Francis Howgill gave forth a paper for the encouragement of his friends, in which he declared what it had pleased God to reveal to him when his spirit was waiting on the Lord: "Though the powers of darkness and hell combine against this people, and the jaws of death open its mouth, yet I will deliver them and lead them through all; I will confound their enemies; I will take their enemies; I will hurl them hither and thither, as stones hurled in a sling."

The predictions of the prophet Isaiah seem to have been fulfilled in the experience of our early Friends: "The Lord God will help me; therefore shall I not be confounded; therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed."

The prediction of Francis Howgill that the Lord would confound the enemies of his people, was often fulfilled in particular cases, as well as in a general way. One colonel Robinson, a severe persecutor, sent to a neighboring justice, desiring that he would go with him a "fanatic-hunting" (meaning the disturbing of Quaker meetings). On the day he intended to go, he went into a field where his bull was kept, and having formerly accustomed himself to play with the animal, he began to fence at him with his staff, as he used to do. But the bull ran at him fiercely, struck his horn into his thigh, and threw him over his back. When he came to the ground, the bull continued to gore him, and the men were forced to bring mastiff dogs to beat him off. Robinson was taken up and carried home, but was so grievously wounded that he died soon after. It was a sad circumstance that he should be cut off while harboring such a malicious intent as that of persecuting his sober neighbors.

Francis Howgill died in prison, where he spent much time, for his faithfulness to his God. During his sickness he was often heard to say that he was content to die, that he was ready, and that he praised God for the sweet enjoyments and refreshments he had received in his prison-house beds.

Some Friends who were imprisoned at Montrose, in Scotland, addressed a remonstrance to the magistrates, in which they say: "As for us, we are well contented to stay here, until the due time of our deliverance come, and our expectations (be it known to you) are neither from the hills nor from the mountains, but from God alone. Our case is committed to Him who judges righteously! We are, as regards our testimony, and for its sake, well contented, well pleased, well satisfied to be here; our bonds are not grievous to us; glory to the Lord forever! who hath not been, who is not wanting to us."

It is recorded by that able minister of Christ Jesus, John Burnyeat, who died in 1691, that the Lord's condescending goodness and mercy was very great to Friends, and to the meetings of Friends in that day; which would be so no less to us, were we as inward and diligent in seeking after Him and his life-giving presence, whose hand is not shortened, nor his mercy withdrawn, but who is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. John Burnyeat writes:

O, the joy, the pleasure and the great delight that our hearts were overcome with many times in our reverent and holy assemblies! How were our hearts melted as wax, and our souls poured out as water before the Lord, and our spirits as oil, frankincense and myrrh, offered up unto the Lord as sweet incense, when not a word outwardly in our assemblies has been uttered! Then did the Lord delight to come down into his garden and walk in the midst of the bed of spices; and he caused the north wind to awake, and the south wind to blow upon his garden, and the pleasant showers to descend for the

refreshing of his tender plants, that they might grow more and more.

George Whitehead records in his Memoirs: I remember in those days, Friends in the west part of Cumberland kept their meetings without doors, at a place on the common called Pardsay Cragg, not then having convenient house room to contain the meetings. It was very cold, stormy, snowy, and sleety weather, at one of the meetings which I had there on the said Cragg; but as there are several sides of it, where sheep may shelter from the wind and storm, so Friends commonly took the same advantage to meet on the calmest side. And truly several good and blessed meetings I had at the said Pardsay Cragg, without doors, both in the winter and summer times, and some within doors, since our friends got a meeting-house built there.

Likewise our friends of Strickland and Shapp, and that side of Westmoreland, kept their meetings for some years on the common, both winter and summer, until they got a meeting-house built at Great Strickland. Our friends in those northern counties were greatly enabled to bear the cold and all sorts of weather, when they had their meetings on the commons and mountainous places, for several years at first. It rained most of the time at some meetings, and we have been very much wet; yet I do not remember that ever I got any hurt thereby, the Lord so preserved and defended us by his power; blessed be his name, who enabled me and many others to stand and to bear divers kinds of storms and winds.

Much of the suffering inflicted on Friends in their early days, had been on old acts made for the suppression of popery and other purposes, which were most unjustly and cruelly wrested from their original intent, and used to persecute a harmless people, who had become obnoxious to the intolerant spirit of the age. The parliament which had assembled under the authority of Charles II. seemed to be animated with a furious zeal for episcopacy, in which political feeling had probably a greater share than any regard for religion. An act

was passed inflicting penalties on those who attended any meetings for worship other than those held in conformity to the usages of the established church of England, and for the third conviction under it the punishment of banishment for seven years to the American provinces was the penalty attached. The proceedings under this act show in a remarkable manner how the Lord's protecting care was extended to his people, and how vain are the efforts of wicked men to thwart his will.

Other dissenters generally succumbed to the violence of the party now in power, and either gave up their meetings altogether, or resorted to subterfuges to escape detection and conviction, or fully conformed to the forms required by law. But it was not so with Friends, who stood boldly forth in the avowal and practice of their religion, and braved all that the wrath of man could accomplish, to maintain a conscience void of offence toward God and man.

In the Eighth Month of 1664, eight Friends were tried at Hertford, before judge Bridgman, under this act. The witnesses gave in evidence that they found these persons at certain times and places assembled (this being the third time), above five together, under color and pretence of religion, but admitted that they neither heard them speak any words, nor saw them do any thing at their meetings but sit still.

The grand jury, supposing that no law could be intended to punish men for simply meeting together and sitting still, nothing being said, or apparently done, returned the bill ignoramus. But in those days, it appeared to be the intent of the judges—who held their appointment direct from the crown, and were liable to be dismissed at its pleasure—to carry out the wishes of the party in power, rather than to administer justice, and hence judge Bridgman angrily reprimanded the jury for their course: "My masters (said he)

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what do you mean to do? Will you make a nose of wax of the law, and suffer the law to be baffled? Those who think to deceive the law, the law will deceive them. Why do ye not find the bill?" In our day and country, no judge would dare address a grand jury thus, for not finding a true bill against those whom they believed to be guilty of no crime; but the claims of justice and equity were but little regarded then, especially when dealing with the hated Quakers. The jury, acting under the dictation of the court again took up the case, and to the gratification of the judge, found a true bill.

Four of the prisoners were then arraigned at the bar, who pleaded "Not guilty," saying, "they had not transgressed any just law," upon which the judge replied: "But you have transgressed this law (having the act in his hand) and you have already been twice convicted. If you be now again found guilty, I must pass sentence of transportation upon you; but if you will promise to go no more to any such meetings, I will acquit you for what is past: what say you? this favor you may receive before the jury be charged with you. Will ye promise to meet no more?" The four answered with one accord, "We can make no such promise."

The jury being sworn, the former evidence was repeated before them, and the judge gave them his charge, in which he told them: "Ye are not to expect a plain punctual evidence against them for anything they said or did at their meeting, for dumb men may speak to one another, so as they may understand each other by signs: and they themselves say that the worship of God is inward in the spirit, and that they can discern spirits, and know one another in spirit. So that if you find or believe in your heart that they were in the meeting under color of religion in their way, though they sat still only, it was an unlawful meeting; and their use and practice not according to the liturgy of the church of England; for

it allows and commands when people meet together in the church, that Divine service shall be read," etc. Under such instructions the jury were not long in bringing in a verdict of guilty.

The names of the four prisoners being called the judge asked them, "What can ye say for yourselves that judgment of transportation should not pass, or be given against you?" They replied: "We are innocent, and have transgressed no just law; if we must have that sentence, we give up our bodies freely into the hands of the Lord; the will of the Lord be done." Have ye nothing more to say? said the judge. "Nothing but that we are innocent, we have wronged no man," replied the prisoners. "Then hearken to your sentence," said the judge. "Ye shall be transported beyond the seas, to the island of Barbadoes, there to remain seven years."

In "Besse's Sufferings of Friends," it is stated that the jailor at Hertford, acting, it seems, under the order of the sheriff, made a contract with a master of a vessel to carry seven Friends, who were prisoners, to the West Indies. Various difficulties occurred previous to their being delivered on board the vessel; and when at length they were brought to the ship, the master gave them permission under his hand to go ashore, and to return again when he should require them.

On the first of October, [Eighth Month—the month in which the above letter is dated], the master sent for them to come on board, which they did; and the ship sailed down the river as far as the Red-house near Deptford; when a sudden turn of the wind drove her back to Limehouse, where the prisoners were again set ashore. On the sixth, the ship again weighed anchor with wind and tide fair;—yet could not the seamen, with their utmost application, make this ship sail, but they were obliged to anchor again about a stone's cast from the place they lay at before; so that some of the mariners were amazed, and said, "We shall never get out of England, while these men

are on board!" So they set them ashore the third time. On the eighth, they sailed again, and went down to Greenwich; when a sudden storm obliged them to cast anchor again to secure the ship, and the prisoners were sent on shore the fourth time. On the tenth, they were ordered on board the fifth time, and sailed again; when the ship was with much ado kept from running aground: they [however] set the prisoners ashore again at Blackwall, and she went down the same tide to Gravesend. Thither the prisoners followed, and by the master's order some tarried there, and others came back to London, till the twenty-eighth; when they were ordered aboard a sixth time, and the ship sailed that night to Leigh Road, where they cast anchor; but before morning the wind turned strong against them, so that they lay there two days and three nights. On the thirty-first, they sailed to the North Foreland, and cast anchor again till the next day. At night the master set them ashore, and directed them to Deal, where he met them altogether; and before several witnesses declared, that though they had followed the ship so long, yet he was resolved not to carry them, and gave them a certificate in writing as follows:

"Whereas, there were seven men, called Quakers, brought on board my ship, called the Anne, of London, by William Edmonds, gaoler of Hertford, viz: Nich. Lucas, Henry Feast, Henry Marshall, Francis Pryor, John Blendall, Jeremiah Herne and Samuel Traherne, all of which have continued waiting upon my ship from London to Deal, from the 14th day of September last till this day; and I seeing Providence hath much crossed me hitherto, whereby I perceive that the hand of the Lord is against me, that I dare not proceed on my voyage to carry them, they being innocent persons, and no crime signified against them worthy of banishment; and that there is a law in force that no Englishman shall be carried out of his native country against his will; and also my men refuse to go the voyage, if I carry them, which will be much to my hindrance, men being very scarce by reason of the long press. For these reasons, therefore, and many more, I will not carry them. These are, therefore, to certify any person or persons that shall question them: that they did not make an escape,

but I put them on shore again to go whither they please. All this is certified under my hand, this tenth of November, 1664."
[Witnessed by four persons].

THOMAS MAY.

Being thus set at liberty, they returned to London, and then to their own homes; and they sent a letter to the king and council, stating the circumstance, and accompanied it with a copy of the ship-master's certificate. This letter being read at the council board produced an order; which, after setting forth the fact of their having been put on board the aforesaid ship, pursuant to their sentence of transportation, and having been by the master set ashore at the Downs, "Leaving them at liberty to go whither they please; and it appearing to be matter of contrivance and design between the said master and the persons before mentioned;" it was ordered that the high sheriff do again apprehend and secure them, "until means of transporting them can be made by some shipping bound unto those parts."

By this order they were again committed to prison, and remained there seven years, until discharged by the king's proclamation.—"Besse's Sufferings," Vol. I. p. 246-248.

A letter from Ellis Hookes, who acted as a recording clerk for Friends, to Margaret Fell, says:

At Hicks's Hall, four women were sentenced to eleven months' imprisonment or £40 fine, having husbands; about twelve or thirteen men and women were sentenced to be transported to any of the foreign plantations:—and at the Old Bailey about forty-six Friends were called, and sixteen of them would not answer them (not guilty) according to their form, and so yesterday were sentenced by the recorder;—those that had husbands, to Bridewell for twelve months or £20 fine, and the men were sentenced to Barbadoes, and the women-maids to Jamaica. About sixteen last Seventh-day pleaded, and were tried by a jury, which jury were twice sent out, not agreeing in their verdict: the judges (Hide and Keeling) talked much to them; but at last they could not agree, six of them standing very much for Friends. Some of them pleaded notably

on the behalf of Friends, and said, they did not deny but that they were guilty of meeting at the Bull and Mouth; but they said, they were not guilty of the fact charged against them, viz: that it was a seditious meeting; and one of the jury said: the witnesses were not competent persons (being common drunkards) to swear against honest men. So the judges were very angry with them, and bound them in £100 bond a-piece to answer it at the king's bench bar. The four gaolers at Newgate were all the witnesses that came in against Friends, [also] one of the marshal's men."

At one time in 1665 there remained in Newgate prison more than one hundred and twenty persons under sentence of transportation, whom the sheriffs knew not how to get rid of; for the masters of ships, persuaded of the men's innocence, generally refused to carry them, and the increasing pestilence confirmed them in their refusal, it being esteemed by them and many others as a judgment on the nation for its persecuting laws. To remedy this, an order was made that no merchant-man should go down the river without a pass from the admiral, and this would be given to no master going to the West Indies, but on condition of his engaging to carry some Quakers. Remonstrances were vain. At length the sheriff found a man named Fudge, who agreed to carry the prisoners to Jamaica, and in pursuance thereof, fifty-five were taken out of Newgate, put in a barge, and carried down the river to his ship, lying a little below Greenwich. When they came to the ship's side, the master being absent, the seamen refused to assist in forcing them on board, and the prisoners were unwilling to be active in their own transportation. The turnkey and officers used high words to the seamen, insisting that the prisoners were the king's goods, and that they ought to be assisted in putting them on board. The commander of the soldiers called to the seamen to assist, but few of them regarded. Then the soldiers in the barge laid hold on the

prisoners, dragging some, kicking and punching others, heaving many by the legs and arms, and in this manner got them all on board in about an hour's time, being thirty-seven men and eighteen women.

On board, the men were all thronged together between decks, where they could not stand upright. The master of the ship being in the meantime arrested for debt, and cast into prison, the ship was detained so long in the river, that it was about seven months before they reached the Land's End; and in the intermediate time, the pestilence breaking out in the ship, carried off twenty-seven of the prisoners. At last, another master being procured, the vessel sailed from Plymouth, and was the next day taken by a Dutch privateer off the Land's End, and carried to Haven in North Holland. When the commissioners of admiralty there understood that they would not be exchanged as prisoners of war, they set them at liberty, and gave them a passport and certificate: "That they had not made their escape, but were sent back by them." From Haven they made their way to Amsterdam, where they met with a kind reception from their friends, who provided them with lodging and clothes, their own having been mostly taken from them by the privateer's crew. From hence they all returned to England, except one, who being a foreigner, stayed in Holland. By these means the exiles were delivered, and the design of the persecutors was frustrated by the ordering hand of Divine Providence.

Friends were not deficient in showing the authorities the evil of their actions, and in informing them of the evils that would come upon those who were guilty of such cruelties. The plain and fearless manner in which they plead with their rulers is well shown in an address by William Bayley (one of their preachers), to the king and parliament. He tells them that to persecute and afflict an innocent and harmless people, was

not the end for which the Lord permitted them to occupy the seat of government—that they had committed their cause to the Lord, and that no weapon formed against them should ever prosper. He tells them that the innocent blood of the sufferers shall be required at their hands, and reminds them of the saying of Christ, that it were better a millstone be hanged about a man's neck and he drowned in the depth of the sea, than that he should offend one of the little ones that believe in Him. In parts of his appeal he speaks with the authority of one of the ancient prophets of Israel: "Thus saith the Lord God, that made heaven and earth, Let my innocent people alone and touch them not any more as ye have done; for they are mine, and I have called them, and chosen them and redeemed them. I will preserve them and deliver them. I will rebuke kings and rulers for their sakes."

After Charles the Second had ascended the throne, from which his father had been driven by his exasperated subjects, and made to pay the penalty of death for his assumption of unlawful power, he seemed disposed partially to fulfil the promise made by him at Breda, of "liberty of conscience." Richard Hubberthorn, having obtained an interview with him, Charles said to him: "None should molest Friends, so long as they lived peaceably," promising this on the word of a king, and telling him Friends might make use of his promise; and upon the intercession of several Friends, but more especially at the solicitation of Margaret Fell, he set at liberty about seven hundred Friends, who had long been suffering in prison, under various frivolous charges, during the protectorship of Oliver Cromwell and his son Richard.

The parliament, freed for a short time in some measure from the malevolent instigations of the clergy, also manifested a disposition to listen to the voice of truth and justice, and admitted some of the despised Quakers to appear in the house

of lords, and set forth the reasons why they could not frequent the places of the national worship, pay tythes to the priests, nor take an oath. They were heard with attention and moderation, and the work of securing their rights advanced so far that an order was drawn up for permitting the Society the free exercise of their worship, and only wanted the royal signature to make it a law. This was in the year 1660, seventeen years after George Fox had been first sent forth, and there was a reasonable ground to believe that the cruel sufferings to which Friends had been subjected since he first began to promulgate their faith, would be materially mitigated, if not altogether stopped.

King Charles, though a dissolute, was a kind-hearted man, and some of the royalists, knowing that several of the predictions of the Quakers concerning the downfall of the commonwealth, and the miserable end of their persecutors under it, had been strikingly fulfilled, entertained so strong a feeling of respect for their religious character, as to have addressed to them several queries, as to the king's right to the crown, and their sense as to his reign and government being blessed, and established. These queries had been answered by Edward Burrough, who, among other things, sought to impress the court and men in power with a conviction, that the reign and government would be blessed or not, according as it avoided the evil courses that had brought the reign of Charles' father to a bloody end, and destroyed the commonwealth, especially persecuting for conscience' sake. This, with the unexceptionable lives and patient endurance of Friends, had undoubtedly made not a little impression, and all dissenters waited in expectation of an act securing liberty of conscience.

During this interval of repose, the meetings of Friends increased greatly, many resorting to them in search of the Truth, and some out of curiosity, and great convincements took place,

so that the number of members was largely increased. George Fox says: "The everlasting power of the Lord was over all, and his blessed truth, life and light shined over the nation, and great and glorious meetings we had and very quiet; and many flocked unto the Truth."

But the time for a permanent release from persecution had not yet arrived, and a pretext was soon found for commencing it with increased rigor and cruelty. Among the many restless and dissatisfied people, who were then living in Great Britain, were a few zealots, who professed to believe that the time had come to establish the reign of Jesus on the earth, and who were, therefore, opposed to the settlement of Charles on the throne of his ancestors. The millennial kingdom they proposed to set up was styled by them a Fifth-monarchy, which was to be under the absolute control of the Prince of Peace, but which, absurdly enough, they declared themselves authorized to inaugurate by force of arms. Accordingly, having made preparation for an insurrection in London, about sixty of them, completely armed, and headed by a man of the name of Venner, a wine cooper, sallied forth into the streets, in the night of a First-day, and proclaiming King Jesus, strove to incite the people to rebellion, and to drive out the king and his officers. The whole city was quickly in an uproar. The drums were beaten, and the cry "arm, arm," resounded in every quarter. Being attacked by the trained bands, the deluded insurgents took possession of an house, and defended themselves in it, until the greater part of them were killed. The few survivors being seized, were tried, condemned and executed. Sewell, in his short allusion to the insurrection, says: "The trained bands appeared in arms, and all was in an uproar, and both the mob and soldiers committed great insolencies for several days."

The wild attempt of the Fifth-monarchy men produced great

disturbance throughout the nation, affording a pretext for the rude and cruel soldiery to commit violence on the persons of whoever they chose to assault, so that for some time it was dangerous for any, not connected with the court and its party, to go abroad. When the insurrectionists were about to be executed, they voluntarily cleared Friends of any participation in their councils, leaving it as their dying testimony, that they had no connection with or knowledge of their plot. Nevertheless, they fell under great suffering on account of it, being abused by the soldiers and populace, their houses forced open and ransacked, their meetings broken up, and they dragged out of them, as well as out of their houses, and shut up in jails, until several thousands of them were crowded into prison.

Taking advantage of the alarm and tumult excited by the insurrection, those who hated Friends, and those who cherished a desire to retaliate on the Presbyterians and Independents for the violence and loss they had formerly suffered at their hands, and who likewise were determined to put down all dissent from the established church, procured the issuing of an order in council against the meetings of [those deemed] sectaries, in great numbers, or at unusual times; and subsequently a proclamation came forth, "Forbidding Anabaptists, Quakers, and Fifth-monarchy men to assemble or meet together, under pretence of worshipping God, except in some parochial church or chapel, or in private houses by persons therein inhabiting." All meetings in any other place, were declared to be unlawful and riotous.

In order to escape the charge of disregarding the promise made by the king when at Breda, by which he bound himself and his government, that "No man should be disquieted, or called in question, for differences of opinion in matters of religion," it was pretended that all non-conformists were dangerous from their political opinions, and the laws made in

former reigns for the suppression of Jesuits and of popery, were revived and made use of to harass and distress them. It was also required that all persons should, at the option of any magistrate or judge, be obliged to take the oath of allegiance.

From the storm thus raised, most dissenters shrunk, discontinuing their meetings in most cases, and resorting to various subterfuges to screen the few they held from the operation of the law.

Friends, however, could make no compromise, nor shrink from the performance of a duty so imperative as they considered the assembling for the purpose of Divine worship to be. They knew themselves to be innocent of any treasonable or sinister designs, and felt that they were called on by the King of kings to show their allegiance to Him, by obeying his law written in the heart, however the commandments of men might stand in opposition to them, or cruel men tax their cunning and malice to inflict suffering on them therefor. As, therefore, they dared not withdraw from the attendance of their meetings, nor yet take any oath, they thought it right to put forth a declaration against all plots and insurrections, clearing themselves of the charges brought against them, and setting forth the great persecution to which they were subjected on account of their religion. George Fox and Richard Hubberthorn, having drawn up a document on behalf of their fellow-members, sent it to the press. It was there seized by some in power, who wished to deprive them of all opportunity for vindicating the hated Quakers. They were not, however, to be deterred from their purpose by this arbitrary act, but quickly preparing another copy, they succeeded in getting it printed; and having sent a copy to the king, they speedily had it distributed over the country. It was styled "A declaration from the harmless, innocent people of God called Quakers, against all sedition, plotters and fighters in the world, for removing

the ground of jealousy and suspicion from both magistrates and people in the kingdom, concerning wars and fightings."

But this availed little or nothing in staying the rage of their enemies. Besse states:

Few or no counties escaped this general persecution; but in consequence of the proclamation, the Quakers (so called) were everywhere taken up in crowds, violently haled by soldiers or peace officers before the justices, who generally tendered them the oath of allegiance (which they knew they had a religious scruple against taking), and, upon their conscientious refusal, committed them to prison by fifty or sixty at a time. In Bristol, near one hundred and ninety were imprisoned. Soldiers kept guard at the several prisons night and day, with orders to admit nobody to them. Their servants were denied access; what they brought was narrowly searched, and themselves rudely treated. In Lancaster were two hundred and seventy prisoners; in Wesmoreland, one hundred and sixteen; in West Riding of Yorkshire, the number committed to prison was no less than two hundred and twenty-nine, for refusing to swear; being taken, many of them from their religious meetings, some on the highways, others from their houses and lawful employments, and some out of their beds.

In the course of a religious visit in America John Richardson came to Nantucket. He says:

We then inquired for Nathaniel Starbuck, who, we understood, was in some degree convinced of the Truth, and having directions to his house, we went thither. I told him we made bold to come to his house, and if he was free to receive us, we should stay a little with him, but if not, we should go elsewhere; for we heard he was a seeking religious man, and such chiefly we were come to visit: he said we were very welcome. By this time came in his mother, Mary Starbuck, whom the islanders esteemed as a judge among them, for little of moment was done there without her, as I understood.

At the first sight of her it sprang in my heart: "To this woman is the everlasting love of God." I looked upon her as a woman that bore some sway in the island, and so I said, and

that truly: "We are come in the love of God to visit you, if you are willing to let us have some meetings among you."

The meeting being agreed on, and care taken as to the appointment of it, we parted, and I laid down to try if I could get any sleep; but sleep vanished from me, and I got up and walked to and fro in the woods, until the meeting was mostly gathered. I was under a very great load in my spirit, the occasion of which was hid from me, but I saw it my place to go to meeting, the order of which was such, in all the parts thereof, that I had not seen the like before; the large and bright rubbed room was set with suitable seats or chairs, the glass windows taken out of the frames, and many chairs placed without, very conveniently, so that I did not see anything wanting, according to the place, but something to stand on, for I was not free to set my feet upon the fine cane chair, lest I should break it.

I am the more particular in this exact and exemplary order than in some other things, for the seats both within and without doors were so placed, that the faces of the people were towards where the public Friends sat, and when so set, they do not look or gaze in our faces, as some I think are too apt to do, which in my thoughts bespeaks an unconcerned mind. The meeting being thus gathered, and set down in this orderly manner, although there were but very few bearing our name in it, it was not long before the mighty power of the Lord began to work, and in it my companion did appear in testimony in the fore part thereof.

I sat a considerable time in the meeting before I could see my way clear to say anything, until the Lord's heavenly power raised me, and set me upon my feet as if one had lifted me up; and what I had first in commission to speak, was in the words of Christ to Nicodemus, viz: "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God;" with these words, Nay, the natural and unregenerate man cannot so much as see the heavenly and spiritual kingdom of Christ, which stands not only in power but also in righteousness, joy and peace in the Holy Spirit. I told them that to be born again, was not to be done unperceivably, no more than the natural birth could be brought forth without trouble; and to pretend to be

in Christ and not to be new creatures is preposterous; and to pretend to be new creatures, and yet not to be able to render any account how it was performed, was unreasonable; it could not be, as I urged before, without our knowledge; for to be born again, signified to be quickened and raised into a spiritual and new life, by which the body of the sins of the flesh is mortified, and we come to live a self-denying life. Those who are crucified with Christ, are crucified to their sins, that as He died for sin, we might die to sin: in this state we live not after the flesh although we live, as the apostle said, in the flesh; but the life which these live, is through faith in the Son of God: and to have all this, and much more wrought in us, and we know nothing of it, is unaccountable.

As I was thus opened, and delivering these things, with much more than I can remember, the woman [Mary Starbuck] I felt, for most of an hour together, fought and strove against the testimony, sometimes looking up in my face with a pale, and then with a more ruddy complexion; but the strength of the Truth increased and the Lord's mighty power began to shake the people within and without doors; but she who was looked upon as a Deborah by these people, was loath to lose her outside religion, or the appearance thereof. When she could no longer contain, she submitted to the power of Truth, and the doctrines thereof, and lifted up her voice and wept. Oh! then the universal cry and brokenness of heart and tears were wonderful! From this time I do not remember one word that I spoke in testimony, it was enough that I could keep upon the true bottom, and not be carried away with the stream above my measure.

I might add much more concerning this day's work, but I intend not to say anything to the praise of the creature, but to the renown of the mighty name of the Lord of Hosts, and let all flesh lie as in the dust forever. While I continued speaking in this state, as before mentioned, and thus swallowed up in the internal presence of Christ, where there was no want of power, wisdom or utterance, I spoke but a sentence and stopped, and so on for some time:

As extreme heats oft end in extreme cold, and as great heights frequently centre, as to man in this capacity, in great

depths, and great plenty in great poverty, which I have often seen to be good, in order to keep the creature low, in fear and in a dependence upon the Lord, I soon fell into such a condition that I was likely to die away. When it was so, I, with my companion, made a motion to break up the meeting, but could not for some time, for they sat weeping universally; then I told the meeting, especially such as were near me, that if I should faint away, I would not have them to be surprised at it, for I was much concerned lest that should hurt these tender people; my life was not dear to me in comparison of the worth of the souls of the children of men. But all this did not break up the meeting. After some time, Mary Starbuck stood up, and held out her hand and spoke tremblingly, and said: "All that ever we have been building, and all that ever we have done, is pulled down this day: and this is the everlasting Truth," or very nearly these words. Then she arose, and I observed that she, and as many as could well be seen, were wet with tears from their faces to the foreskirts of their garments, and the floor was as though there had been a shower of rain upon it; but Mary, that worthy woman, said to me, when a little come to consider the poor state that I was in: "Dear child, what shall I do for you?" I said, "A little would do for me. If thou canst get me something to drink that is not strong, but rather warm, it may do well. So she did, and I went unto her son's, where my clothes were, that I might shift me, for I felt sweat in my shoes as I walked.

ON SILENT WORSHIP.

BY B. BARTON.

"Thou worshippest at the temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when thou know'st it not."

Though glorious, O God! must thy temple have been
On the day of its first dedication,
When the cherubim's wings widely waving were seen,
On high o'er the Ark's holy station,

When even the chosen of Levi, though skill'd
To minister, standing before Thee,
Retired from the cloud which the temple then filled
And thy glory made Israel adore Thee,

Though awfully grand was thy Majesty then,
Yet the worship thy Gospel discloses,
Less splendid in pomp, to the visions of men,
Far surpasses the ritual of Moses.

And by whom was that ritual ever repealed?
But by Him unto whom it was given,
To enter that oracle where is revealed
Not the cloud—but the brightness of Heaven.

Who, having once entered hath shown us the way,
Oh, God! how to worship before Thee,
Not in shadowy forms of that earlier day,
But in spirit and truth to adore Thee.

This, this, is the worship the Saviour made known,
When she of Samaria found Him
By the Patriarch's well, sitting weary, alone;
With the stillness of evening around Him.

How sublime, yet how simple the worship He taught,
To her who enquired by the fountain,
"If Jehovah at Solomon's shrine should be sought,
Or adored at Samaria's mountain?"

Woman, believe me, the hour is near,
When He, if ye rightly would hail Him,
Will neither be worshipped exclusively here,
Nor yet at the altar of Salem.

For God is a spirit, and they who aright
Would perform the pure worship He loveth,
In the heart's holy temple will seek with delight
That spirit the Father approveth.

And many that prophecy's truth will declare
Whose bosoms have livingly known it,
Whom God hath instructed to worship Him there
And convinced that his mercy will own it.

The temple that Solomon built to his name,
Now lives but in history's story.
Extinguished, long since its altar's bright flame,
And vanished each glimpse of its glory.

But the Christian made wise by a wisdom Divine,
Though all human fabrics may falter,
Still finds in his heart a far holier shrine,
When the fire burns unquenched on the altar.

THE QUAKER MEETING—1688.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Fair First-day mornings, steeped in summer calm,
Warm, tender, restful, sweet with woodland balm,
Came to him like some mother-hallowed psalm

To the tired grinder at the noisy wheel
Of labor, winding off from memory's reel
A golden thread of music. With no peal

Of bells to call them to the house of praise,
The scattered settlers through green forest ways,
Walked meetingward. In reverent amaze

The Indian trapper saw them from the dim
Shade of the alders, on the rivulet's rim,
Seek the Great Spirit's house to talk with Him.

There, through the gathered stillness, multiplied
And made intense by sympathy, outside
The sparrows sang, and the gold-robin cried

A-swing upon his elm. A faint perfume
Breathed through the open windows of the room,
From locust trees heavy with clustered bloom.

Thither, perchance, sore-tried confessors came,
Whose fervor, jail nor pillory could tame—
Proud of the cropped ears meant to be their shame.

Men who had eaten slavery's bitter bread
In Indian isles; pale women, who had bled
Under the hangman's lash, and bravely said

God's message through their prison's iron bars;
And gray old soldier-converts, seamed with scars
From every stricken field of England's wars.

Lowly before the Unseen Presence knelt
Each waiting heart, till haply, some one felt
On his moved lips the seal of silence melt.

Or, without spoken words, low breathings stole
Of a Diviner life from soul to soul,
Baptizing in one tender thought the whole.

When shaken hands announced the meeting o'er,
The friendly group still lingered near the door,
Greeting, inquiring, sharing all the store

Of weekly tidings. Meanwhile youth and maid
Down the green vistas of the woodland strayed,
Whispered and smiled, and oft their feet delayed.

And solemn meeting, summer sky and wood,
Old, kindly faces, youth and maidenhood,
Seemed, like God's new creation, very good.

And, greeting all with quiet smile and word,
Pastorius went his way. The unscared bird
Sang at his side; scarcely the squirrel stirred

At his hushed footstep on the mossy sod;
And wheresoe'er the good man looked or trod,
He felt the peace of Nature and of God.

CHAPTER VI.

COURAGE.

The courage manifested by our early Friends and their fearlessness when the cause of Christ was concerned, was a very striking characteristic, and of which their annals furnish many illustrations.

When George Fox was travelling in Scotland, he was brought before the Council of Edinburgh, who ordered him to depart from that nation within a week. He, however, travelled over almost all Scotland. Returning at length to Leith, the innkeeper told him that the council had issued a warrant to apprehend him, because he had not left the country after the seven days were expired. Some others told him the same, to whom he said: "What do you tell me of their warrants against me? If there were a cartload of them, I do not heed them, for the Lord's power is over them all." He went thence to Edinburgh, and continued some time longer in Scotland, laboring in the Gospel, and no man offered to lay hands on him.

Once a company of Irishmen came to the Pall Mall, when

George Fox was there; but the meeting was already broken up, and he, being gone up into a chamber, heard one of those rude persons, who was a colonel, say he would kill all the Quakers, whereupon George Fox came down and told him: "The Lord said, 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,' but thou threatenest to kill all the Quakers, though they have done thee no hurt. But," said he, further, "Here is Gospel for thee; here's my hair, here's my cheek, and here's my shoulder," turning it to him. This so surprised the colonel, that he and his companions stood amazed, and said: "If this be your principle, as you say, we never saw the like in our lives." To which George Fox said: "What I am in words, I am the same in life." Then the colonel carried himself lovingly.

George Fox mentions in his Journal, that when at Baldeck, in Hertfordshire, he went to visit a sick woman, and on his return to the inn, he "found two desperate fellows fighting so furiously that none durst come nigh to part them. But I was moved in the Lord's power to go to them; and when I had loosed their hands, I held one of them by the one hand, and the other by the other, shewed them the evil of their doings, and reconciled them one to the other; and they were so loving and thankful to me that people admired at it."

In 1654, Francis Howgill wrote to the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, in a bold, plain manner, which showed that he feared not man when he spoke in the service of his Lord. In this letter he says:

Thus saith the Lord, I chose thee out of all the nations, when thou wast little in thy own eyes, and threw down the mountains and the powers of the earth before thee, which had established wickedness by a law, and I cut them down and broke the yokes and bonds of the oppressor, and made them stoop before thee; but thus saith the Lord, Now thy heart is not upright before me, but thou takest counsel, but not of me;

and my name is not feared; but thy own wisdom thou establisheth; therefore this is the word of the Lord to thee, whether thou wilt hear or forbear: If thou take not away all those laws which are made concerning religion whereby the people which are dear in mine eyes are oppressed, thou shalt not be established.

There is no reason for believing that Cromwell himself was in favor of persecution. In his speech to parliament in 1654 he said: "Liberty of conscience is a natural right, and he that would have it ought to give it."

During the war between parliament and the king, Oliver Cromwell had raised a regiment of a thousand men, who were all professors of religion. No blasphemy, drinking, disorder or impiety were suffered in their ranks. "Not a man swears but he pays his twelve pence." These were the famous Ironsides, of whom their leader said at the close of the war: "Truly, they were never beaten at all." They went into battle singing Psalms, and many among them were accustomed to deliver religious exhortations to their fellows. Many of these men belonged to the Independent party, which had for some years been growing in numbers in England. They advocated full religious freedom, and the right of each congregation to appoint its own officers, and to govern itself in religious matters. In this and on some points of doctrine they held many views which approached those afterwards held by the Society of Friends—indeed, from their ranks came many of the early converts to Quakerism.

The late Robert Barclay in his "Inner Life of the Religious Societies of the Commonwealth," calls attention to these points of resemblance, and suggests that George Fox derived from the Independents, Mennonites, and General Baptists, many of his doctrinal views, and his system of church polity. But the clear statements which Fox records in his Journal of the man-

ner in which the truths of religion were gradually opened to his mind, proves that this suggestion does not rest on a solid foundation, as is clearly shown by the late Dr. Charles Evans, in his review of Robert Barclay's work, "An Examen," etc. There appears to have been among these people in those early days a good degree of simple obedience to Christ, and of real religious feeling. Isaac Penington, who at one time was in fellowship with them, bears witness to this, and he mourns over the decay in the "savor of life" among them, and the substitution for it of "head-knowledge," and of "prayers, reading of the Scriptures, and preachings, and duties, and ordinances," and he tells them, "Ye must come out of your knowledge into the feeling of an inward principle of life, if ever ye be restored to the true unity with God, and to the true enjoyment of Him again."

Many of the soldiers in the parliamentary army were Independents, and sympathized with them. But in the parliament the Presbyterian influence was predominant, and religious liberty was not in accordance with their traditions. They still held to the views which had long prevailed in Europe, and had been the generally accepted doctrine "That every realm through its rulers, had the sole right of determining what should be the form of religion within its borders." But the army, victorious over Charles and his adherents, had no disposition to submit to intolerant restraints, and finally ejected the members of parliament, and Cromwell became the ruler of the nation, with the title of Protector. This, Green calls the beginning of the struggle "Between the principle of religious conformity and the principle of religious liberty."

The sufferings of Friends during the protectorate of Cromwell, who died in 1658, did not proceed so much from the government, as from the ill-will of the clergy, to whom they refused to pay tithes, believing that they were a part of the

Mosaic dispensation, abrogated by the coming of Christ, and that under the Gospel, the ministry should be freely exercised. Many were imprisoned for refusing to contribute to the maintenance of priests whose preaching they did not attend, and who, in consequence, had no just claims upon them. They suffered not only in this way, but were often beaten and abused by the mobs whom the priests stirred up against them as heretics; and they were frequently brought to trial or condemned as blasphemers through the influence of the same adversaries. Thus the clergy of that day showed that they were like the prophets of whom Micah spoke: "He that putteth not into their mouths, they even prepare war against him." Other causes of the dislike and persecutions extended to the Quakers were their refusal to take oaths, their peculiarities of language, and their disuse of the customary titles of society.

One of the false accusations brought against some of the early members of our Society was, that they were Jesuits in disguise. In the contests of the reign of Elizabeth, religion and politics had become closely interwoven in the public mind. The rivalry of Mary, queen of Scotland, who made claim to the English throne, and the political situation of England, as to the designs of Philip of Spain, in the previous century, had gradually brought queen Elizabeth of England to be considered as one of the principal defenders of the Protestant cause, although she herself was governed by political, far more than by religious feeling. The action of the Pope of Rome in sending over large numbers of disguised Jesuits to England, to further his projects had awakened alarm, and led to the passage of severe laws against such emissaries. The attempts of Philip of Spain to eject Elizabeth from her throne and to make the religion of the government Roman Catholic, roused the energies of the people in opposition, and made patriotism favor Protestantism. The public excitement was promoted

by the cruelties of the Inquisition, the massacre of St. Bartholomew in France, and later on, by the atrocities connected with an Irish uprising in 1641, when thousands of English people perished in a few days. Green says of it: "Tales of horror and outrage, such as maddened our own England when they reached us from Cawnpore, came day after day over the Irish Channel."

The period in which Cromwell held the reins of power was a very unsettled one, and judging from the ordinary political views, it was only by the exercise of great care and prudence that he was able to maintain his authority. He relied on the army to support him, so that the government was really a military despotism. The army were largely Independents, and with the power in their hands would not submit to ecclesiastical oppression. In the parliament the Presbyterian influence was predominant, and that people, at that time, wished every one to be made to submit to their views of church government. Add to this, that a large body of people were dissatisfied, that the constitutional government of Great Britain had been superseded by one of military force, and we may form some conception of the thorny and rugged path which the Protector had to tread.

We believe Cromwell himself would gladly have relieved Friends of their sufferings, but he feared to openly espouse their cause, lest he might further offend some of those opposed to them. Edward Burrough wrote to him, plainly setting before him the wrongs inflicted in his name on the innocent, and warning him that it was in the Lord's power to humble him, as He had his enemies before him, and that the blood of those who had died in prison for conscience' sake would one day be reckoned in account against him.

It was the belief of some of our early Friends that, if Oliver Cromwell had had faith enough in the Lord to do what he knew

to be right, in repressing persecution, and to trust to Divine protection, that the Lord's blessing would more eminently have rested upon him, and they mourned over him as one who had injured himself by listening to the advice of those who secretly desired his downfall.

William Penn says of George Fox: "As he was unwearied, so he was undaunted in his services for God and his people. He was no more to be moved to fear than to wrath." Of this there are many instances recorded. In 1649, he went to visit a sick man, and after he came down from his chamber, a servant came with a naked rapier in his hand, and threatened to stab him, but he, looking steadfastly on the man, said: "Alas for thee, poor creature! What wilt thou do with thy carnal weapon? It is no more to me than a straw!"

At the time of the assizes at Lancaster in 1652, some of his enemies had persuaded the presiding judge to issue a warrant for his arrest. George Fox, coming to Lancaster, heard of a warrant to be given out, and judged it best to show himself openly. So he went to the chambers of judge Fell and colonel West; and as soon as he went in they smiled, and the colonel said: "What! Are you come into the dragon's mouth?" But with his usual intrepidity, he staid in town until the judge had departed, and walked up and down there, without being meddled with.

Our early Friends felt themselves to be the servants of the King immortal, who was able to preserve them in every danger. This conviction was the secret of their courage. They did not fear what man could do unto them while they were faithfully carrying out the mission entrusted to them. This was shown, not only in their readiness to endure persecution, but in their plainness in rebuking evil. George Fox wrote a letter of reproof to justice Sawrey, in which he tells him: "Thou wast the first stirrer up of strikers, stoners, persecutors

stockers; mockers and imprisoners in the North; and of revilers, slanderers, railers and false accusers and scandal-raisers. This was thy work, and this thou stirredst up. But God hath shortened thy days, and limited thee, and set thy bounds, and broken thy jaws, and brought thy deeds to light. Thou shalt have thy reward according to thy works. Thou canst not escape. The Lord's righteous judgment will find thee out, and the witness of God in thy conscience shall answer it."

It is related of Robert Widders, one of the early ministers among Friends, that when he was brought before a justice of the peace, who made a warrant to send him to Carlisle Jail, the justice asked him by what authority or power he came to seduce and bewitch the people? Robert answered: "I came not to seduce and bewitch people, but I came in that power which shall make thee and all the powers of the earth bend and bow down before it, to wit, the mighty power of God." The justice was so impressed that he took the warrant from the hand of the constable, and suffered Robert to go away.

The undaunted boldness with which our early Friends maintained their testimony to the Truth, was due not so much to any natural fearlessness of character, as to the sustaining power of the Lord and the confiding trust in Him with which He favored his people.

After the death of Oliver Cromwell, as persecution still continued, Edward Burrough wrote the following lines to his son Richard, who succeeded him as Protector:

"To the Protector and his Council.

"The Lord God will shortly make you know that we are his people, though we be accounted as sheep for the slaughter, yet our King of righteousness will break you to pieces, if you harden your hearts and repent not. And though that love will not draw thee, neither the gentle leadings from God have any

place in you, yet judgments shall awaken you, and his heavy hand of indignation shall lie upon your conscience, and you will be scattered and distracted to pieces."

It was but a few months after the delivery of this letter, when Richard laid down the government.

The experience of Barbara Blaugdon, of Bristol, shows how the Lord supported his servants, and raised them above the fear of suffering, enabling them to rejoice in tribulation. At one time she went to Great Torrington, and spoke to the people in the steeple-house. The next day she was sent for by the town authorities, and committed to prison at Exeter. After the assizes were over, the sheriff came to the jail with a beadle, who took her into a room, where he whipped her till blood ran down her back, and she never startled at a blow, but sang aloud and was made to rejoice that she was counted worthy to suffer for the name of the Lord, which made the beadle say: "Do ye sing? I will make you cry by and by;" and with this he laid on so hard that one Ann Speed, seeing this, began to weep. But Barbara was strengthened by an uncommon and more than human power, so that she afterwards declared if she had been whipped to death, in the state she then was, she should not have been terrified or dismayed. And the sheriff, seeing that all the wrath of man could not move her, bid the fellow leave off striking, and then Ann Speed was suffered to dress her stripes. The next day she was turned out, and the beadle followed her two miles out of town; but as soon as he left her she returned back, and went into prison to see her friends that were prisoners there, and having visited them, she went home to Bristol.

Gilbert Latey, of London, was one of our early Friends, who was well known to many of the higher classes in that city, and greatly esteemed by them. About the year 1671, having occasion in the way of his trade to wait on the lady Sawkell,

her husband, sir William Sawkell came into the room, who then had a command under the earl of Oxford, in his regiment of horse, sir William asked him what meeting he went to, to which he answered: "Sometimes to one meeting and sometimes to another." "The reason," said sir William, "why I ask is, because I have had orders to go and break up your meeting at Hammersmith, which I have deferred executing, and now I have a fresh command laid on me, and cannot avoid it, but must go there—Sunday next—and therefore I speak in kindness to you, if you were at any time to go there, that you refrain coming that day; for I receive my command from so high a hand that I dare not omit executing thereof." Upon this discourse it was immediately laid on Gilbert that he must be at Hammersmith at the same time sir William had desired he would avoid coming, and accordingly he told him so before they parted. Accordingly he went to that meeting, and in the Lord's authority spoke to those who were assembled. While he was preaching, the troopers came, and Gilbert asked: "Who commanded them?" They replied, "Sir William Sawkell." Then said Gilbert: "Let your officer know I am here, and my name is Gilbert Latey," which, when sir William heard, he came in trembling, and at last said: "Latey, did I not tell you I was commanded to be here to-day?" to which Gilbert replied: "Thou didst, but did I not also tell thee, I was commanded by a greater than thou art, to be here also?" Upon this, said sir William: "Go, get thee gone about thy business, and I will take care concerning the rest here met;" upon which Gilbert said: "If thou hast any respect for me, then discharge all the rest, and let me be thy prisoner." So after some time, the Friends were set at liberty, and Gilbert taken and fined.

Among the varied forms of suffering which our early Friends endured for conscience' sake, one of the most common was

imprisonment. From the numerous accounts of their experiences in the jails of that period, we find that these places of confinement were often in a very neglected and bad condition, and that the comfort of the prisoners depended largely on the character of the jailor to whose care they were committed. The jails were often private property, and the safe custody of the inmates was almost the only point insisted upon. There appears to have been very little, if any, proper arrangement for the feeding of the prisoners, who depended largely on their own means or the benevolence of visitors to supply their needs. The sale of provisions and the rent of rooms to his prisoners were the sources of the income of the jailor; of course, such loose arrangements exposed the inmates to great abuses, when the jailor happened to be an unprincipled or evilly disposed man.

At Appleby, Friends endured cruelties, which no Christian government at this day would suffer to be inflicted upon the most abandoned criminals; and all for the harmless performance of the duty of worshipping their Almighty Creator. The stench from the felons' dungeon below them, and the impracticability of keeping their own cell clean, rendered the air very impure and offensive, particularly when the grate and out-door were closed, which was often done by the cruel jailor, to keep their friends from supplying them with food and water. Having no fire, they suffered with cold in the winter, and for want of proper ventilation, with the heat of summer, at times as if they would be smothered; and with many other privations and hardships, which drew Friends who were at liberty, to visit them. John Spooner gives this account of the abuses he met with in one of his visits of sympathy.

One day the jailor came down to the jail in the afternoon, to let out one of the felons to beg in the town, who, it seems, knowing some of us to be on the stairs, hastily pulled to him

the outer door, and locked it. About two hours after, he came to let the prisoners into the jail again, and when the door was open, I came down, thinking to go peaceably away; and then he asked me what I had to do there; I said I came to see my friends. Then he locked me in, and fell in a rage, and beat me bloodily with the keys about my head and face, and bruised me till blood came forth at my mouth, until the string broke. He broke my head and jolled me several times against the wall; and when he had done so, I bid him see how he had bloodied me. He answered, Rogue, I shall blood thee. Then he gathered up the keys, and struck me again with the keys, and jolled me to and fro. I would have gone my way, but he thrust me violently back, locked the door, and kept me there until after nine o'clock at night. Afterwards he boasted how he did beat me till the keys flew about my ears, and he intended to go down again; and said what he had done was but earnest, and he would give me more. His wife privately hearing him say so, and the intent of his further cruelty, followed him; and when he had opened the door, he called on me, and I came down, and he took me by the throat, and bringing a cudgel with him, fell desperately to beating me with it. Then his wife stepped in, and got fast hold of him, and so I went forth; and he fell beating his wife in much cruelty and rage; and two men of the town seeing him, they came to help her, and to entreat or hold him; and he locked them all within the jail-door, and kept them till almost four o'clock in the morning.

The Journal of Richard Davies, after describing the committing to prison of some Friends in Wales, says:

We found the temper of the jailor to be very cruel. He threatened us with a great deal of hardship, if we did not eat of his meat, drink of his drink, and lie on his beds, and give him what he demanded. We told him we were the king's prisoners, and demanded a free prison, and straw to lie upon; but he in a rage denied us that, and put us into a little room, where there was scarce place for us to lie down. When night came, sleep came upon us, we being weary by travelling so

many miles on foot, but we were made willing and able to suffer all things; so that night we lay upon the boards, and it was pleasant unto us, being warm weather, and about the time of hay-harvest. The next morning we were very fresh and well, praising God for his mercies and goodness to us. When the jailor came to us, and asked "How we liked our lodging, and how we slept?" we told him, we slept in peace of conscience and quietness of mind, for we suffered for conscience' sake towards God, and durst not break the command of Christ and the apostle, who commanded us not to swear at all. For our supposed transgression was not only for meeting together, but for refusing the oath of allegiance and supremacy. The jailor being a very passionate, inconsiderate man, would go out in the morning from his own house, and not come back till night, and then return so drunken, that he could hardly speak or stand. The next night when we went to lie down, the room was so little we could not all lie at once. The next morning we complained to the jailor, that there was not enough of room for us all to lie down, and desired him to let us have a little straw, but it would not be granted us.

By this time the Friends of the town had liberty to come and visit us, and to bring us in some provision; and when the door was opened for us to go into another room, there being a bedstead with cords in that room, William Gibson and I lay upon the cords, and the next morning we found that the print of the cords was not only in our clothes, but in our skin also, so that it had been easier for us to have lain upon the boards as we did before. By this time, having well observed the jailor's humor and temper, I began to be uneasy in myself to let him alone; so I watched him in the morning upon his first rising, when he came to the court before our prison door, and began to discourse with him about the prisoners that lay in such hardship. I told him they were honest men, and most of them masters of families, and had good beds to lie upon at home, but now they were content for Christ's and the Gospel's sake, to suffer that hardship. I desired him to let them have liberty to go to their Friends in town at night, and to come there in the morning; and if he would not be pleased to grant them a little straw, then to let

them go lie in their own beds; which he surlily denied, calling them a company of rogues and knaves, and such like terms. He asked me, what made me plead for them? I told him, they were my friends. He answered, "Why your friends? You are no Quaker, are you?" I said, "I am called a Quaker." He answered, "You do not look like a Quaker;" and he looked at me in my face, and on my hands and body. I desired him not to disgrace me so, as to tell me I was no Quaker. Then he asked where I lived: I told him, when I was at home I lived at Welchpool, and my family was there, "But," said he, "where are you now?" I asked him, whether he did not know I was a prisoner there with my friends; and he asked me, whether I did lie upon the boards with them; I told him I did. He said he was sorry for it; but went away in anger, being much discontented in himself. I did not see him till next morning, at which time I went to him again, and discoursed friendly with him; he said he inquired about me in town, and I might take the liberty of the town. I acknowledged his kindness; but told him it would be no comfort to me, to have the liberty of the town, and leave my friends and brethren there. He said then I might stay there with them. So I did not see him till the next morning, and then I went to him again. He was so cross and ill-conditioned, he would not suffer any other Friend to speak to him. William Gibson did so judge him for his wickedness, that he kept him close in a room by himself. After five nights lying on the boards, I prevailed with him, that Friends might have the liberty of the town in the night, and be there in the morning. So the next day he began to be more friendly to us.

After some days, I desired our friend John Millington, to come with me to the jailor's house, to see whether we could have leave to go home till the next assizes; but it was not then granted; but he told me, if I pleased I might go home till then. I told him he might as freely let them go as me, for most of them lived in the county, and I lived out of the county; but no more could we have that time of him. I was uneasy in myself, seeing I had got a place in him, to let him alone, and pressed for my Friends' further liberty. A little time afterwards, by serious arguments, as it was harvest time, and

hard for their wives or some of their families to come with weekly necessaries for them, I, with my friend John Millington, prevailed with him to let them go, and he took our words for our appearance at the next assizes.

Through the goodness of God, we all returned together to Shrewsbury, to our prison, before the assizes, and found a great alteration in the jailor; he was low and mournful. He had lost a prisoner, a malefactor, and was to be tried for his life for his escape. He was very loving and kind to us, and let Friends go themselves to Bridgenorth, fourteen miles, where the assizes were then held; and he desired me to stay with him in his affliction, and not be much from him. He said his life was at stake, and if God and the judge would show him any mercy, it was upon our Friends' account, and not for any deserts that were in himself, for he confessed he had been too severe to us; but notwithstanding, said he, you are merciful men, and can forgive wrongs and injuries.

When we came to Bridgenorth, we were put in a large, spacious room in the House of Correction, to be there in the day time, that we might be all together, and ready when called for; but we had liberty of going in and out for lodging and what necessaries we wanted; no keeper being over us, but what we set ourselves to look to the door, and that too many Friends might not be out at once, and these were not to stay out too long. We saw it was convenient that Friends should go out by two and two, to walk the streets; for it was a strange thing to people to hear of Quakers. Once it fell to my lot to be at the door, though the door was always open, that such as would, might come and see us—with several of whom we had reasonings and disputes about the way of Truth and righteousness—there came one who appeared something like a gentleman, and asked me whether he might see the Quakers; I desired him to walk up along with me, and he should see them. When I had brought him up to the room where Friends were walking, I told him these were they. He answered, these be Christians like ourselves, but where are the Quakers? I told him these were they that were called Quakers. He asked me whether I was one of them; I told him I was one so called. I had an opportunity to declare to

him the way of Truth, and that the name of Quaker was given to us in scorn and derision; and he departed very friendly. Some people were so blind and dark in these days, that they looked upon us to be some strange creatures, and not like other men and women. They would gather about us in the town, and we had good opportunities to speak of the things of God to them. But I was pretty much with the jailor, waiting when his trial would be; and when it came, I went with him and stood somewhat near him, which he was very glad of. The jury cleared him, being not found guilty of a wilful escape; which was gladness to him and satisfaction to us. And when the assizes was near at an end, the judge returned us to one justice Holland, except William Gibson, to whom the judge put it whether he would go home if he were discharged; but he could not make the judge such a promise as he required, so he was committed to prison; but we were freely and friendly discharged, having had good service in that town, and the Lord was with us, and brought us safe home, to the comfort of our families and ourselves; and we have cause to bless and praise the name of the Lord forever, for all his mercies and goodness to us all along, in the time of our afflictions and persecutions. We could say, surely God is good to Israel, and to all them that draw nigh unto Him with an upright heart.

The Journal of Richard Davies throws considerable light upon the powers and duties of the jailors at that period. After mentioning that several friends in Montgomeryshire had been put in prison, he says that one of the magistrates, a "Lord Herbert," sent private instructions to the jailor to let them have more liberty.

The jailor had an empty house at the end of the town, and there he let Friends go, which was a sweet, convenient place near the fields, without any keeper over them, and they had the liberty of the town, and to go where they pleased, except to their own houses.

So Charles Lloyd took a house in town for him and his family to live in, and we kept our meetings in that house of the

jailor's aforesaid for several years. Most of Friends by this time being under premunire, many Friends came from several places to visit them and those that were convinced towards Machynlleth. William Evans and several others of that end of the county, who were formerly Independents, were sent here to prison upon the same account—refusing to take the oath of allegiance and supremacy. Peter Price, also, a worthy man of Radnorshire, was sent to this prison. He had been in commission of the peace in Oliver's days; he, with several others with him, were committed by the justices of this county to the House of Correction in Welchpool, for three months, as vagrants, because they came out of their own county, Radnorshire, adjoining to this county of Montgomeryshire. They remained prisoners three months, but they had the liberty of the town, and to go to the meetings with the rest of the prisoners. Other Friends that lived in and about the town, met with them in prison, and considerable meetings we had in that house.

When John Banks was paying a religious visit in Ireland, as he was waiting on the Lord at Dublin, a great weight came upon his spirit, with an opening that on the next First-day he must have a meeting at a point some miles to the southward, of which he did not know the name. He told William Edmundson of his exercise, who mentioned Wicklow, and he felt that that was the place he was to go to. So on Seventh-day he went, in company with two friends, and gave notice of his intention to hold a meeting. Soon after the company were gathered, and before John had spoken, a guard of musketeers came and took him before the governor of the town, where they found the priest, who exclaimed: "This is the deceiver, this is the deluder who has come from England to delude people here: I hope you will do justice and execute the law." The room was large, and many people crowded in. After a time, John turned to the crowd and said:

Your minister hath charged me, without proof, that I am

a deceiver and deluder. Did you ever see my face before, or did you ever hear me speak before now? Which of you, or whom, have I deceived or deluded? Some more words I spoke, to manifest to the people that their minister was no minister of Christ, according to the Scriptures.

All this time the governor was silent, and I declaring God's everlasting Truth to the people. At last the priest's wife said to the governor: "I pray you, sir, let him not preach here; commit him to jail." This the governor did, on the ground that he had broken the law against conventicles. John replied, that they only met in an honorable manner, in silence, waiting upon the Lord. But the governor directed the jailor, who was present, to take charge of him. When they came forth from the house, the jailor said: "Come after me." He took them into a large room beyond his own dwelling, and the people came in and filled that room, the jailor's and part of a third. John Banks adds: "In a little time my mouth was opened in the demonstration of the power and spirit of God, and I preached the way of peace and salvation to the people, in and by Jesus Christ, his Son, by believing in his pure light and walking answerable to the teachings of his grace, and the reproofs of his Holy Spirit, by which they might receive power to become the sons of God.

It was a blessed day for the Lord and his Truth, for his heavenly power broke in on many, and several were convinced, and received the Truth in the love of it, and many made confession thereunto, and told the priest they were satisfied by what they had heard me speak, that I was no such man as he said I was, and that we were not the people he had persuaded them to believe."

The next morning the priest went to the sheriff to tell him what a numerous meeting the jailor had suffered to be in the county jail, and said: "I entreat you, sir, to take some course in time, or else, I fear, all the town of Wicklow will be Quakers." The sheriff replied: "If the jailor or any other suffer the like again, come and inform me, and I shall take a course with them." When the news came to the jailor, who was a

man of a pretty noble spirit, "What!" said he, "have I been a jailor eight years, and know not what belongs to my place? So that I have my prisoners when there is occasion for them, I'll set my doors open, and they shall go and come who will." Accordingly he did so during the three days John Banks was there, who says that, except when he was in bed, there was scarcely an hour without some persons coming to see him, and discourse with him about the principles of religion, "so that I was sorry for nothing but that I had no longer time there; the Truth having prevailed so much upon the people, and begotten true love to it in so little time. Everlasting praises unto the Lord alone, whose the work is, and by his own power He is the carrier on and manager of it."

On Third-day morning John Banks was brought before the governor, who, in great moderation, reasoned with him for about an hour, about their manner of meeting and the worship of God, and what they believed concerning Christ and of honor to men in authority; all which was cleared to his satisfaction. He confessed to the truth of what was said, expressed his belief that John Banks was an honest man, and set him at liberty.

Ambrose Rigge, when travelling on a religious visit, was arrested at Melcombe Regis, and cast into a dismal underground dungeon, where he was confined many days without a fire, having only a stone to sit upon. Through an opening in the top of his cell he could see the people in the street, and ever zealously concerned to spread the knowledge of the Truth, he preached the word, from the bottom of his dreary abode, to the tendering of many hearts. He was afterwards committed to the county jail at Dorchester for three months, in which time an infectious disease swept away most of the prisoners. He had, however, excellent religious service during this confinement, and was a kind attendant on his fellow-prisoner

for conscience' sake, Humphrey Smith, who was brought near to the grave by the prevailing sickness. Joseph Coal and William Bayley, both ministers in the Society of Friends, were likewise inmates of the same prison on a similar account.

In 1658, attempting to visit the Friends, prisoners in Southampton Jail, he was seized by a constable and his assistants, who treated him with great cruelty and barbarous violence. By order of the mayor he was then severely whipped, and cast, maimed and faint, into a cart; and thus conveyed, amid frost and snow, to a distance of twenty miles; treatment through which, he says: "The Lord carried me with cheerfulness, content, and without the least murmuring." In 1662, he was apprehended at a religious meeting, and was lodged in Horsham Jail. At the assize he refused to take an oath, and was sentenced to premunire, viz: "The loss of his lands and tenements during life, and of his goods and chattels forever; to be placed out of the king's protection, and to be imprisoned during the royal pleasure." The jailor also was strictly enjoined to keep him a close prisoner. During this confinement, which lasted upwards of ten years, he was subjected to much unworthy treatment at the hand of a professed minister of religion, named Letchford, who, having incensed the magistrates against the prisoner when on his trial, continued to instigate them to add afflictions to his bonds. Ambrose Rigge was, in consequence, transferred to the "Low Jail," and there confined among the felons. The keeper of this prison, filled with the same spirit of hatred and enmity, on one occasion, in the depth of winter, placed him in the "upper ward," but deprived him of his bed, forcing him (while the snow was often deep upon the ground) to lie upon the bare floor for weeks together. So rigorous was his imprisonment at that period that his friends found great difficulty in having food and water conveyed to him.

In 1672, chiefly through the exertions of George Whitehead, the king, Charles II., was induced to grant letters-patent under the great seal, for the liberation of the whole of the Friends prisoners throughout England, and Ambrose Rigge, as well as many others, was set at liberty. In reference to his sufferings, he remarks: "I have been made able and willing to bear all for the testimony of Jesus and word of God, not counting my life dear unto me, that I might finish my testimony with joy, being counted worthy, not only to believe, but also to suffer for that doctrine, faith and practice, for which the ancient Christians suffered the loss of their liberties, and many of them their lives.

At one time, when Richard Davies was a prisoner, although not strictly confined, a concern came upon him to visit some counties in England and Wales, but he was a prisoner, and though left much at liberty by his keeper, he would not go without consent. Most travelling Friends were at that time prisoners, and the sense of duty was urgent on Richard to visit the stripped meetings in Gospel love. He says:

I followed my good Guide, that showed me what to do. I went to the jailor and told him I had an occasion to go out a little while, and I could not go without acquainting him of it, because I was his prisoner. He said, "I warrant you will go to preach somewhere or other, and then you will be taken to prison; and what shall I do then?" I told him that if I was taken prisoner, I would send to him where I was, and he might send for me if he pleased. So he bid me have a care of myself.

CHAPTER VII.

FRIENDS AS ADVOCATES OF LIBERTY.

In his biography of William Penn, William Hepworth Dixon speaks of the famous trial of Penn and Mead, as one which had an important bearing in the promotion of civil liberty in Great Britain:

The great question agitating the country at that time was liberty of conscience—with its consequence—free worship. The church of England was alarmed. The duke of York, the presumptive heir to the throne, was an avowed Catholic. The king himself was suspected of a leaning towards the ritual followed by his wife, his brother, his brother's wife, ... Some of the courtiers had recently apostatised; and many others were suspected of only waiting a more favorable moment to declare themselves converts to the creed which alone found active sympathy at Whitehall. But, if Popery threatened from above, Puritanism was no less formidable below. The country was known to swarm with the disbanded soldiers of Cromwell—men as hostile to the establishment as to the monarchy. Sects were daily multiplying in number. And now in the midst of all these causes of dismay, the power with which parliament had armed the church in its own defence, six years before, was about to expire. This power was given (May 16th, 1664) by the conventicle act —granted as an experiment for three years, and afterwards renewed for a second term—which act declared it seditious and unlawful for more than five persons, exclusive of the family, to meet together for religious worship according to any other than the national ritual; and every person above the age of sixteen attending meetings of the character described was liable, for the first offence, to be fined five pounds or imprisoned during three months; for the second offence, to be fined ten pounds or imprisoned six months; for the third of-

fence, to be fined a hundred pounds or transported beyond the seas for seven years; and for every additional offence, an additional hundred pounds fine was inflicted. This monstrous enactment had fallen with the heaviest weight on Quakers. Other denominations of dissenters, finding their excuses in the spirit which prevailed against their doctrines, evaded these penalties either by a pretended conformity or by secret adherence to their own rules. The followers of George Fox alone braved the law openly—continuing to worship in public as before—and submitting to the fines, degradations, and imprisonments which the law awarded; resolved to tire out persecution by the patient spirit in which they endured affliction for consciences' sake.

William Penn soon became a victim of this enactment. The Quakers, as usual, taking no notice of the attempt of parliament to interfere with their modes of worship, went on the fourteenth of August to their meeting-house in Grace-church Street. They found it closed—and the doors guarded by a company of soldiers. Unable to enter the building, the members loitered about until there was a considerable crowd, when William Penn took off his hat and began to address them. Seeing this movement, the constables came forward and arrested him, together with captain William Mead, an old soldier of the commonwealth and now a draper in the city. Penn demanded to be shown their authority for this act, and the officers at once produced a warrant prepared beforehand, and signed by the lord mayor sir Samuel Starling. The whole of the little drama had been previously arranged by the civic powers; and Penn and Mead were instantly taken from the place of meeting to undergo examination. Knowing that admiral Penn was on his death-bed, the petty officers of the city gave a loose rein to their native insolence. When the prisoner refused to doff his hat, the lord mayor threatened to carry him to Bridewell and have him well whipped—though he was the son of a commonwealth admiral! On being reminded that the law was against such a course of proceeding, he ordered them to be sent to the "Black Dog," a wretched sponging-house in Newgate Market, to await their trial at the Old Baily. From this place of durance he wrote to his father in

the most affectionate terms; and, while glorying in his sufferings for a great principle, expressed his deep regret at being dragged away from home at such a time.

On the first of September, 1670, the two prisoners were placed in the dock to answer the charges brought against them. Every thing considered, the character of the men, the interests at issue, the course of the proceedings and the final results—this is perhaps the most important trial that ever took place in England. Penn stood before his judges in this celebrated scene, not so much as a Quaker pleading for the rights of conscience—as the Englishman contending for the ancient and imprescriptible liberties of his race. The special law on which he was arraigned, he knew very well that he had violated, and intended again and again to violate. His religious friends took the same view of the case: they acknowledged the conventicle act to be in force according to the mere forms of jurisprudence; but they contended that it was in direct contradiction to the Divine laws, and therefore not binding. Better versed in his country's history, Penn disputed its legality. He held it to be in equal hostility to the Bible and the Great Charter. This therefore was the point to be brought to an issue—Does an edict possess the virtue and force of law, even when passed by crown and parliament, which abolishes any one of the fundamental rights secured to the nation by the ancient constitution? A most important point in itself; and dear to England were the interests which hung on the result.

The trial itself was an instructive exhibition of arbitrary proceedings on the part of the courts and of courageous defense of their right on the parts of the prisoners. William Penn said: "We confess ourselves to be so far from recanting or declining to vindicate the assembling of ourselves to preach, pray or worship the eternal, holy, just God, that we declare to all the world, that we do believe it to be our indispensable duty, to meet incessantly upon so good an account; nor shall all the powers on earth be able to divert us from reverencing and adoring the God who made us." The sheriff, Richard

Brown, said: "You are not here for worshipping God, but for breaking the law." William Penn replied: "I affirm I have broken no law, nor am I guilty of the indictment that is laid to my charge." Then he asked upon what law his indictment was grounded. The recorder answered on the common law and refused to give any more definite answer. William Penn in reply, quoted from "Coke's Institute" that common law is common right—the great charter privileges; and he further stated that if they denied him the oyer (hearing) of the law which they suggested he had broken, they would evidence to the whole world their resolution to sacrifice the privileges of Englishmen to their sinister and arbitrary designs. This so annoyed the court, that they ordered him to be removed to the bail-dock. But this was not effected before the prisoner had exclaimed: "Must I therefore be taken away because I plead for the fundamental laws of England?" And, addressing the jury, he said: "However, this I leave upon your consciences, who are of the jury, and my sole judges, that if these ancient fundamental laws, which relate to liberty and property, and are not limited to particular persuasions in matters of religion, must not be indispensably maintained and observed, who can say he hath right to the coat upon his back. The Lord of heaven and earth will be judge between us in this matter." The hearing of this emphatical speech was so troublesome to the recorder, that he cried: "Be silent there." At which William Penn returned: "I am not to be silent in a cause wherein I am so much concerned, and, not only myself, but many ten thousand families besides."

After William Mead had been also sent to the bail dock, the recorder charged the jury in the absence of the prisoners, which they protested against as arbitrary and illegal. The jury having retired to agree upon a verdict; upon their return, reported that William Penn was guilty of speaking in

Grace-church Street, but they sturdily refused to make the addition which the court requested, "to an unlawful assembly." The court threatened the jury that they should be locked up without meat, drink, fire and tobacco, until they rendered a verdict that the court would accept. Penn said: "The agreement of twelve men is a verdict in law, and such a one being given by the jury, I require the clerk of the peace to record it. And if the jury bring in another verdict contrary to this, I affirm that they are perjured men in law." And looking on the jury, he said: "You are Englishmen, mind your privilege; give not away your right." To which one of them returned, "Nor will we ever do it." The jury were locked up for another day, when they rendered a clear verdict of not guilty as to both defendants.

Finding the jury impracticable, the court fined them forty marks a man, and imprisonment in Newgate till the fines be paid.

Prisoner and jurors alike, refused to pay the fines—the first as a matter of conscience, the second, because, under the influence of Edward Bushel, they were induced to dispute the power of the court to inflict a fine for such a contempt as the one they stood charged with—and were all removed to Newgate.

Dixon remarks: Up to this period the usage of the courts with regard to verdicts had never been reduced to a legal and positive form: from the days of the Tudors it had been the occasional practice of the bench to inflict fines on contumacious and inconvenient juries; for centuries it had remained an unsettled question of law whether the jury had, or had not, a right so far to exercise its own discretion as to bring in a verdict contrary to the sense of the court. This great point was now to be decided. Bushel and his fellow-jurors, at Penn's suggestion, brought an action against sir Samuel Starling and sir John Howell, the lord mayor and the recorder of London, for unjust imprisonment. On the fifth of September they were

committed to Newgate; counsel was engaged, and application was immediately made to the Court of Common Pleas, but it was not until the ninth of November that a writ of Habeas Corpus was issued to the Governor of the gaol to bring up the person of Edward Bushel. Newdegate, Size, Waller and Broome appeared as counsel for the prisoners; Leroy and Maynard for the king—that is, for Starling and Howell, the king's justices. Freeman has preserved the heads of this famous appeal. The defence was taken on the ground that the jury had brought in a verdict contrary to the laws of England, to manifest evidence, and to the direction of the court. Newdegate urged against this defence,—that, so far as the laws of England were concerned, the defence was bad—inasmuch as the question of law cannot occur until the facts are proved; here the facts were not proved to the satisfaction of the men who were called upon by the constitution to investigate them; consequently, the laws not being invoked, they could not be violated. The second point of the defence Broome met by showing that it is the special function of the jury to judge of the value of the evidence submitted to it, and that in the eye of the law that body is presumed to be a more competent judge of whether evidence is good or bad than the court. This argument also met the last point of the defence; the bench might be deceived in its opinion—the jury being agreed amongst themselves, are presumed to be infallible. The bench, therefore, though at liberty to offer suggestions to the jurymen for their consideration, may not lawfully coerce them; or, as Newdegate expressed it, the judges may try "to open the eyes of the jurors, but not to lead them by the nose."

The Court of Common Pleas adopted these views. Sir John Vaughan summed up the argument on both sides, and gave a learned exposition of the question as a piece of historical law, ending with a verdict for Edward Bushel on behalf of himself and his fellow-prisoners. They were consequently ordered to be set at liberty in open court. Ten of the other eleven judges agreed in the verdict given by sir John Vaughan—Chief Baron Turner, merely abstained from giving an opinion on the point, as he had not been present in the court to hear the arguments of counsel. The verdict may therefore be consid-

ered as the unanimous expression of the twelve judges. The course adopted by the lord mayor and recorder was condemned by the highest legal tribunal in the land. Bushel and his fellows left Newgate as conquerors.

The importance of this extraordinary trial can hardly be over-estimated, either as a piece of history shedding light on the opinions held in high places in the age immediately succeeding a time in which, even by the confession of men otherwise adverse to it, justice had been incorruptibly administered; or as a stand taken once for all upon the ancient liberties of England against the encroachments of an apostate king and a licentious court. It established a truth which William Penn never ceased to inculcate—that unjust laws are powerless weapons when used against an upright people. It proved that in England at least the ruling power of the moment, even when agreed in all its branches, is not omnipotent; that there still remained, and ever must remain, a grand check to unjust government in the public conscience. What is the use of a severe law, if the nation repudiates it—if juries refuse to convict under it? It becomes at once a dead letter, a thing which nobody will own, a statute really at large. We at the present day can more distinctly realize the service rendered to posterity—to liberty, by the noble defence offered at these trials, than could contemporaries. We have seen the results of the stand then made—results which there is good reason to believe Penn for one foresaw. It may be said without exaggeration that these trials gave a new meaning—infused a new life, into the institution of the jury. The result proved there was a power in the state superior to the parliament in its palace at Westminster and the king in his palace at Whitehall combined—that sense of justice which informs the brain and nerves the heart of the English people. Driven from the court, the legislative assembly, and the bench of justice, the spirit of Puritan Democracy found an impregnable citadel in the jury-room.

After the failure of the court to convict William Penn and William Mead, through the courage of the jury, the lieutenant of the tower was determined that William Penn should be made

to suffer, and so kept watch on his movements. Accordingly he was arrested for preaching at Wheeler Street meeting and taken to the tower, and brought before sir John Robinson, the lieutenant of the tower, and others. Here he was told that he was to be tried for a breach of what was called the Oxford Act. To this William Penn replied that this act could not concern him, for the preamble of the act shows that it was designed for those in orders, and that he had never been.

John Robinson. Will you swear? Will you take the oath that the act requires of you?

W. P. That is not to the purpose.

J. R. Will you take it or no?

W. P. What need I take an oath not to do that it is my faith not to do, so far as concerns the king?

Lieutenant Price. Then swear it.

W. P. The oath in that respect is already answered to all intents and purpose; for if I can't fight against any man (much less against the king), what need I take an oath not to do it? Should I swear not to do what is already against my conscience to do?

J. R. You won't take the oath, then?

W. P. What if I refuse the oath, not because of the matter contained in it (which only can criminate in the sense of the act), but of scrupling any oath? Shall I therefore be committed to prison? 'Twas all about fighting the oath and act were designed, and not taking of oath. Therefore the denying to swear, where there is a denial to fight or plot, is no equitable ground for commitment.

J. R. Do you refuse to swear?

W. P. Yes, and that upon better grounds than those for which thou wouldst have me swear.

J. R. I am sorry you should put me upon this severity. It is no pleasant work to me.

W. P. These are but words. It is manifest that this is a prepense malice; thou hast several times laid the meetings for me, and this day particularly.

J. R. No, I profess I could not tell you would be there.

W. P. Thine own corporal told me, that you had intelligence at the tower, that I would be at Wheeler Street to-day, almost as soon as I knew it myself. It is disingenuous and partial. I never gave thee occasion for such unkindness.

J. R. I knew no such thing: but if I had, I confess I should have sent for you.

W. P. That might have been spared: I do heartily believe it.

J. R. I vow, Mr. Penn, I am sorry for you; you are an ingenious gentleman, all the world must allow you, and does allow you that; and you have a plentiful estate; why should you render yourself unhappy by associating with such a simple people?

W. P. I confess I have made it my choice, to relinquish the company of those that are ingeniously wicked, to converse with those that are more honestly simple.

J. R. I wish you wiser.

W. P. And I wish thee better.

J. R. You have been as bad as other folks.

W. P. When and where? I charge thee to tell the company to my face.

J. R. Abroad, and at home too.

Sir John Sheldon, as is supposed. No, sir John, that's too much, or words to that purpose.

W. P. I make this bold challenge to all men, women and children upon earth, justly to accuse me with ever having seen me drunk, heard me swear, utter a curse, or speak one obscene word (much less that I have made it my practice). I speak this to God's glory, that has ever preserved me from the power of those pollutions, and that from a child begot an hatred in me towards them. But there is nothing more common, than that when men are of a more severe life than ordinary, for loose persons to comfort themselves with the conceit, that they were once as they are; and if there was no collateral or oblique line of the compass, or globe, men may be said to come from to the Arctic Pole, but directly and immediatly from the Antarctic. Thy words shall be thy burden, and I trample thy slander under my feet.

J. R. Well, Mr. Penn, I have no ill-will towards you: your father was my friend, and I have a great deal of kindness for you.

W. P. But thou hast an ill way of expressing it. You are grown too high to consider the plea of those you call your forefathers, for liberty of conscience against the papists, Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, Bradford, etc. 'Twas then plea good enough, My conscience won't let me go to mass, and my conscience wills that I should have an English testament; but that single plea for separation, then reasonable, is now by you, that pretend to succeed them, adjudged unreasonable and factious: I say, since the only cause of the first revolt from Rome was a dissatisfaction in point of conscience, you cannot reasonably persecute others who have right to the same plea, and allow that to be warrantable.

J. R. But you do nothing but stir up the people to sedition, and there was one of your friends that told me, that you preached sedition, and meddled with the government.

W. P. We have the unhappiness to be misrepresented, and I am not the least concerned therein. Bring me the man that will dare to justify this accusation to my face, and if I am not able to make it appear, that it is both my practice, and all my friends, to instil principles of peace and moderation, and only to war against spiritual wickedness, that all men may be brought to fear God and work righteousness, I shall contentedly undergo the severest punishment all your laws can expose me to. And as for the king, I make this offer, that if any living can make appear, directly or indirectly, from the time I have been called a Quaker, (since from thence you date me seditious) I have contrived or acted any thing injurious to his person, or the English government, I shall submit my person to your utmost cruelties, and esteem them all but a due recompense. 'Tis hard that I, being innocent, should be reputed guilty, but the will of God be done: I accept of bad report as well as good.

J. R. Well, I must send you to Newgate for six months, and when they are expired you will come out.

W. P. Is that all? Thou well knowest a larger imprisonment has not daunted me. I accept it at the hand of the Lord, and am content to suffer his will. Alas! you mistake your interest: You'll miss your aim: This is not the way to compass your ends.

J. R. You bring yourself into trouble: you will be heading parties, and drawing people after you.

W. P. Thou mistakest: there is no such way as this to render men remarkable: you are angry that I am considerable, and yet you take the very way to make me so, by making this bustle and stir about one peaceable person.

J. R. I wish your adhering to these things do not convert you to something at last.

W. P. I would have thee and all men to know, that I scorn that religion which is not worth suffering for, and able to sustain them that are afflicted for it. Mine is: And whatever may be my lot for my constant profession of it, I am no ways careful, but resigned to answer the will of God, by the loss of goods, liberty, and life itself: When you have all, you can have no more, and then perhaps you will be contented, and by that you will be better informed of our innocency. Thy religion persecutes, and mine forgives: and I desire my God to forgive you all that are concerned in my commitment, and I leave you all in perfect charity, wishing you everlasting salvation.

J. R. Send a corporal with a file of musquetiers along with him.

W. P. No, no, send thy lacquey: I know the way to Newgate.

His mittimus was made out and he imprisoned.

The preceding chapters have contained many illustrations of the effects of the persecuting spirit to which our early Friends were exposed. Their faithfulness in remonstrating with their persecutors, and in publishing to the world the cruel treatment which they received, had, we believe, a great effect in opening the eyes of the people to the wickedness of persecution, and in preparing the way for the advance of both religious and civil liberty.

A number of Friends were confined in Ilchester Jail for going to their religious meetings. When they were brought to trial, a jury chosen from among their neighbors was rejected, and another which the court thought more fit for its purpose, substituted in its place. The clerk read an indictment, that

they were found or taken at an unlawful assembly, with force of arms, in contempt of the king and his laws, crown and dignity, to the terror of the people, etc. The clerk said to the jury, "Gentlemen, you have heard the indictment; if you find them guilty, you find for the king." To cast an odium upon these harmless people, a bishop who sat upon the bench with the judge, stood up and said, "That the first Quaker that ever was in England was hanged for being concerned in the Popish plot." Elizabeth Stirredge, with her characteristic boldness, replied, that "The first who was called a Quaker was now alive." It was well known that Friends were as decidedly opposed to Popery as they were to the impositions of the church of Enggland. This pretended Christian bishop, being enraged because he was contradicted, held up his hand towards them, and bid them, "Have a care what they said, for those who had estates amongst them it would cost them their estates, and they that had not should lie in prison until they perished." This savored much of the Popish inquisition.

She says: "Such was their rage and wickedness against us, that it was very grievous to hear them, but a secret cry many times ran through my heart unto the Lord, 'Lord, work for thy name's sake, and confound their wisdom and rage, and bring down their proud and wicked spirits, and bring to nought their mischievous contrivance that they have been contriving against thy innocent people, as they have been making themselves merry, and drinking wine to the full, and feeding themselves with the fatness of the earth, as Dives did; yet none of these things will give them satisfaction but the destruction of a poor, despised people. O Lord, make thy power known this day and that which will make most for thy honor and the prosperity of thy blessed Truth do thou bring to pass; that it may be known there is a God in heaven who can rule the hearts of the children of men, and whom all men ought to fear, honor and obey.'" The Lord was pleased to hear the prayers of his children, and to answer their request in the days of their affliction. The jury, whom they thought fit for their work, were out long, and when they came into court with their verdict, the foreman could not readily speak, but looked much like a dead man. The bishop, in an angry mood, asked him whether they were guilty

or not guilty. He answered, "Guilty of not going to church, but not of a riot." "Of not going to church?" said the bishop: "that is not the matter in hand; guilty of a riot, you mean." Then the rest of the jury said: "No, my lord, guilty of not going to church, but not of a riot." "You mean of an ununlawful assembly, then?" "Yes," said the foreman. "Why, that is a riot in law," said the bishop.

Elizabeth Stirredge fearlessly answered: "We are no rioters." Then the crier of the court shook his white rod over her head, and said, "Be silent." She said, "No, we may not be silent; we are a sober people, and live a good life and conversation; we do unto all men as we would be done by. I never wronged man, woman nor child, and I know none that hath aught against us, unless for the answer of a good conscience. Here are our neighbors who can testify for us. The crier continued shaking his rod over her head, crying, "Hush, and be silent." But one of the judges, a sober, ancient man, said, "Let the woman speak for herself; she speaketh truth and reason; let more of them speak. You are many against them, and if they may not be suffered to speak for themselves, it is very hard." This stopped the rage of the bishop and judge, and they directed the keeper to take them away, to be brought when called for. The court went to their dinner, and Friends with the keeper. "No sooner were they gone, than a concern came upon me," says Elizabeth Stirredge, "to follow them; I could neither eat nor drink, but was pressed in my spirit to go after them." When she came, they were sitting down to dinner, with music playing, and not seeing a fit opportunity, she retired, and came in as they were rising, with a great dread and awe over her spirit. One of them came to her and said: "Good woman, whom would you speak with?" She answered, "The judge of the sessions." He said, "I am the judge; if you have anything to say, I am ready to hear you." But not being the man who sat on the bench that day, she said, "Thou art not the man I am going to." Then he turned to the judge; and said, "This woman hath something to say to you." Then one of them, laying his hand on her shoulder, said, "Let this good woman have what she will to say, we will hear her." Going near to the bishop and judge, who sat at the upper end of the

table, she said, "Forasmuch as you are all here who sat in judgment against us this day, I have a concern upon my spirit in vindication of our innocency. We are well known amongst our neighbors to be a sober and an honest people, who live a good life and conversation; we do no wrong to any; we can do good to them that hate us, and pray for them that despitefully use us. I know of none who has aught against us, but concerning the law of our God. Notwithstanding all this, we are numbered among transgressors, and have been turned into the common jail, amongst felons, our trades and families are liable to be ruined, and all these things shall not befall us but you shall understand thereof. I am here this day to testify to the truth of it, for which the just and righteous God will one day plead. As sure as the day gives its light, and the covenant of day and night cannot be broken, there is not a man here, nor any that draw breath, that shall escape the tribunal seat of God's divine justice; every one shall receive a just recompense of reward for the deeds done in their lifetime, whether they be good or evil."

I can truly say the dread of the Lord was upon me, insomuch that they were smitten and had not a word to say. But in going down stairs a young man said: "I thought it would be so when this woman came in. I thought she would preach when the Spirit moved her; but why would you suffer her," said he to the landlord, "to disturb your guests?" Then he said: "Get you down stairs, or I will throw you down." But nothing daunted, she turned in again, saying, "What wrong have I done to any one here? if I could have kept my conscience clear in staying away, I had not been here this day; but whether you will hear or forbear, I shall be clear in the day of account of all your blood. So I left them and had great peace with the Lord." On the following morning they were called into court, but they saw the bishop there no more, and the judge was very moderate. He directed the keeper to bring up the Quakers, and calling some by name said, "You who stand here indicted, the court fines you five shillings apiece." He said nothing about payment, broke up the court, and they went their way. The keeper also left Friends, to their great admiration, and above eighty prisoners, who were before them that day, were lib-

erated. After dinner, the cryer came in amongst them, and said: "Neighbors and friends, I am glad for your release; you are the people of God; men would ruin you, but God will not suffer them so to do." He then asked: "where is the woman?" E. Stirredge said: "Here am I." He added: "The Lord bless you; I pray you, forgive me, for I intended no harm, nor would do anything against you; though I shook my rod over your head, I did it in no evil towards you; so I hope, my honest neighbors and friends, you will forgive me." They answered, "Yes, freely," and desired his well being forever. He went his way in much love, praying God to bless them, and the Friends returned to their respective habitations, with the peace of the Lord in their bosoms, and she adds: "Everlasting praises be given unto the Lord our God forevermore."

In the year 1670 Elizabeth Stirredge felt it required of her to give a warning to king Charles II., as follows:

This is unto thee, O king; hear what the Lord hath committed into my charge concerning thee. As thou hast been the cause of making man desolate, so will the Lord lay thee desolate; and as many as have been the cause of persecuting and shedding the blood of my dear children, in the day when I call all to account, I will plead with them, saith the Lord. Therefore hear and fear the Lord God of heaven and earth, for of his righteous judgments all shall be made partakers, from the king that sitteth upon the throne to the beggar upon the dunghill.

This testimony I delivered into his hands, with these words: "Hear, O king, and fear the Lord God of heaven and earth." I can truly say that the dread of the Most High God was upon me, which made me tremble, and great agony was over my spirit, insomuch that paleness came into his face, and with a mournful voice, he said: "I thank you, good woman." My soul knoweth and magnifieth the name and power of the Lord my God, for keeping me faithful to his testimony, and giving me strength to do his will. So the Lord blessed my going forth, his presence was with me in my journey, preserved my family well, and my coming home was with joy and peace in my bosom."

Another exercise through which this faithful servant passed, is thus narrated:

The officers came and demanded money for the king for our meeting together. My husband answered them: "If I owed the king any, I would surely pay him; but seeing I owe him no money, I will pay him none." They asked leave to distrain his goods; to which he said: "If you will take my goods by force I cannot hinder you, but I will not give you leave to take them, neither will I be accessory to your taking them." The officers seeing our innocency, for we were in our shop at our lawful calling, with our hands to our labor, and our children with us, the constable leaned his head down upon his hand, with a heavy heart and said: "It is against my conscience to take their goods from them." Then I said: "John, have a care of wronging thy conscience; for what could the Lord do more for thee than to place his good Spirit in thy heart, to teach thee what thou should'st do, and what thou should'st leave undone:" He said: "I know not what to do in this matter; if paying the money once would do, I would do it, but it will not end so; it will be thus whilst you keep going to meeting; for the rulers have made such laws, that never was the like in any age." I said: "John, when thou hast wronged thy conscience, and brought a burthen upon thy spirit, it is not the rulers who can remove it from thee. If thou shouldst go to the rulers and say, I have done that which was against my conscience to do, they may say, as the rulers did to Judas, What is that to us, see thou to that."

The officers who were with him came and pulled down our goods; and the power of the Lord smote them insomuch that paleness was in their faces and their lips quivered, and their hands did so shake, that they could not hold it long. Then they would force a poor man to take them, but he refused until they forced him, and laid them upon his arms and shoulders. He trembled very much, though we had nothing further to say to them, after they came in, but could rejoice that the Lord had found us worthy to suffer for his blessed truth and testimony. A little time after, they had a meeting to appraise the goods taken from us and other Friends; where there

met together seven men called justices, and the officers and sheriffs, bailiff and more of their confederates, a great room full of them. I was at work in our shop, and seeing the constable carrying some of the goods to be appraised, it immediately came into my heart to go after them, not knowing one word I should have to say; which made me a little consider for what I should go, but it more and more lasted with me to go. When I came within the doors, I sat down like one that was a fool, and had not one word to say, as near as I can count the time, for half or three-quarters of an hour. But when I came in they were greatly disquieted in their minds and hurried in their business. They said they could do nothing while I was with them, the justices calling one to another to cause me to be taken away many times, saying, "We shall not do any business this day, but spend our time in vain, if this woman sit here." They often tempted me to speak what I had to say, and be gone; but could not prevail with me. Then they called to the man of the house to take me away, solemnly protesting never to come to his house again, if he would not take me away. But the man had not power to touch me, but full of trouble said, "Sir, I cannot lay hands on her, for she is my honest neighbor!" and he turning towards me, said, "Pray, neighbor Stirredge, if you have anything to say, speak, that you may be gone." One of the justices in great rage and fury, solemnly protested he would never sit with them any more, if they did not take me away; oftentimes wondering at their folly for letting me alone. Then he opened the back door and went out, as though he would be gone, but in a little time came in again saying, "What! is she here yet? I wonder at your folly!" Then the power of the Lord fell upon me, and filled my heart with a warning to them; telling them "That it was in vain to be found striving against the Lord and his people, their work would not prosper; for the great God of heaven and earth would be too strong for them. Therefore I warned them to repent, and amend their lives before it be too late; for the Lord will smite you at unawares, and in an hour not expected by you; therefore remember that the Lord hath afforded you a day of warning, before destruction comes upon you." This and much more ran through me at that time. In a few weeks,

as they were making merry at a feast, two of them died on a sudden, after dinner, and the rest very hardly escaped. This was about the year 1674."

When persecution was active in Aberdeen, in 1676, John Skein addressed a letter from the prison to the provost, remonstrating with him for imprisoning Friends; in which he says:

I warn thee, that thou "Seek not to cover this and such like rigorous practices, lest thou add to thine iniquity." No excuse will stand thee instead in the day of the Lord; and the power and influence, by which thou proceedest as thou dost, shall not cover thee from the hand of that God, who hath said concerning his people: "He that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of mine eye." Wherefore let not the self-seeking clergy, nor their emissaries, sew pillows under the arm-holes, as the false prophets did of old to those in authority, by telling thee, that we are not the people of God; for know assuredly, that it is, and hath been, the word of the Lord to me, with others of my brethren, since we came in here, that as there is no variableness nor shadow of changing in him, so he shall be the same to us, as he hath been to our brethren and sisters in the time of their sufferings under the persecuting anti-christian spirit in England, Ireland and New England too, where some suffered martyrdom for his name's sake. As we continue faithful in owning Him before men, so He shall own us, not only before our very persecutors, but also in the great and terrible day of the Lord, before his Father and his angels. Wherefore I beseech thee in God's holy fear, to take heed to thy proceedings against an innocent people, and let not the enemy within, nor his instruments without, drive thee farther on in this path, wherein thou art walking, lest thou be found a fighter against God. So repent, and be warned from the Lord; despise it not, though it come through a weak instrument. Receive this as thou pleasest; but this I can say, I have wrote this in true love and respect both to thy soul and body, as likewise in obedience to the Lord. What I have writ shall stand as a witness against thee in the day of account,

and I shall be clear of thy blood. But it is the earnest prayer of my soul to the God of Power, that he may so second it, as it may produce such fruits as are most acceptable to God, and refreshing to his people, I rest as formerly, however esteemed by thee, Thy true and faithful friend,

JOHN SKEIN.

The trial of John Crook furnishes another illustration of the despotic character of those who professed to administer justice; and of the firmness with which Friends maintained their legal rights—John Crook, who was a man of good family and education, and had held the office of magistrate for some time, having been dragged out of meeting and kept in prison for several weeks without trial, was brought to the sessions at the Old Bailey, when, there being no legal indictment upon which he could be tried, the oath of allegiance was tendered him by the court, in order to entrap and recommit him to prison. Being well acquainted with the law, he requested that prior to his being required to take the oath, his accuser should first appear, and the cause why he had been so long deprived of his liberty, should be investigated; but the court refused to take any notice of his imprisonment, saying, it was no matter to them how a man was brought before them, finding him there, they had the right to tender the oath to him, and he must either take it or suffer the penalty for refusing. The prisoner denied the legality of their proceeding, inasmuch as he was there on trial, and if there was nothing found against him he should be discharged, after which the law would justify their requiring him to swear. But they refused to give any heed to his plea, one of the judges saying: "You are here required to take the oath by the court, and I will inform you what the penalty will be in case you refuse. For your first denial shall be recorded, and then it shall be tendered to you again at the end of the sessions, and upon a second refusal,

you run a premunire, which is the forfeiture of all your estate, if you have any, and imprisonment during life." Upon John Crook replying that he stood for justice and the law, etc., the judges cried out: "Take him away," which as the officers were about to do, he addressed the court: "Mind the fear of the Lord God that you may come to the knowledge of his will and do justice; and take heed of oppressing the innocent, for the Lord God of heaven and earth will assuredly plead their cause. For my part I desire not the hurt of one of the hairs of your heads; but let God's wisdom guide you."

On being brought before the court the next day, an indictment against him for refusing to take the oath was read, and he was called on to plead guilty or not guilty. He requested to know first, who were his accusers. This the court refused to take any notice of, and endeavored to affright him by telling him that if he did not plead he would run in a premunire, whereby "You lose the benefit of the law, and expose yourself, body and estate, to great hazard, and whatever violence is offered to your person or estate, you are out of the king's protection."

John Crook. I desire, in meekness and humility, to say, I shall not: I dare not betray the honesty of my cause, and the honest ones of this nation, whose liberty I stand for as well as my own, as I have cause to think I shall, if I plead to the present indictment, before I see the face of my accusers.

Finding the court would pay no regard to his exposition of the law, which prohibited the oath of allegiance to be tendered to a prisoner until he had been rightfully tried for the offence for which he had been committed, and that they were bent on subjecting him to the severe penalty, they had repeatedly recited in his hearing, John Crook enquired, whether if he took it to-day he could be called on to take it again, to-morrow, or the next day, and so on as often as they chose.

Judge. "When you have once sworn, you may not be put upon it again except you minister occasion again on your part."

J. C. "Is this the judgment of the court, that the oath once taken by me is sufficient, and ought not to be tendered to me a second time without new matter ministered on my part?"

Judge. "Yes, you making it appear that you have once taken it."

J. C. "Is this the judgment of the whole court?"

The whole court standing up. "Yes: it is the judgment of the court."

J. C. . . . "I am the man that have taken it once, being a freeman of the city of London, when I was made free; witness the records in Guild Hall, which I can produce, and no new matter appearing . . you ought not, by your own judgment, to tender it me a second time."

Notwithstanding their united judgment just before delivered, the judges refused to be bound by it, saying they would not be thus entrapped.

J. C. "Will you not stand to your own judgment? Did you not say, even now, that if I had once taken the oath, it ought not to be tendered to me a second time except I ministered new matter, that I had not kept it. No such matter appearing, you ought not to tender it to me a second time, by your own confession, much less indict me for a refusal."

He, with others, was remanded to jail. When brought before the court again, the same arbitrary course was pursued, and whenever John Crook attempted to speak in his own and his fellow-sufferer's defence, the court ordered the hangman to stop their mouths, which he did repeatedly with a gag and a piece of dirty cloth. The judge sentenced them to forfeit all real estate during life; and all personal estate forever, to

be out of the king's protection, and to be imprisoned during his pleasure.

J. C. "But we are still under God's protection."

They were all sent to prison.

The experience of Samuel Bownas furnished another illustration of the manner in which Friends were made instrumental in promoting civil liberty. When in America, on a religious visit, in 1702, he was arrested on Long Island, charged with speaking against the church of England in one of his sermons. When the case came up for trial, the grand jury ignored the bill, at which the judge was very angry, and demanded of the jury their reasons. One of them, named James Clement, a bold man, well skilled in the law, answered: "We are sworn to keep the queen's secrets, our fellow's and our own, and for that reason we declare no reasons."

Judge: "Now Mr. Wise Man speaks, but I tell you you are not so sworn, and I could find in my heart to lay you by the heels, and a fine upon your brethren."

Clement replied, he might if he pleased, but when it was done, it should be exposed with as much expedition as the case would admit in Westminster Hall. "For," adds he, "juries, neither grand nor petty, are to be menaced with threats of stocks or fines, but they are to act freely, according to the best of their judgments, on the evidence before them."

Finding he could not bow the jury to his wishes, the judge ordered Samuel Bownas to be kept in prison, and threatened to send him to London chained to the deck of a man-of-war. This greatly depressed Samuel's spirits, but an honest old man, who had formerly been chief justice, came to visit him, and taking him affectionately in his arms, said: "Dear Samuel, the Lord hath made use of you as an instrument, to put a stop to our arbitrary courts of justice, which have met with great encouragement since his lordship (lord Cornbury) came here

as governor. But there never has been so successful a stand made against it as at this time. Fear not, they can no more send you to England than they can me. The eyes of the country are now opened, and they will never be able to get a jury to answer their end."

The old justice, as if he had been sent by Divine commission, raised Samuel Bownas' drooping spirits by his discourse, renewed his faith, and as he said so it proved; they could not get a second jury to find a bill against him, but they returned it, ignoramus, as the first.

While Samuel Bownas' case was before the court, the hard-hearted judge was taken ill, and it was deferred in hope of his recovery, as he was considered the most fit to take vengeance on the Quakers and Samuel Bownas; yet he never was permitted to carry out his evil design, but died some months before Samuel was released. Our friend remained some time on the island; and found that his long imprisonment had stirred up the people, so that they flocked to the meetings which he held through the country generally, in which he was renewedly anointed and strengthened to publish abroad the glad tidings of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ.

The more fully we understand the prevailing spirit of the times in which the Society of Friends arose, the conditions of social and political life that then existed, and especially the contracted limits of civil and religious liberty; the more highly do we value the bold and conscientious stand in defense of the rights of man taken by those undaunted advocates of the Truth, our primitive Friends. Under the heavenly power with which they were clothed, they were as a brazen wall against all oppression; and by their unyielding, yet meek and innoffensive firmness in suffering, they finally overcame all opposition, and largely contributed to secure to the English race

the degree of freedom which they enjoy, and which we believe exceeds that possessed by any other of the nations of Europe.

The life of Robert Pike, one of the early Massachusetts Puritans, and contemporary with the Friends who were put to death by the intolerant government there, throws light on this subject. The author of the book says, in speaking of those times:

"The civil authority was offensively dictatorial in its commands. No individual outside of the ruling power had any rights with which government could not meddle." "What we now call the rights of man were not only undefined and unrecognized, but almost unknown." "The peremptory character of even Massachusetts semi-popular government admits of no question; and to face its hostility was an act of temerity in which few engaged, and from which very few of those who did undertake it, emerged unscathed." "It was a period of history, both at home and abroad, when the average citizen or subject could secure immunity only by a discreet, quiet and complete obedience." "The liberty of speech, and the liberty of criticism and opposition, were the precise things that were denied. The man who contended for either had to do it in the spirit of a martyr, and risk a martyr's doom."

In illustration of this despotic spirit, the book relates the proceedings against this Robert Pike, ending in a fine and disfranchisement, because he had condemned a law passed by the general court, which prohibited anyone from preaching to the people on a First-day of the week who was not a regularly ordained minister of the Puritan church. When a subsequent petition was presented to them for a repeal of this sentence, they considered this an unwarrantable and insulting liberty, and appointed commissioners to deal with the petitioners. Robert Pike paid his fine, and in a few years had his right of citizenship restored. There is no doubt his condemnation of an unrighteous law was useful in opening the eyes

of others; though in paying the fine he did not fully carry out his testimony as would have been done by a consistent Friend. These proceedings occurred about the year 1653.

The treatment of the early members of our Society clearly evinces the despotic spirit of the magistrates above referred to, and shows how little regard was paid even to the forms of law, when the will of the officer was contravened by the sufferers. In 1655, near the same time that Robert Pike had his controversy with the Massachusetts magistrates, some Friends were brought into suffering at Barberry, in Oxfordshire, Eng., for their religious principles; and they promptly published to the world the history of their case, in a small pamphlet or book, entitled, "The Saints' testimony finishing through Sufferings," printed by Giles Calvert, at the Black-Spread-Eagle in 1655. It clearly exposes the illegal and unjust treatment on false accusations meted out to Anne Audland and others, compares the proceedings with Scripture records to show their inherent unrighteousness, and lays the burthen of their iniquities plainly on the heads of the transgressors; sparing none for their station or influence, but faithfully warning them to repent, lest the righteous judgments of the Lord should overtake them, and appealing to their own conscience as evidence of the truth of the statements made, and of the wickedness of their course. The old volume of pamphlets in which this is contained, has within its binding more than thirty documents, nearly all of which refer to similar cases, and which were printed at different times between the years 1653 and 1656. And this collection is a very small part of the fruits of that unwearied perseverance in spreading the Truth among the people by pen and press, as well as by word of mouth, which made our early Friends such efficient instruments not only in promoting vital religion in the world,

but also in educating the communities in which they lived up to a fuller appreciation of the rights of man.

It is not surprising that such plain dealing should offend despotic magistrates, who were unused to having their acts openly criticised, and who expected humble submission to their dictates, whether right or wrong. And we can readily believe that they were not pleased when told, that they had violated the law of God as to respect of persons, and reminded that He who judgeth righteously would give unto every one of them according to their deeds, because they fined and committed a Friend to prison for coming into their presence with his hat on, while at the same time they invited two priests who were present, to retain those coverings. Anne Audland in her "Warning" to the people of Barberry who were found "falsely accusing and imprisoning the servants of the Lord Jesus," thus pleads with "Magistrates, people and priest:" "If they shall depart into utter darkness that visit not Christ's little ones in prison, how shall those escape that cast them into prison? The burthensome stone which you have taken upon you, will grind you to pieces; to the light in all your consciences do I speak, which will witness for God, and against all unrighteousness, in the day of the Lord, when his righteous judgments shall be revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness of men."

As Richard Farnsworth was passing quietly along the street of the aforesaid Barberry, on his way to a meeting, a justice of the peace met him, and ordered him to be sent to jail without just provocation or the breach of any law. When brought up to be examined the next day, no charge could be found against him, and he was told he might go out of the town if he would pay the sergeant his fees. Richard refused to do so, and was remanded to prison, "Because," as the account states, "he could not be a friend to deceit, and acknowledge a false

imprisonment and pay fees for the same, being taken out of the highway or street, as he was passing quietly on, and sent to prison; and to color over their deceit withal, they have added several lies in a mittimus, and here is kept in prison for standing faithful to the Lord, and cannot have any fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them."

Such faithful witnesses, whom no fear of man could intimidate, and no suffering prevent from upholding the standard of Truth and righteousness which they believed the Lord himself had given them to bear aloft, were exceedingly annoying to their persecutors; for they hesitated not to rebuke their evil deeds, and to throw the burthen of the responsibility on those who were violating the laws of God or man; and that, both in private and in public; to the offenders themselves, and to the world at large.

In the year 1654, Miles Halhead came to Berwick, in Northumberland, and went to the mayor of that town, and spoke to him in his shop thus: "Friend, hear what the servant of the Lord hath to say unto thee. Give over persecuting the Lord's servants, whom He doth send in love to this town of Berwick, to show you the way that leads to life eternal. I charge thee, O man, touch not the Lord's anointed, nor do his prophets any harm, lest thou procure the anger of the living, eternal God against thee." This bold language so offended the mayor, that he sent Miles to prison, where he was about ten weeks, and then was brought to the sessions, where a bill, drawn up against him, was read in open court, but he denied the contents thereof, yet said: "But what I said to the mayor of this town I will not deny." And then he related the aforesaid words he spoke to the mayor. Whereupon the recorder says: "Sirs, as I understand by his own words, if he cannot prove the mayor of the town a persecutor, in my judgment he hath wronged him." To

this Miles answered: "If the mayor of this town of Berwick dare say, in the presence of the Lord, whose presence is here, that he is no persecutor, but the persecuting nature is slain in him, I will be willing to abide the judgment of the court." Then the clerk of the court said: "Mr. Mayor, if you will say that you are no persecutor, but the persecuting nature is slain in you, he is willing to abide the judgment of the court." To this the mayor answered, "I know not what to do: I would I had never seen him; I pray you let him go, and let us be no more troubled with him." Then Miles said, That he would prove this mayor of Berwick the greatest persecutor in town or country. "I was once [thus he went on] committed to prison in this town before, by some of the justices that are now in this court; but thou, O man, hast exceeded them all; thou hast committed me, and kept me in close confinement for about ten weeks, for speaking to thy own person, in thy own shop. Now, I make my appeal to the recorder of this town of Berwick, as I am a free-born Englishman, whether my imprisonment be legal, according to the law of this nation, or not?" Then the recorder of the town stood up and said: "It is not very legal for any minister of the law to imprison any man in his own cause." Then the court cried, "Take him away." The chief priest of the town then stood, and desired the court that he might ask Miles one question. To this Miles said: "The Lord knows thy heart, O man, and at this present has revealed thy thoughts to his servant; and therefore now I know thy heart, also, thou high priest, and the question thou wouldst ask me; and if thou wilt promise me, before the court, that if I tell thee the question thou wouldst ask me, thou wilt deal plainly with me, I will not only tell thee thy query, but I will answer it." Then the priest said he would. Then Miles proceeded: "Thy question is this, Thou wouldst know whether I own that Christ that died at Jerusalem or not?" To this the

priest, wondering, said: "Truly that is the question." Then Miles said, "According to my promise, I will answer it before this court; in the presence of the Lord God of heaven, I own no other Christ than Him that died at Jerusalem, and made a good confession before Pontius Pilate, to be the light and way that leads fallen man out of sin and evil, up to God eternal, blessed forevermore." More questions were not asked him, but the jailor was commanded to take him away. Yet, within a short time the court gave order to release him.

The early ministers in the Society of Friends often encountered much exposure and hardship in their efforts to fulfil the commissions entrusted to them by their Divine Master. Some of the early settlers in North Carolina were men and women who had sought refuge in the wilderness, from the persecutions to which they were exposed in New England and Virginia.

The first record of a visit to them by any of the ministers of the Society of Friends, was in the early part of the year 1672. George Fox and several others, came to this country from England, by the way of the West Indies, and landed at the Patuxent River in Maryland. Some of the party went northward, and William Edmundson went to Virginia. After some service there, he felt it laid upon him to go to Carolina, and his record of his journey there shows the hardships which the Gospel messengers to newly settled sections of the country had to encounter in those days. He says:

Two Friends accompanied me, it being all wilderness, and no English inhabitants or pathways, but some marked trees to guide people. The first day's journey we did pretty well, and lay that night in the woods, as we often used to do in those parts. The next day, being wet weather, we were sorely foiled in swamps and rivers, and one of the two who were with me for a guide was at a stand to know which way the place lay we were to go to. I, perceiving he was at a loss, turned my mind to the Lord, and as He led me, I led the way. So we travelled

in many difficulties until about sunset, then they told me they could travel no farther, for they both fainted, being weak-spirited men. I bid them stay there, and kindle a fire, and I would ride a little farther, for I saw a bright horizon appear through the woods, which travellers take as a mark of some plantation. I rode on to it, and found it was only tall timber trees without underwood. But I perceived a small path, which I followed until it was very dark and rained violently; then I alighted and set my back to a tree until the rain abated. It being dark and the woods thick, I walked all night between two trees, and though very weary, I durst not lie down on the ground, for my clothes were wet to my skin. I had eaten little or nothing that day, neither had I anything to refresh me but the Lord. In the morning I returned to seek my two companions, and found them lying by a great fire of wood. I told them how I had fared, and he that should have been the guide would have persuaded me that we were gone past the place where we intended, but my mind drew to the path which I had found the night before. So I led the way, and that path brought us to the place where we intended, viz: Henry Phillip's house by Albemarle River.

He and his wife had been convinced of the Truth in New England, and came here to live, and not having seen a Friend for seven years before, they wept for joy to see us. It being on a First-day morning when we got there, although I was weary and faint and my clothes wet, I desired them to send to the people there-away to come to a meeting about the middle of the day, and I would lie down upon a bed, and if I slept too long that they should awake me. Now, about the hour appointed, many people came, but they had little or no religion, for they came and sat down in the meeting, smoking their pipes. In a little time the Lord's testimony arose in the authority of his power, and their hearts being reached by it, several of them were tendered and received the testimony. After meeting they desired me to stay with them, and let them have more meetings.

One Tems, a justice of the peace, and his wife were at the meeting, who received the Truth with gladness, and desired to have the next meeting at their house, about three miles off,

on the other side of the water; so we had a meeting there the next day, and a blessed time it was, for several were tendered with a sense of the power of God, received the Truth, and abode in it.

I could stay no longer with them at that time, for I had appointed a men's meeting in Virginia, to be on the Fifth-day of that week, things being much out of order among them. I therefore took my leave of them in the love of God, and began my journey on Third-day morning, with my two fellow-travellers. I had ridden but a few miles before I was seized with grievous pain and a weakness in my bowels, occasioned by the great cold I got with those hardships in coming thither. I rode in great pain that day, and at night lay in the wilderness. Soon after we alighted off our horses, my two fellow-travellers, who should have helped me, fell sick and fainted. So I was forced to rise, kindle a fire and fodder the horses. After some time they recovered from their fainting fit. The Lord was merciful, and bore up my spirit that night, and the next day we got to Virginia to the men's meeting, and the Lord's power was with us, and Friends received Truth's discipline in the love of it, as formerly they had received the doctrine of Truth, for which they were great sufferers in the spoiling of their goods, the governor being a very peevish man, and much set against Truth and Friends.

George Fox also visited this little flock, and preached the Gospel among the surrounding people in the same year, 1672. After leaving Pagan's Creek, in Virginia, he says:

Our way to Carolina grew worse, being much of it plashy, and pretty full of great bogs and swamps, so that we were commonly wet to the knees, and lay abroad at nights in the woods by a fire, saving one of the nights we got to a poor-house at Sommertown, and lay by the fire. The woman of the house had a sense of God upon her. The report of our travel had reached thither, and drawn some that lived beyond Sommertown to that house, in expectation to have seen and heard us; but they missed us. Next day, the twenty-first of the Ninth Month, having travelled hard through the woods and over many bogs and swamps, we reached Bonner's Creek; there

we lay that night by the fireside, the woman lending us a mat to lie on.

This was the first house we came to in Carolina. Here we left our horses, over-wearied with travel. From hence we went down the creek in a canoe to Macocomocock River, and came to Hugh Smith's, where people of other professions came to see us (no Friends inhabiting that part of the country) and many of them received us gladly. Amongst others, came Nathanial Batts, who had been governor of Roan-oak. He went by the name of Captain Batts, and had been a rude, desperate man. He asked me about a woman in Cumberland, who, he said, he was told, had been healed by our prayers and laying on of hands, after she had been long sick and given over by the physicians. He desired to know the certainty of it. I told him we did not glory in such things, but many such things had been done by the power of Christ.

Not far from hence we had a meeting among the people, and they were taken with the Truth; blessed be the Lord! Then passing down the river Maratick in a canoe, we went down the bay Connie-oak, to a captain's, who was loving to us, and lent us his boat, for we were much wetted in the canoe, the water flashing in upon us. With this boat we went to the governor's; but the water in some places was so shallow, that the boat, being loaden, could not swim; so that we put off our shoes and stockings, and waded through the water a pretty way. The governor, with his wife, received us lovingly; but a doctor there would needs dispute with us. And truly his opposing us was of good service, giving occasion for the opening of many things to the people concerning the Light and Spirit of God, which he denied to be in every one; and affirmed it was not in the Indians. Whereupon I called an Indian to us, and asked him, "Whether or no, when he did lie, or do wrong to any one, there was not something in him, that did reprove him for it?" He said: "There was such a thing in him that did so reprove him; and he was ashamed when he had done wrong, or spoken wrong." So we shamed the doctor before the governor and people; insomuch that the poor man ran out so far, that at length he would not own the Scriptures. We tarried at the governor's that night; and next morning

he very courteously walked with us himself about two miles through the woods, to a place whither he had sent our boat about to meet us. Taking leave of him, we entered our boat, and went about thirty miles to Joseph Scot's, one of the representatives of the country. There we had a sound, precious meeting; the people were tender, and much desired after meetings. Wherefore at an house about four miles further, we had another meeting; to which the governor's secretary came, who was chief secretary of the province, and had been formerly convinced.

I went from this place among the Indians, and spoke to them by an interpreter, showing them, "That God made all things in six days, and made but one woman for one man; and that God did drown the old world because of their wickedness. Afterwards I spoke to them concerning Christ, showing them that He died for all men; for their sins, as well as for others; and had enlightened them as well as others; and that if they did that which was evil He would burn them; but if they did well they should not be burned." There was among them their young king and others of their chief men, who seemed to receive kindly what I said to them.

Having visited the north part of Carolina, and made a little entrance for Truth upon the people there, we began to return again towards Virginia, having several meetings in our way, wherein we had good service for the Lord, the people being generally tender and open; blessed be the Lord! We lay one night at the secretary's, to which we had much ado to get; for the water being shallow, we could not bring our boat to shore. But the secretary's wife, seeing our strait, came herself in a canoe, her husband being from home, and brought us to land. By next morning our boat was sunk, and full of water; but we got her up, mended her, and went away in her that day about twenty-four miles, the water being rough, and the winds high; but the great power of God was seen, in carrying us safe in that rotten boat. In our return we had a very precious meeting at Hugh Smith's; praised be the Lord for ever! The people were very tender, and very good service we had amongst them. There was at this meeting an Indian captain, who was very loving; and acknowledged it to be truth

that was spoken. There was also one of the Indian priests, whom they called a Pauwaw, who sat soberly among the people. The ninth of the Tenth Month we got back to Bonner's Creek, where we had left our horses; having spent about eighteen days in the north of Carolina.

In his Memoirs, Joseph Hoag, records his experience in attending his religious meetings. He says:

We found it our duty, when at home, to be faithful in attending our meetings, so that the two first years we used to walk over four miles, twice a week, spring, summer and fall. In winter I used my oxen for a team, taking all our family with us. Starting about sun-rise, we could get to meeting seasonably, and home about sun-set. When I got able to buy and keep a horse for your mother to ride, I felt rich. Oh! dear children, I want, if any or all of you should arrive at easy circumstances, that you remember whence you have risen, and always let a thankful and humble mind be your inner garment, that the blessing of the dew of heaven may rest upon you.

A love of the attendance of meetings has been a characteristic of all true Quakers. Samuel Smith mentions his visiting Dorothy Owen, in North Wales, a young women noted for her excellent gift in the ministry. He says: "She had been several times to the Yearly Meeting at London, more than two hundred miles on foot, and to Quarterly Meetings frequently from twenty to fifty miles." Our late dear Friend, that honest minister of the Gospel, Ellen McCarty, of Elkland, Lycoming County, Pennsylvania, often walked to the next settlement to attend meeting, a distance of five miles, carrying a babe with her. On one occasion in winter, she remained all night in the neighborhood of the meeting-house, and in the morning found that snow had fallen to a considerable depth. She had two of her little boys with her, who assisted her in turns with the babe, until the infant became fretful, and would cry whenever

either of the brothers took it, and the difficulty of walking through the snow with such a weight in her arms, made the journey very toilsome to her, and she had frequently to sit down, overcome with fatigue. Harassed in body and tried in mind, she declared aloud she would not go to the meeting again. She reached home safely, and things passed on during the week as usual, but on the next Seventh-day she found a weight of darkness, and an uncommon depression upon her spirits. On feeling this, she sat down in quiet, anxiously seeking the cause. Her mind was soon illuminated clearly to discern the truth, and she perceived a hand pointing to the meeting-house, whilst she remembered the hasty resolution she had formed in her own impatient will. She saw her error, took fresh courage to encounter the difficulties and trials of her situation, and the next day contentedly trudged with her usual load the five miles to attend her meeting and seek for spiritual strength to sustain her own soul. She was careful hence forward to be diligent in the performance of this, as well as her other duties, and in consequence thereof grew in the root of Life, became an able minister of the Gospel, and was made useful in the household of faith.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

CHAPTER VIII.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.

The whole tendency of the teaching and practice of our early Friends was towards communion with God. When they met for Divine worship they endeavored to draw near unto Him in feeling, and waited to feel the movings of his Spirit.

And this was a marked characteristic of their every day life. Hence they knew more of the workings of his power upon them, and were more abundantly favored with the revelations of his will, than is the common experience of those who are less spiritually minded. The records of their lives present very many remarkable and interesting illustrations of this; and show that the spirit of prophecy has not ceased to visit mankind.

In the Journal of the life of that worthy Friend, William Edmundson, is contained an account of a visit paid by him to the town of Londonderry, and the remarkable testimony which he delivered to its inhabitants, under the constraining power of the Spirit of the Lord. The narrative reminds one of the warnings uttered in ancient days by the prophets of Israel to a backsliding people.

Another time I was moved of the Lord to go from my own house to Londonderry, to warn them to repent, or the Lord would bring a scourge over them. So in obedience to the Lord I went, and when I came there it happened to be a day of humiliation, as they called it, being at the time the plague was in London. They were gone to their worship at the cathedral, and I was moved of the Lord to go there. When I came to the door, the man who used to ring the bells met me, and took me by the hand, and led me near the pulpit, where the bishop was preaching. He thought he had got a Presbyterian convert, and did not take off my hat, until he saw the people gaze at me, observing which, he took my hat off and laid it by. I stood there until the bishop had done preaching; the peoples' eyes were on me, and I spoke what the Lord gave me to say, warning them to repent, or the Lord would bring a scourge over them, and scale their walls without a ladder. The bishop called to the mayor and officers to take me away, but the dread of the Lord's power was over them; they all sat still, and did not molest me. When I had delivered the Lord's message, I went towards the door, where the man who led me in met me, and took me by the hand, having my hat in his other hand; he

led me to the door, put my hat on my head, and bid God speed me well.

I went to my lodging, which was a public-house, kept by John Gibson, who with his wife were convinced of the Truth. There I was moved to write a paper to the bishop and magistrates, and the next day I went to the bishop's house with it, he living in the city. I knocked at the door, and the man who led me in and out of the worship-house the day before, opened the door, and made his apology, that he did me no harm at the church. I told him he did well and asked him for the bishop. He said he was gone to dinner, and a great many gentlemen with him; for there was a great meeting of them; and he told me it would be better to come when they had dined.

I went back to my lodging, and in a little time came again, and they having then dined, I sent my paper to them, and they sent a priest to call me up. As I was going up the stairs, the word of the Lord said unto me, I will make thee as a wall of brass. There were the bishop, the governor, the mayor, several justices, priests and others in a great dining-room; the bishop sat with his hat on, and the rest all stood bare-headed. When I came into the room, the bishop rose up from his seat, put off his hat, and met me with several low bows; but I was as a wall of brass, and stood in the power of the Lord, that was with me, which smote him. Then he sat down, and told me that what I said at their worship the day before was true, and he preached the same, and pointed to two of the priests, saying, they preached the same, therefore there was no need of me. I told him, the more preachers of Truth the better, and there was need enough; and he being a bishop, ought to encourage me. He said he must know what I came to the city for, and who sent me, and he bid the mayor examine me. So the mayor came from among the rest, and asked me where I dwelt? I told him in the Queen's County. He asked what trade I was? I told him, a ploughman. He asked my business there and who sent me? I told him the Lord Jesus Christ sent me, to warn them to repent, or He would lash them with his judgments. As I declared this, the Lord's power reached him, and he could not refrain from tears, being a tender-spirited man; so he went back behind the rest.

The bishop seeing this, was amazed, and bid two of his waiting men take me into the buttery, and make me eat and drink. They took me by the arms down the stairs, and bid me go into the buttery to eat and drink. I told them I would not eat or drink there; but they urged me, saying, I heard their lord command them to make me eat and drink. I asked them if they were Christians at that house. They said yes; then, said I, let your yea be yea; and your nay be nay, for that is Christ's command. I said, I will not eat or drink here, and you take no notice of it, being accustomed to break your yea and nay. They stood silent and let me go, for the Lord's power astonished and was over them all.

I went to my lodging, and was moved of the Lord to write a paper, and put it on the gates of the city, and to declare the Lord's message through the streets. Accordingly I wrote a paper that evening, and in the morning went first to the mayor and told him the message I had to the city. He said the bishop had chid him the day before, because he did not send me to prison; but he did not intend to do it, so long as the law would bear him harmless, and wished he had me living by him, and then I should soon have another to help to suppress wickedness. I went from the mayor, and beginning near Water-gate, sounded the Lord's message through the streets; it was dreadful to the people, and several ran as if before naked swords. As I came near the main guard, a soldier being at the door mocked, but in the dread of the Lord's power I looked in at the guard-house door, and cried, Soldiers! all repent. The soldiers on the guard were smitten as men affrighted, for the power of the Lord was mighty, in which I performed this service; and when I had done, I put a paper on the gates, as the Lord moved me. Being clear, I left the city, and visited Friends' meetings in the north, and they admired the Lord's goodness that carried me through that service without a prison.

The city of Londonderry was one of the Protestant strongholds in Ireland; and during the civil war which was waged in that country after the coming to England of William of Orange, and the expulsion of James II., it declared in favor

of William and Mary, and was besieged by the forces of James. This was in 1689, twenty-four years after William Edmundson, under a consciousness of approaching danger, had called its inhabitants to repentance. The account of the siege which follows, is condensed from Macaulay's History:

After ineffectual attempts to persuade the inhabitants to surrender, the besieging force began to batter the town. It was soon on fire in several places. Roofs and upper stories of houses fell in and crushed the inmates. During a short time the garrison, many of whom had never before seen the effect of a cannonade, seemed to be discomposed by the crash of chimneys, and by the heaps of ruins mingled with disfigured corpses. But familiarity with danger soon produced its natural effect, and the spirits of the people revived. Two months passed away, marked with much hard fighting. There had been sallies and skirmishes with various success; but on the whole the advantage had been with the garrison. But before the hope of reducing the town by main force was relinquished, it was determined to make a great effort. The point selected for assault was an outwork called Windmill Hill, which was not far from the southern gate. Religious stimulants were employed to animate the courage of the forlorn hope. Many volunteers bound themselves by oath to make their way into the works or to perish in the attempt. Captain Butler, son of the lord Mountgarret, undertook to lead the sworn men to the attack. On the walls the colonists were drawn up in three ranks. The office of those who were behind was to load the muskets of those who were in front. The Irish came on boldly and with a fearful uproar, but after long and hard fighting were driven back. The women of Londonderry were seen amidst the thickest fire serving out water and ammunition to their husbands and brothers. In one place, where the wall was only seven feet high, Butler and some of his sworn men succeeded in reaching the top; but they were all killed or made prisoners. At length, after four hundred of the Irish had fallen, their chiefs ordered a retreat to be sounded.

Nothing was left but to try the effect of hunger. It was known that the stock of food in the city was but slender.

Every avenue for the introduction of provisions was carefully guarded. A heavy boom was stretched across the river to prevent the access of vessels.

Many of the inhabitants died of famine and disease before relief came. Half a pound of tallow and three-quarters of a pound of salted hide were the rations dealt out to each fighting man. A fleet of vessels from England loaded with supplies arrived on the coast, but for some time did not venture to ascend the Foyle.

Amid such distress, it is not to be doubted that the prophetic admonitions of William Edmundson must often have been brought to mind. This is indicated by his own remark at the conclusion of the account of his visit: "The people of Londonderry afterwards remembered these warnings, and spoke of them in their great distress in the last siege, when thousands died for want of bread, and through other miseries, the Lord having scaled their walls without a ladder, yet suffered not their enemies to get the city with force of arms, or scaling-ladders. And thus the warning before given them was fulfilled."

The foresight granted to William Edmundson, on his visit to Londonderry, was not a solitary instance. Many of our early Friends were favored at times with a sense or sight of coming events. George Fox having gone to Hampton Court to lay before Oliver Cromwell the sufferings of Friends from unjust persecutions, met him as he rode at the head of his life guards, and says: "I saw and felt a waft of death go forth against him, and when I came to him he looked like a dead man." In a few days Oliver died, and soon after, Charles the Second came to the throne. George Fox says: "I had a sight and sense of the king's return a good while before, and so had some others. I wrote to Oliver several times, and let him know, that while he was persecuting God's people, they whom

he accounted his enemies were preparing to come upon him." Thomas Aldam and Anthony Pearson were moved to go through all the jails in England, and to get copies of Friends' commitments under the jailors' hands, that they might lay the weight of their sufferings upon Oliver Cromwell. And when he refused to give order for the releasing of them, Thomas Aldam was moved to take his cap off his head, and rend it in pieces before him, and to say to him. "So shall thy government be rent from thee and thy house."

In 1653, "Being one day at Swarthmore Hall, when judge Fell and justice Benson were talking of the news, and of the parliament then sitting (called the long parliament), I was moved to tell them: Before that day two weeks the parliament should be broken up, and the speaker plucked out of his chair. And that day two weeks justice Benson told judge Fell that now he saw George was a true prophet, for Oliver had broken up the parliament."

William Edmundson gives a lively narrative of how he was led of the Lord, as an horse with a bridle, to perform a service for his Divine Master. He says:

About this time there were two women Friends from London, Anne Gould and Julian Westwood, who came to Dublin and travelled to Londonderry, having some drawings to that place. After some service for the Lord there, they travelled to Colerain, so through the Scotch country to a place called Clough, all on foot, in winter time, wading rivers and dirty, miry ways. Anne Gould, being a tender woman, was much spent, and staid at Clough, the enemy persuading her that God had forsaken her, and that she was there to be destroyed, so that she fell into despair; but I knew nothing of them.

At this time my brother and I were at a fair in Antrim; being late there, we proposed to lodge that night at Glenavy, six miles on our way homeward. Before we got to Glenavy I was under a great exercise of spirit, and the word of the Lord came unto me that my shop was in danger to be robbed that

night. I told my brother of it, so we concluded to travel home: and went about a mile beyond Glenavy; but my spirit was still under a great exercise, the word of the Lord moving me to turn back towards Clough. I was brought under a great exercise, between these two motions, to travel back and my service unknown; and my shop, on the other hand, in danger to be robbed, which brought me into a great strait, for fear of a wrong spirit. I cried to the Lord in much tenderness of spirit, and his word answered me, that which drew me back should preserve my shop, so we went back to Glenavy, and lodged there. That night I slept little, because of many doubts about the concerns; on the other hand, I durst not disobey, for I knew the terrors of God for disobedience.

The next morning my brother went home, but I rode back to Antrim. Towards evening I came to Clough, and took up my lodging at an inn. When I came into the house I found Anne Gould in despair, and Julian Westwood with her, but when they knew who I was and heard my name (for they had heard of me before), the poor, disconsolate woman revived for joy and gladness, and got up, for she was in bed, overwhelmed under trouble of mind. I saw then that my service of coming there was for her sake. When we came to discourse of matters, I told her how I was brought there by the good hand of God, led as an horse by the bridle to the place where they were; they therefore greatly rejoiced and praised God: the tender woman was helped over her trouble, and she saw it was a trial of great temptations she had laid under.

They had a mind to go to Carrickfergus, to my house and to Dublin to take shipping for England, but neither of them would undertake to ride single, therefore I was forced the next day to carry them behind me, first one and then the other. When we came in very foul way, I set them both on horseback, and waded myself through dirt and mire in my boots, holding them both on horseback with my hands. We came to Conyers that night and lodged there. The next day I got them to Carrickfergus, and there leaving them, rode home, and sent my brother and two horses to bring them to my house.

When I came home, I inquired about my shop, whether it had been in danger of robbing. They told me the night I was

under that exercise about it, the shop window was broken down and fell with such violence on the counter that it awakened our people, and the thieves were affrighted and ran away. So I was confirmed it was the word of the Lord that said that which drew me back should preserve my shop, and I was greatly strengthened in the word of life, to obey the Lord in what He required of me. When these two women had staid some time at my house, and visited Friends, my brother sent them on horseback to Dublin, so they went for England.

In 1672, William Edmundson returned to Ireland from a visit in America. Whilst he was at sea on that voyage, he says: "As I lay retired in my cabin, an heavenly vision came over my senses, and in it appeared two very poor, ill-favored cows, which arose under my plough-beam, as I was holding my plough. Whereupon I sat up in my cabin and considered the matter. Then the word of the Lord came to me and said, 'The two cows are two years; for these shall be two very dear years, and inasmuch as the cows arose under the ploughshare, they shall fall on corn and cattle.' This came to pass in a very little while: in the time of great plenty, contrary to men's reason, cattle died abundantly, and the price of corn rose to an astounding height, so that many were famished for lack of bread, and several families who had lived plentifully were forced to go a begging, their corn being spent and cattle dead. Several families who were ashamed to beg, shipped themselves for servants to the West Indies to get food."

When George Fox was at Gainsborough in 1652, a man charged him with having said that he was Christ. He says this "put the people into such a rage, that they had much to do to keep their hands off me. I was moved of the Lord to stand up upon the table, in the eternal power of God, and tell the people, 'That Christ was in them, except they were reprobates; and that it was Christ, the eternal power of God, that spoke in me at that time unto them; not that I was Christ.' I called the accuser Judas, and was moved to tell him that

Judas' end should be his. The Lord's power came over all, and quieted the minds of the people, and they departed in peace. But this Judas shortly after hanged himself."

When Martha Routh was in America on a religious visit in 1795, and was travelling in the interior of Virginia, she became very sick, through the oppressive heat of the weather, and the exposure to which she was subjected. If she had been at home, she would have thought it right to remain quietly at home in her chamber. But she went to meeting, where she sat a long time in silent exercise. When it appeared nearly time to close the meeting, she was led into a line of labor, in which she says: "I felt healing virtue, both of body and mind."

The experience of the servants of the Lord confirms the testimony of the prophet Joel: "I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions." The apostle Peter declared that the wonderful pouring forth of the spirit, which was witnessed at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, was the fulfilment of this prophecy; but it was by no means limited to that remarkable event; but from that day to this, every generation has partaken of the blessing predicted by Joel, and has been favored with the precious visitations of the spirit of God, reproving for evil, and pointing out to the obedient mind, the way in which we should walk to obtain the Divine favor. These visitations are no part of our natural faculties, but come directly from the Source of every good and perfect gift. It was through their enlightening power that the prophets of old were enabled to foretell future events and to perform wonderful miracles. Under the same Divine influence, Peter and John were enabled to heal the imperfect man—not by any power or holiness of their own. For, when they were examined by the rulers of the people,

Peter, filled with the Holy Ghost, declared: "Be it known unto you all, and to all the people of Israel, that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by Him, doth this man stand here before you whole."

It seems to us a mistaken notion to suppose that everything miraculous has been withdrawn from the church; for so numerous are the cases in which the Lord's servants are preserved from threatened dangers, which their own wisdom could not have avoided; or led in paths that they have not seen, to the accomplishment of the Divine purposes; or experience their petitions to the Almighty graciously answered; that there are probably few if any persons of religious experience who have not known such in their own lives. We regard these favors as among the common mercies of the Lord, restricted to no denomination of people, but bestowed more abundantly on those who are most fervent in spirit. Among the early members of our Society were many who lived in close communion with their Creator, and the records of their lives contain many remarkable incidents. In the Journal of George Fox he mentions attending a meeting at Worminghurst in Sussex, England, when James Claypole, of London, was suddenly taken very ill with a violent fit of stone. "When I heard it," says George Fox:

I was much exercised in spirit for him, and after I had spoken a few words to him, to turn his mind inward, I was moved to lay my hand upon him, and prayed the Lord to rebuke his infirmity. As I laid my hand on him, the Lord's power went through him, and by faith in that power he had speedy ease, so that he quickly fell into a sleep. The next day he was so well, that he rode five and twenty miles with me in a coach, though he used formerly (as he said) to be sometimes two weeks, sometimes a month with one of these fits of the stone. But the Lord was intreated for him and by

his power soon gave him ease at this time; blessed and praised be his holy name therefore.

In the year 1652, when George Fox was at Ulverstone, he was taken out of the town, at the instigation of a persecuting justice; and when the officers in charge had come to the common, they "Gave me some blows over my back with their willow rods, and thrust me among the rude multitude; who having furnished themselves with stones, hedge-stakes, holm or holly bushes, fell upon me, and beat me on my head, arms and shoulders, till they had deprived me of sense; so that I fell down upon the wet common. When I recovered again, and saw myself lying in a watery common, and the people standing about me, I lay still a little while, and the power of the Lord sprang through me, and the eternal refreshings revived me; so that I stood up again in the strengthening power of the eternal God, and stretching out my arms amongst them, I said, with a loud voice, 'Strike again, here are my arms, my head, and my cheeks.' There was in the company a mason, a professor [of religion], but a rude fellow, who with his walking rulestaff gave me a blow with all his might just over the back of my hand, as it was stretched out; with which blow my hand was so bruised, and my arm so benumbed, that I could not draw it to me again; so that some of the people cried, 'He hath spoiled his hand for ever having the use of it any more.' But I looked at it in the love of God (for I was in the love of God to all that persecuted me) and after a while the Lord's power sprang through me again, and through my hand and arm, so that in a moment I recovered strength in my hand and arm in the sight of them all."

George Fox says, in 1653 he was at a meeting where Richard Myer was, who had been long lame of one of his arms. "I was moved of the Lord to say unto him amongst all the people, 'Stand up upon thy legs,' for he was sitting down; and he stood up, and stretched out his arm that had been lame a long time and said, 'Be it known unto you, all people, that this day am I healed! He soon after came to Swarthmore meeting, and then declared how the Lord had healed him."

In 1675 as he was travelling north to Swarthmore from London, at Cassel "A woman brought her daughter for me to see

how well she was; putting me in mind, that when I was there before, she had brought her to me much troubled with the king's evil [scrofula], and had then desired me to pray for her. Which I did, and she mended upon it. Praised be the Lord."

In 1649, he says: "At Mansfield Woodhouse there was a distracted woman under a doctor's hand. He was about to let her blood, she being first bound, and many people about her, holding her by violence; but he could get no blood from her. I desired them to unbind her and let her alone. So they did unbind her, and I was moved to speak to her and in the name of the Lord to bid her be quiet and still; and she was so. The Lord's power settled her mind and she mended." He adds: "Many great and wonderful things were wrought by the heavenly power in those days; for the Lord made bare his omnipotent arm, and manifested his power to the astonishment of many; by the healing virtue whereof many have been delivered from great infirmities, and the devils were made subject through his name; of which particular instances might be given beyond what this unbelieving age is able to receive or bear. Let the honor and praise of all his works be ascribed to the Lord alone."

At Twycross in Leicestershire there was a great man that had long lain sick and was given over by the physicians. Some friends in the town desired me to visit him. I went up to him in his chamber, and spoke the word of life to him, and was moved to pray by him; and the Lord was entreated and restored him to health.

At Baldock, in Hertfordshire, he found a woman who was very ill and was moved of the Lord to speak to her, and He raised her up again, to the astonishment of the town and country.

When in America on a religious visit in 1672, George Fox was at a meeting in Maryland, he says: "After the meeting a woman came to me whose husband was one of the judges of that county and a member of the Assembly there. She told me her husband was sick, not likely to live, and desired me to go home with her to see him. It was three miles to her house, and I being just come now out of the meeting, it

was hard for me then to go; yet considering the service, I got an horse, went with her, visited her husband, and spoke what the Lord gave me to him. The man was much refreshed, and finely raised up by the power of the Lord; and afterwards came to our meetings."

The expression already quoted from George Fox, that the Lord's power sprang through me, by which he was physically revived, is similar to the language of Thomas Story, who had been from home on a journey in the cause of Christ, and had taken cold so that he was hoarse; so that he says: "I spoke with difficulty when I went into the house; yet through a very sensible operation of the Divine truth and the healing virtue thereof, under which I sat in silence for about half an hour, I was perfectly healed, by which I was forever confirmed in the belief of the miracles of Christ recorded in the Holy Scripture.

Many of our early Friends lived in such close communion with the Lord that they were favored with an insight into the feelings of others, and a degree of Divine light and power that was little less than miraculous.

Among these was Miles Halhead. He is mentioned among the zealous preachers who went forth about the year 1652, in company with John Audland, Edward Burrough and others. He was the first of the Friends who was imprisoned in Kendal.

Once he went to Swarthmore to visit his friends and to assist at their meeting; by the way, he met the wife of the justice, Thomas Preston, and because he passed by her quietly, without the ordinary way of greeting, she grew so offended, that she commanded her man to go back and beat him; which he did. At which Miles being kindled with zeal, said to her: "O thou Jezebel! Thou proud Jezebel! Canst thou not permit and suffer the servant of the Lord to pass by thee quietly? She then held forth her hands, as if she would have struck him, and spit in his face, saying: "I scorn to fall down at thy

words." This made Miles say again: "Thou proud Jezebel, thou that hardenest thy heart and brazenest thy face against the Lord and his servant, the Lord will plead with thee in his own time, and set in order before thee, the things that thou hast done this day to his servant." And so he parted with her and went to Swarthmore. About three months after this, he felt himself moved to go and speak to her; and when he came to Houlker Hall, he asked for Thomas Preston's wife; she then coming to the door, and Miles not knowing her, asked her if she was the woman of the house, to which she said, "No, but if you would speak with Mrs. Preston, I will entreat her to come to you." Then she went in, and coming back with another woman, said: "Here is Mistress Preston;" but then it was manifested to him that she herself was the woman. It is true, as hath been said, some time before he had seen her on the way, and spoken to her; but it may be, she was then in so different a dress, that by reason thereof he did not know her; yet firmly believing that it was she, he said, "Woman, how darest thou lie before the Lord and his servant? Thou art the woman I came to speak to." And she being silent, not speaking a word, he proceeded, "Woman, hear what the Lord's servant hath to say unto thee; O woman, harden not thy heart against the Lord; for if thou dost, He will cut thee off in his sore displeasure; therefore take warning in time, and fear the Lord God of heaven and earth, that thou mayest end thy days in peace." Having said this, he went away, she, how proud soever, not doing him any harm, being withheld, without knowing by what.

About three years after she had made her man beat Miles, it happened that as he was riding from Swarthmore, near to Houlker Hall, he met with a person who said to him: "Friend, I have something to say unto you, which hath lain upon me this long time. I am the man that, about three years ago, at the command of my mistress, did beat you very sore; for which I have been very much troubled, more than for anything that ever I did in all my life; for truly, night and day, it hath been often in my heart, that I did not well in beating an innocent man, that never did me any hurt or harm. I pray you forgive me, and desire the Lord to forgive me, that I may be at peace

and quiet in my mind." To this Miles answered: "Truly friend, from that time to this day, I never had any thing in my heart against thee, nor thy mistress, but love. The Lord forgive you both; I desire that it may never be laid to your charge; for ye knew not what ye did."

Travelling once in Yorkshire, he came to Skipton, where declaring the word of Truth, he was so sorely abused and beaten, that he was laid for dead; nevertheless, by the Lord's power, he was healed of all his bruises, and within three hours he was healthy and sound again, to the astonishment of those that had so abused him, and to the convincing of many that beheld him.

Then he went to Bradford, Leeds and Halifax, where he also declared the doctrine of Truth amongst the people; but not without meeting with great persecution.

From thence he came to Doncaster, and there went on a First-day of the week, to a steeple-house, where, after the worship was done, he spoke to the priest and people; but they, instead of hearkening to what he said, fell upon him in a great rage, and drove him out of the town; and he being sorely bruised, they left him for dead. But before his going from home, he had been firmly persuaded, that the Lord would preserve him in all dangers; and it happened so to him according to his belief, for he got up again, and went to a Friend's house, where he laid himself down upon a bed. But not long after, he felt a very strong motion to go to a certain chapel, and there to declare the word of the Lord; forthwith he felt also an inward assurance, that if he gave up to do so, the Lord would heal him from his bruises. Then he rose, as well as he could, and came down stairs with great difficulty, by taking hold of the walls for a stay, and going out, he began to mend by degrees; and coming at length into the chapel, he spake as he was moved; and when he had cleared himself, he went back to the house from whence he came, and the Lord made him sound of all his bruises.

From thence he went to York, and there spoke to the lord mayor, and other rulers of that city, and passing through Yorkshire, he went into several steeple-houses, to exhort the people; and though he met with great hardships, yet he was

supported by an invisible hand. So being clear of that country, he returned to his house at Mountjoy, in Underbarrow, in the county of Westmoreland. But his going thus often from home, was an exceeding great cross to his wife, who in the first year of his change, not being of his persuasion, was much troubled in her mind, and would often say from discontent: "Would to God I had married a drunkard, then I might have found him at the ale-house; but now I cannot tell where to find my husband." But after the space of a year it pleased the Lord to visit her. She had a little son of about five years of age, which child she loved extraordinarily, insomuch that she thought it was her only delight and comfort; but it happened that this darling died, and sometime after, she spoke thus to her husband: "Truly, husband, I have something to tell thee: one night being in bed, mourning and lamenting with tears in my eyes, I heard a voice saying, 'Why art thou so discontented concerning thy husband? I have called and chosen him to my work; my right hand shall uphold him. Therefore be thou content and pleased, that he serve me, and I will bless thee and thy children for his sake, and all things shall prosper that thou shalt take in hand. But if thou wilt not be content, but grudge and murmur, and repine against me and my servant, whom I have chosen to do my work, I will bring a greater cross upon thee.' These words being fresh in my mind both night and day, I often said within myself, What cross can this be, that would be greater than the want of my husband? But for all this I could not be content: all the joy I had, or could find, was in our little boy, who would often, when he saw me weeping and mourning, take me about my neck and say: My dear mother, pray be content, for my father will come home in a little time. This child would often comfort me in this manner; but for all that I could not be content. Not long after it pleased the Lord to take from me this my only son, my chiefest joy. Then the voice which I had heard came into my mind, and I perceiving that this was the cross which the Lord would bring upon me, smote upon my breast, and said within myself, that I was the very cause why the Lord had taken away my little son. A great fear then seizing upon me, I said, O Lord, my God! give me power to be content to give up my husband freely to do thy will,

lest O Lord, thou take away from me all my children. From that time I never durst oppose thee, my husband, any more in the work of the Lord, for fear that his judgments might also fall upon me and my children." This served not a little to strengthen and encourage Miles.

Some time after, walking in his garden, he felt a motion to go to Stanley chapel in Lancashire. Now though he might expect to meet with rude entertainment there, yet he consulted not with flesh and blood, but went to the aforesaid chapel. Being come, he was not suffered to enter; but the door was violently turned against him. Then he walked in the yard till the worship was done, and the people that came out fell upon him with great rage, and one captain William Rawlinson took hold of his arms and shoulders, and calling another man to take him by the feet and legs, they threw him over the wall; by which fall he was exceedingly bruised, so that he had much to do to get home. By the way it was inwardly said to him that he must be content with what was befallen him that day, and that if he was faithful in what the Lord required of him then, He would heal him again. Being come home, he waited upon the Lord to know his will. In this resignedness, within six days, he was moved to go to Windermore steeple-house, and it was, as it were said unto him: 'Fear not the face of man, but speak the word of the Lord freely; then thou shalt be made sound again of all thy bruises.' So he went to the said steeple-house, and having spoken the word of the Lord to the priest and people, without receiving any abuse, was healed that day of his sore bruises.

During the last war in which this country was engaged with England, Rebecca Scarlett had an appointed meeting in Pittsburg, at which many of the principal inhabitants were present, and in which she was led in a remarkable manner to sympathize with, and to offer consolation to, some deeply exercised persons present. After meeting, a very interesting woman of middle age pressed Rebecca and her companions to take dinner with her, assuring her that she could not take any denial. They finally concluded to go home with her, and after dinner their

hostess sought an opportunity for unburdening her mind of the sorrows which had long oppressed her. She told Rebecca that her husband was an officer in the United States army, and that he was engaged in the active services and dangers of that dreadful employment, and added, that to crown her unhappiness, her only son had been drafted and marched off to be exposed to like dangers in the same unchristian occupation. She said she had no expectation, and scarcely dared to hope, that she would ever see either of them again, and the thought that those so dear to her would probably lose their lives while thus engaged, was more than she could bear; and she added: "Under your ministry this morning I was for the first time a little comforted, and I could not be satisfied without telling you so, under my own roof." After they had sat together awhile in solemn silence, Rebecca said:

We are on the eve of a great change: this war is nearly at an end, and peace will soon visit our country, and I hope thou wilt not be too much discouraged on thy own account, or on behalf of those so dear to thee, for I believe that I am authorized to assure thee that thy husband's life will be spared to thy solicitude; and that he will be safely restored to thee. And as for thy son, grieve no more for him on this account, for he will not even see a battle-field, and will soon return to his home and to thee.

The woman seemed deeply affected, and it was evident that a great struggle was taking place in her heart, and that she scarcely dared to open the door to hope. At last she said: "Oh can I—Oh! dare I believe all this? May I, indeed, once more hope that the Lord will have so much mercy on me and on them, which are so dear to me, as to restore us to each other?" Rebecca repeated her conviction that it would be even so, and they parted in much unity of feeling; the woman asking her address, and adding, that if her husband and son were indeed

restored to her, then she would certainly write and inform her of it.

After Rebecca's return home she was deeply tried on account of the foregoing circumstance; for the tempter got in and charged her with speaking without authority, insinuating that it was only her sympathy with the poor, distressed woman that had led her to stamp her wishes with the authority of prophecy. Our dear Friend was indeed sadly buffeted and sorely tried, thinking what a stumbling-block she would become to that poor woman and to others who might hear of it, and that it would certainly bring reproach upon the religious Society of Friends, and upon Truth itself. Rebecca mentioned that in one of the many sorrowful meetings which she attended after her return, she was more than usually cast down on this account, for she felt as if she had cast away the shield of faith, and that hope too was dead, and that she never would be able to hold up her head again. But when she got home from meeting that day, she found a letter from that grateful woman awaiting her return, fully confirming every word which Rebecca had uttered, doubtless under Divine authority.

John Richardson relates some instances in which the Holy Spirit manifested to him in a striking manner the condition of some with whom he came in contact. He says:

During my stay in one of the Jerseys, a great weight, more than usual, seized upon my spirit, as I sat in a meeting, and under a sense of the same, my cries ascended unto the Lord, the Fountain of all tender mercies, that He would please to show me what was the cause of that great power of darkness which did so oppress my spirit. And it pleased the Lord to show me, that a man there had been guilty of some gross wickedness. And when it clearly appeared to be required of me to express it publicly, it became a very great exercise to me, and I had some reasonings before I gave up to make it public to that large meeting of Friends and other people. I

labored under it till towards the conclusion of the meeting, but finding my peace concerned very nearly in the matter, I stood up in the gallery and said: "Under a sense of some gross wickedness committed by some person not far from me, hath my spirit been borne down, which wickedness will, in a short time break forth, to the dishonor of Truth and the grief of Friends." A great man who sat in the gallery by me, started up, and seated himself upon the rail of the gallery, with his eyes fixed on me, and in the Lord's dread, I fastened my eyes on him, and said: "We have a common maxim in old England, 'Touch a galled horse's back, and he will kick,' and I am of the opinion he that kicks is not clear." He got down as fast as he could out of my way, for he not only prevented me from the view of the meeting by sitting there, but his uncleanness stood much in the way of my service.

After the meeting, I found there was a great jealousy in the minds of Friends that something was wrong with the man, but I was, till then, altogether a stranger to their thoughts, and to the state of the man, yet I advised Friends should have a watchful eye over him and his family, for I told Friends my spirit was easy in what I delivered, and I believed the evil would not be concealed. On my return, I heard his wickedness had been made manifest, which he did not deny.

John Banks was a worthy minister of the Society of Friends, which he joined in the year 1654. His friends have left this testimony of him: that "He labored night and day for the gathering of people to God," and that "he was an incessant laborer in the Lord's work, both in body and mind." In a journal of his life, which he left behind him, is the following narrative:

About this time [1676] a pain struck into my shoulder, and gradually fell down into my arm and hand, so that I was wholly deprived of the use of it; the pain increased both day and night. For three months I could neither put my clothes on or off, and my arm and hand began to wither, so that I applied to some physicians, but could get no cure by any of them. At last, as I was asleep upon my bed, in the night time, I saw in

a vision that I was with dear George Fox, and I thought I said to him, "George, my faith is such, that if thou seest thy way to lay thy hand upon my shoulder, my arm and hand shall be whole throughout." This remained with me two days and nights, that the thing was a true vision, and that I must go to George Fox, until at last, through much exercise of mind, as a great trial of my faith, I was made willing to go to him, he being then at Swarthmore in Lancashire, when there was a meeting of Friends on the First-day of the week. Sometime after the meeting, I called him aside into the hall, and gave him a relation of my dream, showing him my arm and hand; and in a little time, we walking together silently, he turned about and looked upon me, and lifting up his hand, laid it upon my shoulder, saying, "The Lord strengthen thee both within and without." I went to Thomas Lower's of Marsh Grange, that night: and when I was set down to supper, immediately before I was aware, my hand was lifted up to do its office, which it could not do for long before. This struck me with great admiration, and my heart was broken into tenderness before the Lord; and the next day I went home, with my hand and arm restored to its former use and strength without any pain. The next time that George Fox and I met, he said, "John, thou mended;" I answered, "Yes, very well in a little time."

"Well," said he, "give God the glory;" to whom I was and still am bound in duty so to do, for that and all other his mercies and favors. He hath all power in his own hand, and can thereby bring to pass whatsoever seems good in his eyes; who, by the same, prepares instruments and makes use of them as pleaseth Him, who is alone worthy of all praise, honor and glory, both now and forevermore.

William Dewsbury was another of those remarkable men, who in the seventeenth century were raised up in England to proclaim the everlasting Gospel. Bold and unflinching in his testimony, he suffered patiently the persecutions which he encountered, and spent many years in different imprisonments on a religious account. During his last illness, about a week

before his death, a few friends being in his chamber, he thus addressed them:

My God hath put it into my heart to bear a testimony in his name and blessed Truth. I can never forget the day of his great power and blessed appearance, when He first sent me to preach his everlasting Gospel, and to proclaim the day of the Lord to the people. And he confirmed the same by signs and wonders; and particularly by a lame woman who went on crutches, where I with my dear brethren, George Fox and Richard Farnsworth, were cast: and as I cried mightily unto the Lord in secret, that He would signally manifest himself at this time amongst us, and give witness of his power and presence with us, Richard Farnsworth, in the name of the Lord, took her by the hand, and George Fox after, spoke to her in the power of God, and bid her stand up and she did, and immediately walked straight, having no need of crutches any more. Therefore, Friends, be faithful, and trust in the Lord your God; for this I can say, I never since played the coward; but joyfully entered prisons as palaces, telling mine enemies to hold me there as long as they could. And in the prison house I sang praises to my God, and esteemed the bolts and locks put upon me as jewels; and in the name of the eternal God I always got the victory. For they could keep me no longer than the determined time of my God.

Many Christians of the present day suffer loss, from want of sufficient faith to enjoy some of the privileges partaken of by the saints of old, promised in the Holy Scriptures, and experienced in measure by some of modern times. The sceptical atmosphere in which we live, with its blinding mists, appears to affect them in degree, and prevent them from seeing with clearness, and receiving some of the blessings which are bestowed upon others who have more simple-minded faith.

The efficacy of prayer to procure both spiritual and temporal blessings, the indwelling of the spirit of Christ, and its sensible operations on the heart, the gift of prophecy and of healing the sick, and the extension of Divine power in a man-

ner out of the ordinary course of nature, are all realities confirmed by the records of the past, and which we have Scripture authority for expecting to find in the experience of the present day.

Thomas Story was an intimate friend of William Penn, and held several important offices under him. He was a member of the council of state, master of the rolls and commissioner of property for Pennsylvania. He had received a classical education, and possessed an unusually clear and logical mind; and having early in life yielded his heart to the operations of Divine grace, he possessed both the intellectual and spiritual qualities which give value to his testimony on religious matters. He left behind an autobiography in which are recorded the following interesting circumstances.

In 1715, when paying a religious visit in Holland, he met with a Mennonist named Talken Corsten, living at Mackow, in Friezland, who gave him the following narrative:

That some years ago, our friend, Sarah Collier, being in those parts, desired a meeting with them [the Mennonists] in their meeting-house, which they refused her; but he himself had a secret desire of a meeting, having never been at one, and accordingly gave her the liberty of his house, where a meeting was held accordingly, and many were there and well satisfied. After the meeting, Sarah Collier, having a mind to see his wife, who then lay ill of a disease which had been upon her for about twelve or thirteen years, was conducted into the chamber where she lay; and after some time Sarah was concerned to pray by his wife, and for her help and deliverance from her malady and great exercise of it; and to his great admiration, and also his wife's and all who had opportunity to observe it, his wife recovered presently upon it, and has been well ever since.

In 1717, when in the north of England, he was very unwell, and suffered much pain at a meeting at Solport, on the twen-

libly destroy you both, if not prevented in due time by a suitable admonition, which he suggested by the passion fear (the passions being useful when duly subjected) and by that means saved your lives. And seeing that the passions of the mind can be wrought upon for our good by an invisible, beneficent Intelligence in the mind, in a state of humiliation and stillness, without any exterior medium, is it not reasonable to conclude that an evil intelligence may have access likewise to the mind in a state of unwatchfulness, when the passions are moving and the imagination at liberty to form ideas destructive to the mind, being thereby depraved and wounded? And when so, is it not likewise reasonable to think that the Almighty himself, who is the most pure, merciful and beneficent Spirit, knowing all events and things, doth sometimes, at his pleasure, visit the minds of mankind, through Christ, as through or under a veil, so as to communicate of his goodness and virtue to an humble and silent mind, to heal and instruct him in things pleasing to himself and proper for the conduct of man in his pilgrimage through this present world, and lead him to the next in safety?

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Carolina, Mildred Ratcliff attended a meeting of Friends, of which she says:

Soon after taking my seat in meeting, the old proverb revived: "They that beg of a beggar will never be rich," which I expressed; and I may remark, that although there were some whose eyes were too much outward, when the meeting first gathered, they seemed after a little time to get more inward, turning their attention more to the Master. This I rejoiced to feel, being sensible it was the surest way to meet with his blessing. Indeed it turned out so. For the love of the Good Shepherd and Care-taker of his flock seemed to arise more and more to the praise of his own worthy name; who often is pleased when there is looking to Him alone, to feed his flock, both sheep and lambs, to the full. In this meeting, and that unexpectedly, my heart was much enlarged towards the dear youth in the arisings of the love of Christ, that there might be amongst them an early submission to his cross, and a willingness to wear his yoke in the bloom and prime of their day; so that I think we were favored with a gladdening opportunity together. I felt thankful we did not miss this meeting. Oh, the desire I feel, that Friends everywhere, when they meet together to worship that God who is a spirit, might so abide in the spirit and in the truth as professed by them, that their worship might be truly spiritual in the sight of Him who searcheth the hearts and trieth the reins of the children of men; that there might not be so much outward looking as to deprive them of that inward food which is intended for them; but alas! there is even among Friends an itching ear.

A sentiment similar to that contained in the above extract is expressed by Richard Shackleton, in a letter to his son:

Clouds filled with Gospel rain, wafted along by the Divine spirit, compressed by the Almighty hand, and discharging themselves on the people, is the perfection of instrumental help; yet, to be looking too earnestly at these clouds and watching which way the wind (the Spirit), is driving them, is not the way for us to profit. "He that observeth the wind shall not sow, and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap."

Joseph Hoag mentions in his Journal the following incident, which illustrates the nature of Gospel ministry:

When about thirteen years of age, I was sent to the mill, and while the grain was grinding, the miller, who was an old man, and two others (aged men), fell into a discourse about a travelling minister that had been among them, of the Methodist belief. They all agreed that he was an able minister, and that he had preached several very good sermons in that part of the country. They believed that the Lord had sent him, but that in their neighborhood he had said but little, and informed the audience that he could not preach any more, and dismissed them, which disappointed them very much, and they thought it was not right, and that he ought to be talked to. They agreed among themselves, which of them should talk with him.

As I sat listening in a deep muse, a solemn feeling came over my mind, and I felt a forcible motion to go and speak to them in the manner which I believed the Lord required of me. I hesitated, but fearing to delay longer, I walked up to them, and addressed them nearly in these words: "You are old men, and I have been hearing your talk about the minister that you believe the Lord sent among you." They replied that they did believe the Lord had sent him. I said to them: "Then I have something on my mind to say to you. If the Lord sent him, the Lord knew best what He wanted him to preach, and certain it was that He knew all the states of the people, and knew what to give him to preach that would be suitable for the people, and how much, and if he preached any more, it would only be man's preaching, and might not be suitable to the states of any of the meeting; and they ought to be careful how they meddled with the man, seeing it was his duty to mind the Lord that sent him out; and if by their talking to him he should preach more than the Lord gave him, then he would turn from pleasing the Lord to please man; this might offend the Lord, that He might take his gift from him. What an evil that would be to the man, and an injury to the cause of God! But if they saw anything in the minister's preaching or conduct that was not right, then it was their duty to talk to him, and show him his error, for in that way they might be a help to

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keep him right. I thought they had better leave him to the Lord, who they believed had sent him, than to meddle with him in any other way.

I stopped, and turned from them, feeling my mind relieved and filled with peace. Not long after this, two of these men came to my father; one of them related to father the occurrence, with the remark, that in all his life he never met with such a stroke; to think that a child of my age and looks should be able to teach him, and that it was the truth, that he never saw into before, so that he had not dared to say to the minister what he intended.

In 1657, George Fox was in Wales, passing through Montgomeryshire into Radnorshire. At a place in that county he held a meeting, of which he says:

There was a meeting like a leaguer, for multitudes. I walked a little aside, whilst the people were gathering; and there came to me John Ap John, whom I desired to go to the people; and if he had anything upon him from the Lord to them, he might speak in Welsh, and thereby gather more together. Then came Morgan Watkins to me, who was become loving to Friends, and said: "The people lie like a leaguer, and the gentry of the country are come in." I bade him go up also, and leave me; for I had a great travail upon me for the salvation of the people. When they were well gathered, I went into the meeting, and stood upon a chair about three hours. I stood a pretty while, before I began to speak. After some time I felt the power of the Lord over the whole assembly: and his everlasting life and Truth shined over all. The Scriptures were opened to them, and the objections they had in their minds answered. They were directed to the light of Christ, the heavenly man; that by it they might see their sins, and Christ Jesus to be their Saviour, their Redeemer, their Mediator, and come to feed upon him, the bread of life from heaven. Many were turned to the Lord Jesus Christ, and to his free teaching that day; and all were bowed down under the power of God; so that though the multitude was so great that many sat on horseback to hear, there was no opposition.

A priest sat with his wife on horseback, heard attentively, and made no objection. The people parted peaceably, with great satisfaction; many of them saying, they never heard such a sermon before, nor the Scriptures so opened. For the new covenant was opened, and the old—the nature and terms of each, and the parables were explained. The state of the church in the apostles' days was set forth, the apostacy since laid open; and the free teaching of Christ and the apostles was set atop of all the hireling teachers; and the Lord had the praise of all, for many were turned to him that day.

When William Edmundson was in New England in 1675, the people were greatly distressed by the Indians, waylaying and killing many of the inhabitants. He says:

I travelled in many places as with my life in my hand, leaving all to the Lord that rules in heaven and in earth. I heard of a tender people at a place called Reading, and with five or six Friends I went there to an ancient man's house, which was a garrison; for at that time most people, except Friends, were in garrisons for fear of the Indians. The gates being locked, we called, and the old man opened the gate; one of the elders was at prayer; so we stopped until he had done, and then went into the room where several were met to exercise religion, but they seemed to be disturbed at our coming in. I stood still and told them: "We came not to disturb them, for I loved religion, and was seeking religious people;" the old man of the house bid us sit down, and he sat by me. As I sat, my heart being full of the power and spirit of the Lord, the love of God ran through me to the people. I told them I had something in my heart to declare among them, if they would give me leave. The master of the house bid me speak, and my heart being full of the word of life, I spoke of the mysteries of God's kingdom; and as I was speaking, I touched a little upon the priests. The old man clapped me on the shoulder, and said, he must stop me, for I had spoken against their ministers. So I stopped, for I was tender of them, and felt they were a tender people, yet my heart was full of heavenly matter. After a little pause I told them, I had many things to declare unto them of the things of God, but being in that house,

must have leave of the master of it. He bid me speak on, which I did in the demonstration of the spirit and power of the Lord; so that their consciences were awakened, and the witness of God in them answered to the Truth of the testimony. They were broken into many tears, and when I was clear in declaration, I concluded the meeting with fervent prayer to the Lord.

The old man rising up, got me in his arms, and said he owned what I had spoken, and thanked God that he could understand it, and said he had heard that we denied the Scriptures, and denied Christ who died for us; which was the cause of the great difference betwixt their ministers and us. But he understood this day that we owned both Christ and the Scriptures, therefore would know the difference betwixt their ministers and us. I told him their ministers were satisfied with the talk of Christ and the Scriptures, and we could not be satisfied without the sure, inward, Divine knowledge of God and Christ, and the enjoyment of those comforts the Scriptures declared of, which true believers enjoyed in the primitive times. The old man replied with tears, those were the things he wanted. He would not let us go until we had eaten some victuals with them, though at that time provisions were scarce, because of the great destruction by the wars. Thus, leaving them loving and tender; when we parted the old man wept, got me in his arms, and said he doubted he should ever see me again.

In a paper taken down shortly previous to his removal, Andrew Jaffray thus alludes to the memorable outpourings of the Holy Spirit, of which he and others were made partakers, during the time of their long imprisonment at Aberdeen:

Oh, the unutterable glory that brake forth and spread, even in this country, wherein God Almighty raised up some mean instruments, as well as some more honorable, and myself among others, though very unworthy! And when thirty or forty of our ancient Friends were shut up in prison, I cannot but remember this particular instance; that when we were all met in the low Tolbooth, and not a word had been spoken among us, either in praying or preaching—we breathing in our hearts for power to do the Lord's will—his power at last brake in

among us in a wonderful manner, to the melting and tendering our hearts. And though I was kept very empty a long time, yet at last the glorious power of God broke over the whole meeting, and upon me also, and ravished my heart—yea, did appear as a ray of Divine glory, to the ravishing of my soul and all the living ones in the meeting. So that some of those that were in the town council above us, confessed to some of our number, with tears, that the breaking in of that power, even among them, made them say one to another: "Oh, how astonishing it is that our ministers should say: 'The Quakers have no psalms in their meetings;' for such an heavenly sound we never heard in either old or new church." After this, our meetings were often filled with heavenly, Divine comfort, to the satisfaction of our souls, and we were often overcome with the love of our God, and many innumerable instances of his miraculous power attended us; many of which are recorded in a book for posterity to come. And God will tread down Satan under the feet of his power in due time, let him rage as he will.

When Samuel Bownas was paying a visit in Scotland in 1701, he went to Jedburgh. He says:

We went to an inn, and the landlord took us in, withal telling us how indecently the minister had railed against the Quakers the day before, asserting they were the devil's servants, and that, by his assistance, they did in their preaching, what was done; with very many vile words; but observing one of his hearers taking what he had said in short-hand, he called out, charging him not to write what he spoke at random against the Quakers; with much more to the same effect. We called for some refreshment, but my mind was under so much concern, I could neither eat nor drink. We desired to pay for what we had, and gave the landlord charge of our horses and bags, whereby he suspected that we were going to preach.

He took me by the hand, and begged that we would not go into the street, but preach in his house, and he would have his family together, and they would hear us. I looked steadily upon the poor man, who trembled very much, telling him: "We thought it our place and duty to preach to the inhab-

itants of the town; and thinkest thou," said I to him, "we shall be clear in the sight of God, whom we both fear and serve, by preaching to thee and thy family what we are required to preach to the people in the town?" The poor man, I found, was smitten in himself, and his countenance altered greatly, but he made this reply: "Is this the case, sir?" I said it was. "Then," said he, "go, and God preserve and bless you, but I fear the mob will pull down my house for letting you have entertainment, and kill you for your good will." I bid him not fear, for He whom we served was above the devil, and that not a hair of our heads should be hurt without his permission. He then seemed willing to let us go, and followed at a distance to see our treatment.

The chief street was very broad, with a considerable ascent, and near the top of the ascent was a place made to cry things on, to which we walked, where we paused a little, but I had nothing to do there at that time. Returning back to the market-cross, which was at the foot of the hill, and had an ascent of three or four steps, and a place to sit on at the top, we sat down; but we had not sat long before a man came to us, and took me by the hand, and said, I must go into the Tolbooth, meaning the prison. I asked him for what? He said: "For preaching:" I told him we had not preached. "Aye! but" quoth he, "The provost," meaning the mayor, "hath ordered me to put you in the Tolbooth." "For what?" I again replied. "I tell you, for preaching." I told him I did not know whether we should preach or not; and it was soon enough to make prisoners of us when we did preach. "Ay," says he, "I ken very weel that you will preach, by your looks." Thus we argued the matter, he endeavoring to pull me up, and I to keep my place: and when he found I was not easily moved, he turned to my companion, who likewise was unwilling to be confined. Then he went to Samuel Robinson, our guide, who was easily prevailed on to go, and the easier, for that he had been there but the week before with two Friends, viz: John Thompson and Thomas Braithwaite, both of our county of Westmoreland.

By this time we had a large assembly, and Samuel Robinson, supposing we should have a better conveniency to preach to

them in the prison, as the Friends afore-named had the week before, we were conducted there, just by the cross where we held the parley, and put in at the door. But Samuel soon saw his mistake, for the week before the windows of the prison were all open, nothing but the iron grates in the way, the windows being very large for the sake of air, but now all were made dark, and strongly fastened up with boards. We had been but a short time there, before a messenger came to offer us liberty, on condition we would depart the town without preaching; but we could make no such agreement with them, and so we told the messenger.

The next day they were released, and after refreshing themselves at their inn, went into the street, which was very full of people, and spake to them in the power and spirit of grace, and they were quiet and civil. Samuel Bownas adds:

By this time the day was much spent, and concluding to stay that night, we ordered some refreshment to be got for us, for I found myself in want of it. It was soon got ready, and we invited our host to share with us, who willingly did so, showing his good liking to what had been said; adding, he never saw the people so struck and give so good attention; nor did ever he see so large a multitude who heard so intelligibly down to the very foot of the hill, which was, as he supposed, not much less than two hundred yards in length, and, by computation, I took the street to be upwards of thirty yards wide, and all that space much crowded. I gave him a hint of his fear, putting him in mind that our duty in preaching to that multitude, could not possibly be discharged by preaching to him, and his family, and he acknowledged it was right in us to do as we did.

There are not wanting instances, in which Divine grace has more than supplied what to the eye of human reason was utterly lacking by nature, in his poor servants, when they have learned to look with a single eye to the Lord and trust wholly in Him. The following instructive account is taken from Joseph Oxley's Journal. When at Ashwell, England, he says:

In this place lives Barbara Everard, a poor, honest, decrepit creature, apparently convulsed all over, by which her speech is much affected, and understanding also. Yet the Lord has been pleased to make use of this young woman in an extraordinary manner, having bestowed on her a gift in the ministry, in which office she appears above many of far more natural talents. In common conversation she is difficult to be understood, being of a stammering tongue, but very clear in utterance in her ministry, her matter very correct and sound; she opens the Scriptures very clearly, and preaches the Gospel with great power and authority, and is of singular service in this place; she had at this meeting good service.

The case of Thomas Brown is somewhat similar. He was born in England and removed to Pennsylvania and settled in Philadelphia as a baker. His Memorial says of him:

His gift in the ministry was living, deep, and very edifying, and in the exercise thereof he was remarkable for an awful care not to appear without clear and renewed evidence of the motion of life being upon him for that service. Though a man of no literature, yet he was often led into sublime matter, which was convincing and persuasive, setting forth the dignity and excellence of the Christian religion. Yet he was very attentive that those heights should not detain him beyond his proper gift, but that he should close in and with the life. This made his ministry always acceptable to the living and judicious. In discipline he was by no means forward, but was watchful that the man's part might be kept subject to the power of Truth.

Although Thomas Brown was not without sufficient education to enable him to transact the business affairs of life, yet he often was led in his public communications to make use of language, and that too, very appropriately, the meaning of which he did not know, or could not explain.*

* He was a man of great esteem among the citizens of Philadelphia generally, as a public speaker. The celebrated George Whitefield, when in this city, hearing of his character in this respect, attended an evening meeting among Friends, in the hope of hearing him. In this he was not disappointed, and afterwards in expressing his great admiration of the discourse, he said he felt himself as a mere child to him.

He left a few memoranda of visits to meetings, some of which follow:

1756. Eighth Month 9th.—I went to Concord Quarterly Meeting, but found no cause to espouse the cause of God in a public manner that day. The next day went to the youth's meeting held at Kennett, which was to great satisfaction. My soul was so bended towards the people, I could scarcely leave them, being engaged in a stream of the ministry to extol the Divinity of that religion that is breathed from heaven, and which arrays the soul of its possessor with degrees of the Divinity of Christ, and entitles them to an eternal inheritance. It also introduces a language intelligible only to the converted souls who have access to the celestial fountain. This is no less than a foretaste of eternal joy, to support them in their journey towards the regions above, where religion has room to breathe in its Divine excellencies in the soul. Here it is instructed in the melody of that harmonious song of the redeemed, where the morning stars sing together, and the sons of God shout for joy.

1756. Eighth Month 29th.—I visited Gwynnedd Meeting, where in waiting in nothingness before God, without seeking or striving to awake my Beloved before the time, by degrees my soul became invested with that concern that the Gospel introduces, with an opening in these words: "I think it may conduce to my peace to stand up and engage in a cause dignified with immortality, and crowned with eternal life." The subject raised higher and brighter, until my soul was transported on the mount of God, in degree, and beheld his glory; where I was favored to treat on the exalted station of the redeemed church, which stands in the election of grace, where my soul rejoiced with transcendent joy, and adored God. Returned home in peace.

John Banks, in a letter to his wife, thus alludes to the Yearly Meeting held in London in 1675:

For thy comfort I may tell thee, that since the time I parted from thee, I have been made so much a witness of the enjoyment of the power and presence of God, among my brethren,

that I would not have missed it, for all that can be mentioned to me in the world. Oh, the in-breakings of the love and melting power of God, and the shining of his glorious light amongst us, in this our Yearly Meeting, where Friends in the ministry were from most parts through the nation! How were our hearts broken, and our souls comforted and consoled! The Lord did certainly evidence unto us, that our meetings, and what we there offered to Him, were acceptable and well-pleasing before Him. Oh, the sweet harmony of life that was amongst us! the streams whereof flowed, and many living testimonies were borne to the greatness and sufficiency of the power of God that overshadowed us! And oh, the subjection, brotherly tenderness, and godly care that were amongst us one over another, that we might speak, one by one, as the Lord, by his spirit, moved and gave utterance! How near were we to the Lord, and how dear one to another, in the unity and fellowship of his blessed Spirit! What a blessed communion was there held, and how richly was the table of the Lord spread amongst us! What thanksgivings, praises, honor and glory were many made to ascribe unto Him therefor! And there was a godly care also for the prosperity of the Truth, and spreading abroad thereof, together with the establishing of Gospel order and discipline in the churches of Christ.

In Thomas Scattergood's Memoirs, there is the following entry: At Augusta, in Georgia, I saw a pretty large number of people, both male and female, carrying dirt on hand barrows to make a causeway. At first sight of them, I felt pity flow in my heart towards them, under a sense of their burdens—and after expressing my sympathy with them, I found a necessity laid on me to pull off my hat and preach to them the Gospel of Jesus Christ, their suffering Lord and Saviour. It was a solemn time; and when I took off my hat, they did so likewise, and threw aside their tools; and there was loud weeping among them. In thus unexpectedly laboring among this Ethiopian congregation, (not having the least thought of such a thing five minutes before) there was no want of words, or of that seasoning sweetness which makes right words reach the heart, and under this precious sense, it would have been

as my meat and drink, to have spent myself in labors of love, if instead of twenty or thirty there had been as many hundreds: great was the sweetness which attended on my mind after leaving them.

In William Penn's account of a visit paid to Princess Elizabeth, of the Rhine—he describes in an interesting manner, some of the religious opportunities with that estimable woman. Of one meeting, he says:

There were several present besides the princess and countess. It was at this meeting, that the Lord in a more eminent manner began to appear. The eternal Word showed itself a hammer at this day, yea, sharper than a two-edged sword, dividing asunder between the soul and the spirit, the joints and the marrow. Yea, this day was all flesh humbled before the Lord! it amazed one, shook another, broke another; the noble arm of the Lord was truly awakened, and the weight and work thereof bowed and tendered us also, after an unusual and extraordinary manner; that the Lord might work an heavenly sign before them, and among them; that the majesty of Him that is risen among the poor Quakers, might in some measure be known unto them, what God it is we serve, and what power it is we wait for and bow before. They had a sense and a discovery that day, what would become of the glory of all flesh, when God shall enter into judgment. Well, let my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, when I shall forget the loving-kindness of the Lord, and the sure mercies of our God to us his travelling servants that day. O Lord, send forth thy light and thy truth, that all nations may behold thy glory.

Thus continued the meeting till about the seventh hour; which done, with hearts and souls filled with holy thanksgivings to the Lord for his abundant mercy and goodness to us, we departed to our lodging.

Samuel Bownas relates a somewhat singular experience that happened to him in one of his religious journeys. He says:

I went through part of Dorsetshire, and at Sherborne an

old Friend was sick, and not expected to get over that illness, and it came into my mind he would die of that sickness, and that I must be at his funeral, and preach with my Bible in my hand. This made me shrink, fearing it was the fruit of imagination, but I kept it to myself, and had many meetings about those parts.

I had not been many hours in Bristol before a messenger came to desire Benjamin Coole to attend the funeral, and Benjamin came to me to Brice Webb's, where I lodged, and told me how it was, and desired me to go. I pleaded many excuses; first, my horse was not fit, with other objections, which were all removed. I went to Bruton next day, being the Seventh day of the week, and was at that small meeting on First-day. The funeral was on Second-day, which was exceedingly large, John Beere from Weymouth, being there, had something to say, but not much. Then as it was with me, I pulled my Bible out of my pocket, and opened it; upon which the people gave more attention than they had done before. I had a very acceptable time, often in the course of my matter referring to the text for proof, and giving an ample testimony of the value we put upon the Scriptures; earnestly pressing the careful reading of them, and advising to consider what they read, and to seek the Lord by prayer, for assistance and power, that they might practice what they read, which was the ultimate end of reading, as well as of hearing preaching, for without practice, it would avail but little; with other advice to the same effect.

There being sundry teachers of several societies, one of them, a Baptist, took hold of me after meeting was ended, and desired some conversation with me. I looked at him earnestly, and desired to know if he had an objection against any part of what I had said? "If thou hast," said I, speaking with an audible voice, that stopped many of the company, "this is the most proper place, the people being present;" for they thronged about us very much. This made him confess, that what he had heard was sound, and according to Scripture, being very well proved from the text; but he desired some private discourse between ourselves at my quarters, if I would permit it. I told him he might; I quartered at Richard Fry's; and Rich-

ard being present, told him he should be welcome to come to his house, and so we parted.

When I came to Richard's, he said we should hear no more of him, for that in his discourses amongst his hearers, he had spoken many very unhandsome things against the Quakers, endeavoring to unchristian them, and prove them heathens in denying the ordinances, a common plea used by all our adversaries. But this man carried the matter farther than some others, by adding, that we denied the Scriptures, and also would not allow of a Bible in any of our meetings, nor did our preachers use a Bible to prove anything therefrom that we preached to the people, with more to the same purport; and as many of his hearers were there, my appearing with a Bible, and referring to the text for proof, no doubt, put him and them upon a thought what had been preached by him, amongst them, concerning the Quakers, which now appeared to be a manifest untruth by what they had both seen and heard that day. As Richard Fry thought, so it proved; he did not come near me, and Truth was exalted above lies and falsehood.

The Society of Friends have always believed that it is not consistent with the commands of our Saviour, for his disciples to receive compensation for preaching the Gospel, which as it has been freely given to those whom He appoints, must be exercised without hope of pecuniary reward.

The labors of early Friends in the work of the ministry were astonishingly great, and many could bear the same testimony as Thomas Chalkley when he says: "I have travelled many thousands of miles, and preached the Gospel many years, as thousands of people can witness, and never received any consideration therefor, neither directly or indirectly; neither do I reckon they are beholden to me for so doing, for a necessity is laid upon me, and woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel.

In 1659, Richard Hubberthorn, addressing the council of state, thus speaks:

Let every one that will minister the Gospel, do it freely ac-

cording to the example of the apostles and the ministers of Christ. And do not you go about to provide any maintenance for any ministers of any sort in the nation; for in that you will but lay a yoke upon the disciples' necks, and an imposition upon tender consciences, which cannot do anything but what they do freely as unto the Lord, and let every one that will preach the Gospel live of the Gospel, and not upon any settled or state maintenance. . . . For the cry of the honest and godly people of this nation is, to have a free ministry, a free maintenance, and are willing freely to maintain those that minister unto them the word and doctrine.

The Quarterly Meeting of Cornwall, in one of its minutes, dated Second Month, 1671, gives another instance of the way in which early Friends supported their ministers. "It is ordered," say they:

That John Trefry do deliver unto Thomas Salthouse £10, which the Friends of this meeting desire him to accept from them, to buy him a horse, he being at present destitute of one, and having formerly had his horse killed whilst he was laboring for the service and work of the Lord in this county. His fallen lot being now amongst us, and his labors and service in the work of the Lord being great here as in other places, we have ordered the sum aforesaid to be paid him as a demonstration of our love and care for him, being desirous that he should reap of our carnal, he having often sowed spiritual seed amongst us to the refreshing of our hearts.

Plainly as is here stated the grounds of the care and consideration of the Friends of Cornwall, more scrupulous, apparently, was Thomas Salthouse not to make the Gospel chargeable, and there is added to the minute as the result of their offer, "Thomas Salthouse hath no freedom to receive the £10."

When Samuel Fisher had finished his studies, he was ordained a priest, and was first a chaplain to a person of quality, and afterwards presented with a living of two hundred pounds a

year. Being conscientiously engaged in seeking after Truth, he discovered, before he knew Friends, that infant baptism was a human institution, and preaching for a stipend was contrary to the command of Christ. A young man, dissatisfied with singing David's psalms in the public worship, gave his master so much uneasiness, that he applied to Samuel Fisher, as a learned minister, to remove his scruples. In the attempt, the young man frankly gave these reasons for his apprehensions of the impropriety of the practice—that God was a spirit, and to be worshipped, not in other men's words, but in spirit and in Truth—that it was a falsehood for a proud man to sing that "he was not puffed up in his mind; he had no scornful eye, and he did not exercise himself in things that were too high" —that it was absurd for one to sing "Rivers of tears run down my eyes, because other men keep not thy laws," whilst he never knew a true sorrow and repentance for his own sins. The result of this conference was, that instead of altering the young man's sentiments, the reasons given for them had such a convincing effect on Samuel Fisher, that he found himself restrained from giving out to his congregation, David's conditions, to sing. At length, preaching for wages, contrary to the convictions of his conscience, became so great a burden, that he gave a rare instance of the honesty of his heart, and the value he put upon the testimony of a good conscience, by resigning his living, divesting himself of the sacerdotal office, and placing his confidence in Divine providence for the future support of himself and family. He rented a farm and commenced grazier, by which he procured a decent competency, accompanied by the solace of contentment, and the testimony of an approving heart.

As the minds of the ministers of the Gospel are kept in communion with their Lord and Master, He from time to time

impresses upon them the belief that certain duties are required of them.

Elizabeth Webb thus describes the arising in her mind of a concern to visit America:

In the year 1697, in the Sixth Month, as I was sitting in a meeting in Gloucester, the place of my habitation, my mind was gathered into perfect stillness for some time, and my spirit was as if it were carried away into America, and my heart was, as it were, melted with the love of God. It flowed and seemed to reach over the great ocean, and I was constrained to kneel down and pray to the Lord for the prosperity of his seed in America. The concern never went out of my mind, day nor night, until I went in the love of God to travel there. So universal is the Divine love it reacheth over sea and land, and my soul can say: "Thy commandments, O Lord, are exceeding broad."

The Memoirs of Hannah Gibbons contain several references to concerns to visit particular families or individuals. Some of these were to persons under sentence of death. In 1852 she records:

In the latter part of Eighth Month my mind was unexpectedly brought under exercise, on reading an account of a poor colored man in prison at Newcastle under sentence of death. It seemed best to me that I should endeavor to see him; and after some time, I was made willing to mention my exercise to some Friends (the elders), who did not discourage me; and my dear friends, James Emlen and Martha Jefferis, being willing to accompany me, we accordingly left home on First-day afternoon, the fifth of Ninth Month, lodged at Wilmington, and next morning proceeded to Newcastle, and were readily admitted into the apartment where the poor man was. He appeared very uncomfortable as to the outward, but we were united in believing that his mind was turned to the right source for help and strength, and that the work of repentance was in mercy going forward. After endeavoring to relieve my mind, both in testimony and supplication, for the poor, erring

man, and dear Martha having also had something to communicate, we came homeward; my mind being clothed with thankfulness for having been enabled to yield to apprehended duty, and for the reward of peace.

Ruth Anna Rutter, (afterwards Lindley), relates the following incident:

A Friend visiting Pottstown meeting about twelve months before I became plain, and I being in a very low and discouraged state, went to meeting greatly desiring he might be made an instrument of comfort to me. He spoke for a considerable time, but did not touch upon any thing relative to my condition; and I returned home under many doubts and fears, lest my Heavenly Father had cast me off forever. My parents were in Philadelphia, and I being alone, sat down on the sofa, with the Bible in my hand, thinking to gain some instruction and comfort from its sacred contents. I had given up the idea of seeing the Friend, (who was a true father in Israel), or of having any opportunity with him, as not being worthy of it. But he, having dined at my uncle's, not far distant, was, after dinner walking in the piazza, and looking towards our house, felt a draught in his mind to come over. He knew nothing of the family, but yielding to the impulse he came; and, passing through the outer room, where there was a young woman of the house, without asking any questions, he walked into the parlor, where I was sitting in the situation above described; and without any further salutation than shaking hands, took a seat by me. A considerable time elapsed in deep inward silence, after which he mentioned how unexpectedly he was led to come over, without knowing the cause; but then feeling his mind clothed with sympathy for me, and believing it was for my sake, he imparted much counsel and advice, with a great deal of encouragement to me. Which singular favor did deeply humble my heart, and caused tears of gratitude, contrition and tenderness to stream from my eyes.

Among the religious engagements into which the ministers and religiously concerned members of the Society of Friends have often been led, is that of visiting individuals and families

from house to house. There is this peculiar feature about it, that, whilst in a public meeting a person may put aside the close preaching of the minister with the plea that it was designed for others than himself, in a family opportunity there is no room for such evasion, but the message may come to him with the directness of Nathan's appeal to king David, "Thou art the man." There are few, if any, services in which a minister can be engaged that require greater watchfulness and care to act under Divine guidance than such personal labors.

Ann Branson, of Ohio, under date of 1848, says:

I have felt it required of me in the late family visit in which I have been engaged, not only to go to a number of families, who were not members of our religious Society, but also to some houses, whose inhabitants were entire strangers to me, and whose names were unknown, except by inquiry at the time, feeling attracted to the houses as we passed them, and feeling the woe if I did not give up to go in. Trying as this service was to flesh and blood, it is nothing to compare to a wounded conscience. Previous to a late engagement in several families of this description, I was near three days at a Friend's house, shut up, without any clear opening whatever. But the command was, Be still. What will my friends say of me? was a query that often crossed my mind. But the answer of my Heavenly Father was on this wise, "Thy time, thy health and thy faculties, are mine. I have a right to do with them, and with thee, as seemeth unto me good." Thus did I remain, until a little opening appeared in a remote neighborhood where a few members were scattered. After we arrived there, and had visited most of those who were members, it came into my mind to inquire of the Friend at whose house we were, concerning his children, who had married out of the Society, where they were settled, and being informed that several of them were near by, I soon saw I must go to their houses. This dedication, though greatly in the cross, yielded peace.

The same Friend mentions, in 1861, that, on one occasion,

after making a family visit, where she had delivered what appeared required of her, and had left the house, she felt it required of her to go back. Great fear possessed her heart lest she should be mistaken. She had an interview with the the parents, and told them how it had been with her since being there before, telling them: "If I was mistaken in my feelings, I hoped they would pass it by, and I would try to be more careful in future," at the same time remarking that there was a secret language in my heart which said, There is a secret hardness against some, which is not rooted out. But it was in great fear and trembling, lest I should be mistaken. When about to bid farewell, the individual (where it seemed to me the testimony belonged), with tears, and in much brokenness of spirit, said to me, "I am glad thee came."

Henry Hull mentions in his Journal that, while at work in a mill, word was sent to him that his father wished him to come to the house. He says:

I immediately went, and found several Friends there, who proposed a religious opportunity with the family. When I found what I was wanted for, I felt disturbed in my mind that my father should call me from my work upon what I then thought such a trifling occasion, and I could scarcely speak pleasantly to the Friends. But, soon after we sat down together, the power of Truth spread over us, and the Friends were enabled to speak so plainly to my situation, that my spirit was broken into tenderness, and when I left the house tears flowed from my eyes. Reflecting on the solicitude of my dear father for my everlasting welfare, and on the goodness of the Ancient of days, in that He did not leave me in the hardened state of mind I was in when I went into the room, my heart was humbled, and I entered into solemn covenant with the Lord that, if He would pass by my offences, I would endeavor to be mindful of his favors, and walk more worthily.

In the earlier days of our Society greater attention was paid to family visiting than has latterly been the case. In the

Queries adopted by Irish Friends, about the year 1737, one reads as follows, "Doth each Monthly Meeting take care that a visit to the families of Friends be performed by well-qualified Friends once a year, or oftener, as occasion requires?"

The same subject is mentioned in the minutes of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting as early as the year 1717. They say, "Considering the returns from the several meetings concerning visitors, this meeting agrees that such Monthly Meetings as do see a service therein, may appoint honest, faithful and discreet Friends to visit families within the compass of such meetings respectively." In very many of the subsequent Yearly Meetings advices are sent down on this subject, and subordinate meetings reported to the Yearly Meeting as to their care in this respect. In 1747 the minutes say: "This meeting recommends it to the several Quarterly and Monthly Meetings within the range of this meeting, to revive and continue the practice of appointing solid and weighty Friends and elders, together with some of their ministers, to visit the particular families within their respective meetings, the good effects of which wholesome and serviceable part of our ancient practice and discipline hath been often attended with the Divine blessing, to the great satisfaction of those concerned therein, and hath been a means of preventing many growing inconveniences and customs amongst us, which it may be difficult guarding against in a more public manner."

The practice of visiting each other's families and endeavoring to help each other in a faithful support of our doctrines and testimonies, did not originate in Yearly Meeting advices, but was practised from very early times, and had its root in that love of the brethren and zeal for the honor of the Lord's cause which marked our ancient worthies.

The practice of Friends not to enter upon vocal labor in meetings, unless under the influence of a fresh call from the

Head of the Church, and their conviction that silence was better than forced sacrifices, have frequently led to the holding of meetings in which there was neither preaching nor praying.

When Joshua Brown was paying a religious visit in New England, at Leicester, he lodged at the house of a widow Earle, whose son had married a Presbyterian woman, who afterwards became a member among Friends. Her father rode with Joshua on his way to Worcester.

As he rode along he spoke to Joshua, telling him he had a daughter joined to Friends. Joshua queried, "Is she any worse child or worse Christian than she was?" He said, "He thought not." Joshua said, "That is well, so far." The father then said he had a mind to converse, not for contention, but for information. Joshua said he was willing, as far as he could, to satisfy him. He then said: "You profess not to study your sermons." To this Joshua assented. "You mentioned many texts of Scripture, and I believe they were rightly quoted. I wonder how you remember them." Joshua, in reply, said: "I spake as they were opened to me." He then said: "You always preach when you are at home, don't you?" Joshua, on this, said: "There are several Friends belonging to the meeting I do, who sometimes speak [in the ministry], and yet we have many silent meetings." He said: "I cannot reconcile that." Joshua said: "If thou wilt consider the nature of Gospel worship, and that it is to be performed in spirit and in truth, thou need not wonder." He then said: "You always preach when you are abroad, and appoint meetings, don't you?" Joshua replied: "I do not." "Do you not think that you impose upon the people?" Joshua said: "I think not. When we appoint meetings, we do not promise to preach; but if we feel our minds engaged to speak, we do it as we find ability. Your preachers preach for money, and are obliged to speak, but we do not." He acknowledged that it was too true. Much more conversation ensued, and when they reached his dwelling, he kindly pressed Joshua to alight and refresh himself. This Joshua was free to do.

John Griffith mentioned that, at Wigton, "Friends having,

without my knowledge, given notice to their neighbors and to divers people of account in the world, it is likely they expected great things from one who had come so far to visit them; and some perhaps hoped to get credit by that day's work; but we see sometimes when man appoints the Lord disappoints, which in the issue seems to have been the case here. I sat the meeting, which was very large, in silence, to the great mortification of many present, some of whom, one might have expected from their appearance and pretensions, understood the nature of spiritual worship better than to have been so anxious after words. It proved, I think, as painful and exercising a meeting as ever I knew, to which the expectations of Friends and others did not a little contribute. At the conclusion I was fully satisfied that I had discharged the service required of me that day, in an example of silence, in which I had peace.

It is recorded of Peter Andrews, of New Jersey, when travelling in England in the service of the Gospel, that he visited many places in the county of York, visiting the churches, which were greatly refreshed and edified by his labors of love. [These meetings were sometimes held in silence], although appointed on his account, generally large, and expectation high. His eye being single to his great Master, he often was led to famish the too eager desire after words. For several public meetings he had nothing to say, which, though a great disappointment for the present, yet it afterwards appeared there was no small service in it.

The following incident was published in "The British Friend:"

On the first of Seventh Month, 1858, a stranger from London attended our week-day meeting at ————. It being the day after our Monthly Meeting, the congregation was particularly small. After two short communications, the individual above mentioned rose and said: "I have felt such a solemnity in this time of silence that I could almost fancy I heard Jacob, when he saw the ladder and the angels ascending and descending on it, exclaim, 'How awful is this place; surely this is none other than the house of God, and this is

the gate of heaven;' and I could almost fancy I heard the prophet say, 'Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon his name; and they shall be mine saith the Lord, in the day that I make up my jewels (or my crown), and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.' 'Then shall ye return (when ye have ceased from your own actions, reasonings and desires,) and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God, and him that serveth Him not.' I hope I shall be excused speaking among you, being a stranger, and not a member of your Society; but I believe I shall feel remorse on leaving this place if I do not acknowledge among you what God hath done for my soul. It is now twelve months since I came to this place. I had heard of your mode of worship, but I wondered how the Lord's people could be profited by sitting in silence, and sometimes not a word spoken among them. I sat down in this house hoping and waiting to hear something that might cheer and encourage my soul; and as I sat in this expectant state, such an influence, such a feeling of solemnity covered my mind as I had never experienced before in all my life, and which I shall never forget whilst memory holds her seat, and which I believe to be from the Divine favor; and I then understood what our Saviour says in John: 'If any man love me he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.' And in Rev. iii: 20, 'I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me.' And I felt that there is a communion between God and the souls of his people; and though I have felt reluctant to speak among you, I could not leave this place with an easy mind without acknowledging what I felt in this house twelve months ago, and once since, when sitting in silence in my own house."

It has often been the experience of the Lord's servants, that services were required of them that were more or less unusual. This was frequently the case with Sarah Lynes (afterwards Grubb). In 1798, she felt a concern to speak to the

people at Wolverhampton Market. The service is described by her companion John Burlingham:

She neither saw nor spoke to any Friend there, except those at our quarters. On inquiry we were told the most suitable place to speak would be from the upper window of the inn, but that not feeling right to S. L., we left her to take the helm. She said to A. Baker, "Do thou take R. B's arm; I will take J. B's," so she led the way into the market. After making a short stand, she began to address those around her, and had not spoken many sentences, when divers shed tears, struck dumb as it were, with amazement; indeed the power was so great and so evidently felt, that fear was taken from me. After a very solemn, but short opportunity, having hold of my arm, she went more into the centre of the market, which is a very large one, and seeing a butcher's block, without asking any questions to whom it belonged, she and Ann mounted it, my brother and self standing on each side. A large audience collecting immediately, she addressed them for about an hour, to the satisfaction, I believe, of most that could hear her. When she got down, great was the anxiety of many to shake hands with her, which numbers did, and also expressed their thankfulness.

By this time the farmers, many of them, were gone, and going to dinner; we therefore went to the inn, the people making way for us to pass respectfully. When there, S. L. did not seem quite easy in thus missing the farmers, but understanding a number were dining at the ordinary, she concluded to offer herself to them as soon as they had dined. My brother went and asked them the question; the chairman immediately replied, they or he had no objection. My brother and myself accompanied S. L. and A. B. into the room. We were asked to go up to the top, but S. L. declined, and sat down at the bottom. During the space of about ten minutes' silence, divers interruptions took place by people coming in. If I may give a description of S. L's engagement at that time, agreeably to my own feelings, I must say that her elegance of language, pertinent matter, pursuasive energy, and above all, the crowning authority and power, I think I never witnessed ex-

ceeded, if equalled. When she had done, she immediately began to withdraw, when the company, every man, rose from his seat, though silently, yet most respectfully; they showed at the same time, good manners, and also assent to what they had heard.

In 1809 Thomas Shillitoe felt a concern to visit the drinking saloons in Dublin—a very exercising service, as many of them were places of a very low character. There were about six hundred visits paid. Although they met with many trying things, yet in a general way Divine help seemed to be near. The following record of one day's proceedings will show the nature of Thomas Shillitoe's experiences:

Fifth-day we proceeded to Barrack Street. The first house we entered made a deplorable appearance; it was very early in the morning, yet we found, on descending the steps into the drinking-room, which much resembled a cellar, the window-frames and glass broken, and several young women, without shoes, stockings or caps, dancing to the fiddle. We made towards the room set apart for the keepers of the house, where we met with the mistress. Requesting, if she had a husband to have his company, he soon made his appearance. I endeavored to lay before them what arose, although I found it difficult to get fully relieved. The fiddle, and at times the screaming of the dancers, was a great interruption. The man remained quiet for a short time and then left us, the woman appearing to have the management of the house: what I had to say brought her to tears. On inquiry I found she had children, I therefore requested her seriously to consider what would be her conclusion respecting the conduct of any person who should harbor her children, and suffer them to go on in such wicked practices as she was now encouraging the young girls in under her roof, who might be without parents or friends to take charge of them, saying, I did not wish for a hasty reply; she confessed she should think they acted a cruel part. I therefore entreated her to attend to that Divine monitor in her own breast, which she confessed she at times witnessed to be near, which would clearly make known to her the

necessity to rid her house of such company as she now harbored, which would be one way whereby she might hope for the Divine blessing on honest endeavors for the support of herself and family, otherwise she must look for a blast following them every way. She continued tender, and at our parting, in a feeling manner expressed her desire, that what had been communicated might be profitably remembered by her. After receiving her warm expressions of gratitude, we proceeded to leave the house, but on reaching the top step of the entrance my attention was again arrested, and I found I must be willing to return into the apartment where the dancing was going forward, and quietly submit to any insults that might be the result of my being found in the way of my duty. On my companion being informed hereof, he appeared tried as well as myself, but I found it would not bring peace to our own minds to hesitate. We therefore turned back, which the woman of the house observing, came and stood by us, I supposed to prevent any rude behavior that might be offered. I requested the man who had the fiddle to cease playing and take his seat, which he complied with, and those who were dancing to do the like, which each one yielded to. The scene exhibited in different parts of this large room, if it were possible fully to describe, would produce a picture of as great human depravity and misery as well can be conceived. On a bench near us lay young girls, overcome with their night's revelling and drunkenness, past being roused by anything that occurred round them; others, from the same cause, reclining on the tables, barely able to raise their heads and open their eyes, and altogether incapable of comprehending what was going forward: companies of men and women in boxes in other parts of the room drinking. On our standing silent amongst them a short time, quietness prevailed over the whole company. Strength was received to utter what was given me, and after I had been some time engaged in addressing this band of human misery, I think I shall not, whilst favored with my mental powers, wholly lose sight of the distress and horror portrayed in the countenances of those young women who had ceased their dancing. Feeling my mind relieved and about to depart, such of the company who were equal to it rose from their seats, acknowledging their

gratitude for the labor that had been extended, and their desire that what had been said might not be lost upon them, and that a blessing might attend us. My back was towards the door, and not hearing a footstep of those who came in while we were engaged, when we turned to go out I was surprised at the addition made to our company: my companion remarked, it appeared as if something brought an awe over their minds on entering, and they quietly took their seats, and when the seats were full others sat on the ground.

Isaac Penington says of those whom the Lord sent forth to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation to the people of England in his time:

They were for the most part mean, as to the outward; young country lads, of no deep understanding, or ready expression, but very fit to be despised everywhere by the wisdom of man, and only to be owned in the power of that life wherein they came forth. How ridiculous was their manner of coming forth and appearance to the eye of man! About what poor, trivial circumstances, habits, gestures, and things, did they seem to lay great weight, and make great matters of moment! How far did they seem from being acquainted with the mysteries and depths of religion! But their chief preaching was repentance, and about a light within, and of turning to that, and proclaiming the great and terrible day of the Lord to be at hand; wherein I confess my heart exceedingly despised them, and cannot wonder that any wise man, or sort of professors, did or do yet, despise them. Yea, they themselves were very sensible of their own weakness, and unfitness for that great work and service wherewith the Lord had honored them, and of their inability to reason with man; and so (in the fear and in the watch of their spirits) kept close to their testimony, and to the movings of his power, not mattering to answer or satisfy the reasoning part of man, but singly minding the reaching to, and raising of, that to which their testimony was.

Oh, how did the Lord prosper them in gathering his scattered, wandering sheep into his fold of rest! How did their words drop down like dew, and refresh the hungry, thirsty souls! How did they reach to the life in those to whom they

ministered, raising up that which lay dead in the grave, to give a living testimony to the living voice of God in them! How did they batter the wisdom and reasonings of man, making the loftiness thereof stoop and bow to the weak and foolish babe of the begettings of life! Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, what the power of life hath wrought, through them, in the hearts and consciences of those who have longed after and waited for, the Lord. Oh! the breathings and meltings of soul, the sense of the living presence of God, the subjecting of the heart unto the Lord, the awakening of and giving strength unto his witness, the falling down and weakening of the powers of darkness, the clear shining of the light of life in the heart, and the sweet running of the pure streams thereof into the enlivened souls, which hath often been known and sealed to from the powerful appearance of God in their ministry! Indeed, when I have considered these and such like things in my heart, and narrowly marked them in my converse with them, I have been often forced to cry out concerning them. Truly here is man very weak and contemptible; but God very glorious and powerful. And indeed, when at any time I looked on the man, I was hardly able to forbear disdaining them; but, on the other hand, when the eye of my spirit beheld the power and glory of the Lord in them, I could hardly forbear over-esteeming and exalting them.

How hath the Lord enriched them with gifts and abilities, and every way fitted them for the service and employment He hath had for them! How hath He enlarged their ministry, that they who had very little to say, either by way of declaration or disputation at first, now abound with strength, and abundantly surpass the knowledge and wisdom both of the world, and of other professors of religion! The Lord indeed hath adorned them, putting his beauty upon them, and causing them to grow up in his strength, and in his wisdom. This mine eye hath seen, and often taken notice of, blessing the name of the Lord, and praying to Him for their preservation. And surely whoever he be, that hath either known himself, or heard the relation of the poverty of these young striplings, when they first came forth in the power of the Lord, how empty in them-

selves they then were, how sensibly they went up and down of their own weakness, how little they had to say to people that came to observe them and inquire of them, how afraid they were to be drawn from their watch, at what a distance they stood from entering into reasoning about things—I say, he that did know, and doth consider this, and shall also behold how the Lord hath advanced them since, making them mighty and honorable with his gifts and abilities (with the beauty whereof the very man flourisheth to the sight of every eye that is in any measure truly open), cannot but acknowledge the change to be wonderful.

William Dewsberry says: I waited in the counsel of my God, in the calling where I was placed, until the year 1652. And in the Eighth Month of the year, the word of the Lord came unto me saying: "The leaders of my people cause them to err, in drawing them from the light in their consciences, the anointing within, which the Father hath sent to be their teacher, and would lead them into all truth, to seek the kingdom of God in observations where it is not to be found. So, my people perish for want of bread: freely thou hast received, freely give and minister: and what I have made known unto thee in secret declare thou openly." Which word constrained me, by the power of it, to leave my wife and children and to run to and fro, to declare to souls where their teacher is, the Light in their consciences, of which the Lord hath given to every one a measure to profit withal, for the exercise of the conscience towards God and man. Waiting in the light for the power of Christ, he would lead them up, to the living fountains of waters, where their souls would find refreshment in the presence of the Lord; and their bread would be sure, and their water never fail—as the Lord has made manifest to my soul.

A writer who was contending for the principle, that the gift of a ministry in the Gospel is bestowed upon women as well as men, cites the case of Elizabeth Stirredge, of Gloucestershire (1634-1706), the daughter of an honest, zealous, God-fearing Puritan, concerning whom she says:

My father being one of those called Puritans, prophesied of Friends many years before they came. He said: "There is a day coming wherein Truth will gloriously break forth, more gloriously than ever since the apostles' days, but I shall not live to see it." He died in the faith of it seven years before Friends came; whose honest and chaste life is often in my remembrance, and his fervent and zealous prayers amongst his family are not forgotten by me.

In the year 1670, at a time of great suffering amongst Friends, because of the prevailing persecutions, Elizabeth Stirredge feeling a drawing to the ministry, makes a record:

Thus the Lord gently led me towards the service and testimony that He was pleased to lay upon me to bear; which was the greatest trial that I ever met with. My exercise increased, my inward pains grew stronger and stronger, my heart was troubled within me, my eyes were as a fountain of tears, and I cried out: "Woe is me that ever I was born. Lord, look thou upon my afflictions, and lay no more upon me than I am able to bear. They will not hear me who am a contemptible instrument. And seeing they despise the service of women so much, make use of them that are more worthy." The answer I received was, "They shall be made worthy that dwell in my fear." And further on she adds: "I can say to his praise I was so encouraged in all times of persecution, wherein I might bear my testimony for the Lord who had redeemed me out of the pit of misery, that I rejoiced to do the will of the Lord, for it was more to me than all that ever my eyes beheld, and to stand a faithful witness for Him."

I will next speak of Susanna Hatton (afterward Lightfoot), an account of whom is given in the Journal of James Gough, of Ireland, a minister of excellent repute in the Society of Friends. The narrative opens about 1737, when Susanna Hatton at the age of eighteen came to this country as a domestic in the service of Ruth Courtney, a minister. Young in years as she was, she began thus early to speak in meetings. Returning in the course of a few months to Ireland, James Gough

says of her: "I was very much affected with her inwardness, fervency and tenderness of spirit out of meetings, as well as her awful [i. e., solemn and powerful], utterances in meetings." At about twenty-three years of age she married a linen-draper and lived in a very humble way, her husband keeping two looms going, and she keeping two cows, and carefully bringing up her family. Her life was one of simple faith, and though at times her outward condition was such that she had not a morsel of food for herself and family, yet when reduced to such extremities, and without making her case known, sudden relief would come in from one quarter or another. When settled in the province Ulster, her narrator, himself a true minister, testified concerning the religious services of this humble and devout handmaiden of the Lord: "Not one in those large meetings rose up with that Divine authority and dignity that she did." Removing to Waterford, and going soon afterward upon a religious visit to Carlow, Mountmelick, etc., the following incident occurred as told by J. Gough:

A Friend put four guineas into my hand and desired me to present her with them, which I did; but she refused to accept them, telling me she had others offered before in that journey, but durst not receive them, being under no present necessity.

Her confidence that the Lord would provide everything needful was not misplaced. As her children grew up they found friends ready to aid them to good positions; her own circumstances improved and, her husband dying, she afterwards married an exemplary Friend from America, with whom she returned to this country, and settled in Chester County, near Philadelphia.

Mary Dudley, of Bristol, England (1750-1810), was a Methodist, held in much esteem by John Wesley and others, in that connection. She was frequently urged to serve as a class-leader, but becoming sensible that it was her religious duty

to profess with Friends, she united with them in 1773, and was recorded as a minister four years later. She, however, at first put aside the intimations of the holy command publicly to declare the counsel of God, until the sufferings she endured by her disobedience became great. (Let it be remembered that in this, and the other instances cited, there was no priest, committee, or other human intermediary required to be consulted. The eyes of these women were to the Minister of ministers alone, who hath the key of David, and "openeth, and no man shutteth; and shutteth and no man openeth.") Upon yielding finally—not to any influence of man, but through the constraining power of God—she says:

"Oh! the rest I again felt, the precious holy quiet! unequal in degree to what was my first portion, but as though I was altogether a changed creature, so that to me there was no condemnation. Here was indeed a recompense even for years of suffering, but with this alloy, that I had long deprived myself of the precious privilege by yielding to those reasonings which held me in a state of painful captivity.

Another Mary of the same period, a true mother in Israel, was Mary Capper (1755-1845), who was brought up in the established church of England, having a brother who was a clergyman therein. Having united in membership with Friends, she was recorded as a minister at about the age of forty years. In relation to the beginning of her ministry, which was at London, she says:

I have no distinct recollection as to any serious thoughts of speaking in a religious meeting; it sometimes arose to my view that possibly I might have to tell unto others how I had been taught, and kept from the broad way of destruction, but a few words arising in my mind with something of unusual power, I think at the Peel Meeting, I stood up and spoke them, and was very quiet, nor did I anticipate or foresee that such a thing

might ever be again. And thus was I led on from time to time, not knowing but each time might be the last.

At eighty her language of encouragement to another was: "Everlasting mercy and help is on the side of the humble and devoted, though they may have to pass through many tribulations," and, as her spirit peacefully passed away, at ninety: "O, how beautiful! to go to a mansion prepared for us!" A devout, childlike, divinely-anointed minister of the Lord, fifty and five years, shrinking utterly from anything like "notoriety," who will say that this Mary who loved so to sit at the feet of Jesus was misled or presumptuous, or followed a false guide?

One of the most remarkable characters in modern Quaker annals is Stephen Grellet, a French Romanist (1773-1855), who after becoming an infidel, if not an atheist, came to this country at the time of the revolution in France, and took up his abode on Long Island. There his views, through the providence of God, underwent a radical change. Being in a tender, seeking state, he attended a meeting of Friends at which two women ministers from England, Deborah Darby and Rebecca Young, were present.

After the meeting [he says in his personal narrative], my brother and myself were invited to dine in the company of these Friends, at colonel Corsa's. There was a religious opportunity after dinner, in which several communications were made. I could hardly understand a word of what was said, but as Deborah Darby began to address my brother and myself, it seemed as if the Lord opened my outward ear and my heart. Her words partook of the efficacy of that "Word" which is "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." She seemed like one reading the pages of my heart, with clearness describing how it had been, and how it was with me. I was like Lydia; my heart was opened; I felt the power of Him who hath the key of David, no strength to withstand

the Divine wisdom was left in me. O what sweetness did I then feel! It was indeed a memorable day. I was like one introduced into a new world; the creation, and all things around me wore a different aspect—my heart glowed with love to all. The awfulness of that day of God's visitation can never cease to be remembered with peculiar interest and gratitude, as long as I have the use of my mental faculties. I have been as one plucked from the burning—rescued from the brink of a horrible pit. O, how can the extent of the Lord's love, mercy, pity, and tender compassion be fathomed!

All this Stephen Grellet says for himself: only the revelations of the last day may show the blessed result to others, both of high and low degree, which followed his religious labors and travels in Gospel service in this and other lands. I know of no more interesting and instructive biography, and rejoice that its value has of late been extensively recognized, and that various editions of his life have been issued. Can any aver that Deborah Darby stood not in her appointed place, in the Lord's ordering, when she delivered that searching, soul-reaching, after-dinner discourse at the house of colonel Corsa?

Ann Mercy Bell, of York, England, was a valuable minister who died in the year 1776, aged about sixty-nine years. In the short account of her published in "Piety Promoted," we are informed that—

While in a private capacity, she was well esteemed as a Friend of circumspect life and conversation, a pattern of plainness, and therein, as well as in other respects, a good example. At length, steadily adhering to the Divine teacher in her heart, and under the influence of the spirit of Truth, she had, from a well grounded experience, to declare to others the way of life and salvation. In this service she faithfully labored, according to ability received, at home, and adjacent parts. . . In the year 1753, she found a concern to visit Friends in London; and during her stay in that city, under the influence of love to mankind, had to exhort the inhabitants thereof, in the streets, markets, and many places in and about London, Westminster, and Southwark, calling them to repentance and amendment of life. In this service she was

signally furnished with ability to labor, to the tendering of many minds, and acknowledgment of her goodwill to them; and such was the ardor of her mind, and the flowing forth of love to them, that she frequently preached three or four times a day, in different parts. On her return home she had to acknowledge that she was favored with the reward of peace; which she esteemed a sufficient reward for the various exercises which attended that laborious service.

It may be premised that she had previously been engaged in a religious visit to Devonshire and Cornwall, in which, as related in a letter by Mary Weston to Israel Pemberton, of Philadelphia, dated Third Month 8th, 1753:

She had uncommon service at public places of resort, markets, among stage players, etc., as also concerned to go through many of the streets of the city of Exeter, preaching repentance to the people, sometimes going to the magistrates and those in authority, with warnings, exhortations, etc., and from what I learn had great place in the minds of many. Indeed she seems gifted for such service; a courageous, able minister in the judgment of most.

The account of her visit to London was drawn up by Joseph Phipps, who accompanied her through the streets of the city. He says:

Ann Mercy Bell, having acquainted the proper meeting, with a concern which had long lain weightily upon her mind, to visit the inhabitants in some of the public parts of this metropolis; and that meeting after deliberation, having left her to her liberty; on the fifth of Eighth Month, 1753, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, she set out, accompanied with several friends, and came into Rosemarylane, at the end of Red Lion Street. The lane was spread, up and down, with abundance of loitering people; and upon our Friend's beginning to speak, many of them flocked up to us. She preached the necessity of repentance and amendment, sometimes walking, and sometimes standing a few minutes, in a most tender and engaging manner. Opening the conditions of many, showing

the danger of continuing in them, and recommending the grace of God, in mercy extended, for their help; which apparently was received with great openness of heart.

We proceeded gradually, till we came opposite to a public-house, at the corner of a street: and a hasty shower coming on, the people invited us in for shelter. Many were sat drinking in the boxes, to whom Mercy gave a compassionate exhortation, which was kindly accepted, both by the guests, and the woman who kept the house.

When the shower was over, we left the house, being followed by a pretty many to the Ropewalks; where, stepping on a small rising bank, she stood a while in silence, till the people gathered more generally, which they presently did, from several parts, to a great number. Here she had a fresh and open time, for about the space of twenty-five minutes. A great solemnity came over them, and the tears streamed plentifully from several of their eyes. They gave various tokens of the reach they felt, by smiting their breasts, and other sensible expressions of concern; and, when she closed her speech, several cried out: "We never had such a visit as this! this is not such preaching as theirs, that come with hell and damnation in their mouths. She comes from God, to offer his grace and mercy to us. It is a great mercy to us, poor miserable creatures, indeed!" One woman tenderly acknowledged, that she had originally descended from Friends, but had left them when young, for the sake of a wider path, and made herself miserable. She was thankful to find the Divine visitation renewed to her, and that she was not finally forsaken. In the afternoon Mercy attended Westminster meeting.

15th.—Leadenhall Market having laid before her with great weight, for some time, in the afternoon, she gave up to go. Entering in at the lower end of the Poulterer's Market, she went through, calling to repentance, as she passed, with uncommon force and solemnity; and coming to a convenient place in the Leather Market, after the people, who poured in at every avenue, were gathered around her, she had a large and favorable opportunity with them. Their behavior was very commendable. They attended with stillness, and afterwards ex-

pressed a general satisfaction, wishing for more such opportunities. An elderly woman, of good appearance, said "She had the Gospel in her very soul, and she believed many hearts were pierced."

16th.—In the morning she went through Long-alley, calling to repentance, and then passed into the upper part of Moorfields, where she preached to a large concourse of people, and afterwards had something particular to the children, several of whom stood dropping their tears before her. Then coming to the bottom of the Middle-field, finding a renewal of her concern, she appeared, a second time, to a great number. Many expressed much satisfaction, and prayed success might attend her labors.

Returning into the city, soon after twelve o'clock, she appeared by Wood Street end, in Cheapside; afterwards at two different places in Paul's church-yard, and again at Fleet-ditch; scarce less than half an hour at each of the six times, and at some of them more. At every place she was, generally, well received. The strength and distinction she was furnished with, in this great day's work, was matter of admiration to us who accompanied her.

Many of the people, who had followed from place to place, observed with astonishment that she had not only held out, but seemed to grow in strength to the last, and concluded it must be owing to an immediate support from the Divine Power. Some audibly confessed they had a feeling sense of it.

In bringing to a close his narrative of this remarkable visit, Joseph Phipps says:

In the prosecution of it she was generally attended with about half a dozen friends, who were pretty constant, and occasionally, by above fifty others; all of their own voluntary motion. She was cautious of giving offence, and therefore excused herself from accepting the attendance of such, when offered, as, from their particular conduct or general character, might give any occasion of umbrage. Though, in such a public way of appearing, a mixture of such could not be always avoided.

Her practice was, not to set out by the persuasion of others,

nor merely at a venture; but as she found her mind drawn to any part, then and there she went. And though frequently in great weakness, and, as she sometimes said, with so small a portion of faith it was but just perceivable; yet, through the goodness of God, whose cause was her inducement, it arose upon every engagement and increased to such a degree of sufficiency there was no want of anything; it constantly ended in a never-failing supply, fully answerable to every exercise.

CHAPTER X.

DOCTRINAL.

William Penn says of the ministry of Friends in the beginning: "The bent and stress of their ministry was conversion to God, regeneration, and holiness; not schemes of doctrine and verbal creeds, or mere forms of worship." But although their ministry was eminently practical in its character, yet it rested on a substratum of doctrine to which they firmly held, as many of their early records clearly show.

John Burnyeat, of Cumberland, England, was convinced of the Gospel truths which George Fox preached in 1653. His travels in the ministry were extensive, embracing a service of many years. He endured much hardship, suffering, and imprisonment, in England and in Ireland. He also went over much of the settled districts of the United States, and had meetings with the Indians and in Barbadoes. In his autobiography he informs us, he—

Had made a high profession of imputative righteousness; that though I lived in the act of sin, the guilt of it should not be charged upon me, but imputed to Christ, and his righteousness imputed to me. I found it otherwise when I was turned unto the Light, which did manifest all reproved things. Then

I came to see that the guilt remained while the body of death remained, and through its power was led into the act of sin. Then I saw there was a need of a Saviour to save from sin, as well as the blood of a sacrificed Christ to blot out sin, and of faith in his name for the remission of sins past. Then began the warfare of true striving to enter the kingdom. Paul's state was seen; the will was present, but power was wanting many times to do. Then was the cry: "O, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death," and free me from the prevailing power of the law which remained in my members, warring against the law of my mind, which brought me into captivity to the law of sin? All my conceit in my notional faith, and my pretence and hopes of justification thereby, were overthrown. All that I had builded for several years, after acquaintance with the Lord, and the knowledge of Him, and peace with Him, was seen to be but a Babel tower, which God brought confusion upon, and that which never could be perfected to reach to heaven, being out of the faith of his covenant. All my works were confounded by the visitations of God, in his love, and by the springing of the day from on high which discovered things as they were. The Lord brought confusion upon them. I was amazed, and fear beset me on every side, and I began sometimes to fear I was undone for ever, for that had entered into my heart that had turned the fruitful field into a wilderness. The day of God discovered all to be desolation and dryness. My soul was brought into deep lamentation—sorrow such as had never before been my experience. My notion and talk of my imputation of the righteousness of Christ being but my own, which by his spirit I had no seal for, I saw clearly was but like Adam's fig-leaf apron, in which he could not abide the coming of his God. O, the horror that overtook me! O, the poverty and want that my soul saw itself in by Divine light, to which my eye was now turned! The spring of this light manifested all things. The load and burden of many, with myself, became grievous in that day. We began to mourn after a Saviour. We looked for a deliverer. We cried for a helper and a healer. The day of the Lord had overtaken us. The fire and sword which Christ brings upon the earth, through burning and judgment, was begun, by which the filth of our defilement was to be taken away.

A SERMON PREACHED BY FRANCIS CAMFIELD, AT GRACE-CHURCH-STREET, FIFTH MONTH 14TH, 1693.

My Friends: You have often heard by the servants of the Lord, that have given testimony to Jesus, the only and alone Saviour, you have often heard the report, and the report is true, that there is no name under heaven by which any man can be saved, but the name of Jesus; and you have oftentimes read also in the Holy Scripture, of this Jesus the only and alone Saviour. All the holy prophets gave testimony that He should come; and when He was come, all the holy apostles and ministers of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, gave testimony that He was come, and they were made able ministers of the New Testament, and their great business was (as instruments in the hand of the great God) to turn men from darkness to light, and from the power of satan to the power of God, that they might receive forgiveness of sins, and an inheritance among them that are sanctified; you know the Scripture speaks plentifully after this manner. I hope there are none here, but have believed the testimonies that have been given, but the great thing is, for every one to come to a consideration of this; since you have believed the report that which is every one's concern now, is to examine themselves, whether or no, they are really turned from darkness to the heavenly light. None come to be turned from darkness to light, but they come to know repentance from dead works, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ. And as every one comes to know this, they come to know what it is to lay a good foundation. This was the foundation the primitive Christians laid, as you may remember the exhortation of the Apostle in the Epistle to the Hebrews, Therefore leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection, not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith towards God.

Thus you see he presseth them to go on to perfection, that is the business of every one of you that believe in the name of Jesus, that you keep walking on in the holy way. We that are come to know this holy way, through the riches of the love and grace of the great God to us, it is our main business to walk in this holy way; they that know any thing of true

Christianity, know this to be their great concern, to walk in this holy way that leads to everlasting life. Christ is the way, the truth, and the life; and every one that comes into this way, and walketh in it, they are going on towards perfection. And they are putting off the old man; they feel in themselves a power at work, that crucifies the old man with his deeds, then they go on in the name of the Lord. This power doth work, till every one in their own particular comes to be crucified with Christ. It was the primitive Christian's experience, what the apostle saith of himself: "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me."

Great is the mystery of godliness; you that are engaged in the Christian warfare, and that live the Christian life, and are making war in righteousness against the devil the enemy of your souls, you know that great is this mystery of godliness. This mystery is opened among the disciples of Jesus, among the holy offspring of God, who are begotten again through the Word of eternal life; who, as the holy apostle saith, are begotten of his own will through the word of Truth, that they should be a kind of first fruits of his creatures. We to whom God hath graciously manifested himself, in the blessed Son of his love, our Lord and Saviour Christ Jesus, how ought we to walk as becomes the Gospel? O that the serious and weighty consideration of this, might rest upon every one of us; that we ought to have our conversation as becomes the Gospel of Christ, and be going on to perfection. You know what the apostle speaks: "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect, but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Jesus Christ." This I am sure every true Christian man and woman will do, as the same apostle did, who saith: "I press towards the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." And as every one comes to grow up in the life of righteousness, they will come to know an increase of faith, they will grow up in faith, and in that hope which hath been as an anchor to their souls, in the day of their deep exercise, and they will remain steadfast and unmovable, as they walk in the holy way.

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Christianity, know this to be their great concern, to walk in this holy way that leads to everlasting life. Christ is the way, the truth, and the life; and every one that comes into this way, and walketh in it, they are going on towards perfection. And they are putting off the old man; they feel in themselves a power at work, that crucifies the old man with his deeds, then they go on in the name of the Lord. This power doth work, till every one in their own particular comes to be crucified with Christ. It was the primitive Christian's experience, what the apostle saith of himself: "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me."

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And so every one as they keep humble and bowed before the God of heaven, they will know his teachings more and more, and have a sensible feeling of it in themselves, every one in their own particular.

And certainly, it is all our business to be waiting for the fulfilling of those many great and precious promises, which are recorded in the Holy Scripture, which were enjoyed by the primitive Christians, in the ages that are past and gone; and in succeeding times shall be likewise enjoyed by all true Christian people, as they come to be followers of Jesus. As we have begun well; let us go on towards perfection, not laying again (as I said before) the foundation of repentance from dead works, and faith towards God and the Lord Jesus Christ; for who ever expects salvation by Christ the only Saviour, must be going on to perfection, they must begin at the work of regeneration, and experience in themselves a new birth, for if we be not born again, we shall die in our sins; you know that our Saviour hath left this upon record, and it remains the same truth to this day.

And therefore, how ought every one that makes mention of the name of the great God, and of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; how ought every such a one to be weighty and considerate, and examine themselves, whether they are come to know repentance from dead works, whether they have turned from the evil of their doings. Some are ready to say, I would gladly turn from the evil of my doings, but I find I am beset with the devil, the enemy of my soul. Well, if thou believest in the light, wherewith Christ Jesus hath enlightened thee, then cry to Him, and He will give thee power to withstand the enemy of thy soul.

Robert Barclay says: "Seeing no man knoweth the Father but the Son, and he to whom the Son revealeth Him, and seeing the revelation of the Son is in and by the Spirit, therefore the testimony of the Spirit is that alone by which the true knowledge of God hath been, is, and can be only revealed." "From these revelations of the spirit of God have proceeded the Scriptures of Truth;" "nevertheless, because they are only a declaration of the Fountain, and not the Fountain itself, therefore they are not to be esteemed the principal ground

of all truth and knowledge, nor yet the adequate primary rule of faith and manners." "If by the Spirit we can only come to the true knowledge of God, if by the Spirit we are led into all truth, and so be taught of all things; then the Spirit and not the Scriptures, is the foundation and ground of all truth and knowledge, and the primary rule of faith and manners." "As, then, teachers are not to go before the teaching of God himself under the new covenant, but to follow after it, neither are they to rob us of that great privilege which Christ hath purchased unto us by his blood; so neither is the Scripture to go before the teaching of the Spirit, or to rob us of it."

William Penn, speaking of "the word of light and life" preached by George Fox, says: "For as it reached the conscience and broke the heart, and brought many to a sense and search, so what people had been vainly seeking without, with much pains and cost, they by this ministry found within; where it was they wanted what they sought for, viz: The right way to peace with God. For they were directed to the light of Jesus Christ within them, as the seed and leaven of the kingdom of God; near all, because in all, and God's talent to all. A faithful and true witness and just monitor in every bosom. The gift and grace of God to life and salvation that appears to all, though few regard it." Then in regard to the ministry of the early Friends generally: "And as their testimony was to the principle of God in man, the precious pearl and leaven of the kingdom, as the only blessed means appointed of God to quicken, convince and sanctify man; so they opened to them what it was in itself, and what it was given to them for; how they might know it from their own spirit, and that of the subtle appearance of the evil one, and what it would do for all those whose minds are turned off from the vanity of the world and its lifeless ways and teachers, and adhere to this blessed light in themselves; which discovers and condemns sin in all its appearances, and shows how to overcome it if minded and obeyed in its holy manifestations and convictions; giving power to such to avoid and resist those things that do not please God, and to grow strong in love, faith and good works; that so man, whom sin hath made as a wilderness overrun with briars and thorns, might become as the garden of God, cultivated by his

Divine power, and replenished with the most virtuous and beautiful plants of God's own right-hand planting, to his eternal praise."

William Penn, alluding to their ministers, declares: They were changed men themselves before they went about to change others. Their hearts were rent, as well as their garments changed, and they knew the power and the work of God upon them. This was seen by the great alteration it made, and their stricter course of life and more godly conversation that immediately followed upon it. They went not forth nor preached in their own time and will, but in the will of God, and spoke not their own studied matter, but as they were opened and moved of his Spirit, with which they were well acquainted in their own conversion.

The fruits of the ministry of such gifted men and women were soon apparent. Springing from a Divine source, the word preached appealed directly to the light of Christ—the witness for God—in the hearts of the hearers, which begat faith there in the truth of the doctrine preached, and thousands "were turned from their lifeless professions and the evil of their ways to a knowledge of God and a holy life."

Recognizing the exclusive headship of Christ in the church and sovereign authority, as Lord and Master of all his disciples, Friends were careful, when gathered into a society, to acknowledge their own brotherhood; and to admit of no privileged order among them, like clergy and laity. Believing that Christ alone can dispense the gifts to be used for the edification of the body, accompany them with the power necessary for their right occupation, and the knowledge when and where they shall be employed in his service, they discarded all training for the ministry, all studied preparation for preaching or prayer, and admitted that the gift therefor was freely bestowed upon both men and women, prepared by the Head of the Church himself for the service. They also believed that this Divine qualification and appointment were required, not only for the

work of the ministry, but likewise for the right exercise of the gift and duties of elders and overseers, and indeed, that every vessel used in the Church should be "sanctified, and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work;" and that these good works could be engaged in aright, only as the spirit of Christ in the heart of such instruments prompted and guided therein.

Holding these views, in accordance with their testimony "to the principle [or spirit] of God in man, the precious pearl and leaven of the kingdom, as the only blessed means appointed of God, to quicken, convince and sanctify man," they were convinced that when assembled for the purpose of Divine worship, as Robert Barclay declares:

The great work of one and all ought to be to wait upon God, and returning out of their own thoughts and imaginations, to feel the Lord's presence and know a gathering into his Name indeed, where He is in the midst, according to his promise. And as every one is thus gathered and so met together inwardly in their spirits, as well as outwardly in their persons, there the secret power and virtue of life is known to refresh the soul, and the pure motions and breathings of God's spirit are felt to arise; from which, as words of declaration, prayers or praises arise, the acceptable worship is known which edifies the church and is well-pleasing to God. And no man here limits the spirit of God, nor bringeth forth his own conned and gathered stuff, but every one puts that forth which the Lord puts into their hearts, and it is uttered, not in man's will and wisdom, but in the evidence and demonstration of the Spirit and power. All other worship than this worship, which man sets about in his own will and at his own appointment, which he can both begin and end at his pleasure, do or leave undone as himself seeth meet, whether they be a prescribed form, as a liturgy, etc., or prayers conceived extempore by the natural strength and faculty of the mind, are but superstition, will-worship and abominable idolatry in the sight of God.

But while they felt themselves in duty bound to hold up this

pure and spiritual worship as being that which is "answerable to the testimony of Christ and his apostles," yet they were not so devoid of charity as to deny that the prayers and praises of sincere and upright-hearted worshippers, who had not seen the deadness of the forms and ceremonies with which they were connected, were acceptable to Him who looketh at the heart and its intent; nevertheless "They could not approve of their way in general, nor not go on to uphold that spiritual worship which the Lord is calling all to, and so to testify against whatsoever stands in the way of it."

Those who depend on the labors of learned men for their knowledge of the Truth, will find their faith a very variable one. We know that some who have not understood the ground on which Robert Barclay and our early Friends stood, have not scrupled to declare, that if they could have read the labors of commentators for the last two centuries, they would have changed their opinions. Such an assertion only goes to show that he who makes it, has not come to such a settlement in the Truth as to have the witness in himself. When Augustine was made really acquainted with the work of regeneration, he could say: "I sought thee my God!—in the heavens, —in the earth—and in the creatures—but there I found thee not. But I no sooner sought thee in my own heart than I found thee." Such is the testimony of the spiritual in all ages. The Lord Jesus Christ, who once took upon him the form of a man, and died on Mount Calvary, offering up himself a propitiatory sacrifice for the sins of the whole world—has at all times been with his church and his people, as a light, as a teacher, as a purifier from evil, manifested within them. With Him for our sufficiency—with Him for our defence—with Him for our guide and instructor, though thankful for all the outward aid He may furnish us in the heavenly journey, we shall not trust or depend upon man. Our sufficiency is in the Lord

alone. The Catholics may depend upon the absolution of men, and the merits of the saints, for pardon. According to the poetical fancies so prevalent in their religion, they imagine the ransomed ones, as cognizant of all events taking place on the earth, and as watching over and occupying themselves with our mistakes and repentings—and ready to hear and to plead for pardon to the throne of grace for all who call upon them in their extremities. With such a belief, praying to the saints is the natural consequence, especially when in addition to this they also believe, that those who by a remarkably circumspect life have got to heaven, have a store of superabundant merit above that which was necessary to procure their own salvation, which they can spare to help make up the deficiencies of their worshippers. Protestants may depend upon their clergy and upon outward form and outward profession. It is enough for us to know that we have an ever-present Redeemer who hears the cry of those who truly seek Him, and will help their infirmities. His holy eye ever sees us, and oh, far greater should be our fear of doing wrong in his presence, who is our immaculate Judge, than if our actions were open to the sight of all men, with all the ransomed host who dwell in light. If we humbly wait on Him, He will instruct us in the way in which we should go—He will wash us in the laver of regeneration—He will perfect his own work in us to his own glory, and our everlasting peace. We shall learn, that though we were perfect in obedience, we can claim no merit—we are only doing our duty—and whether travelling on earth in faithful dedication of heart, or rejoicing in heaven in the fulness of blessedness, we shall have no storehouse of our own good works to point to. "Not by works of righteousness which we have done but by his mercy He saveth us, by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost.

PASSAGES FROM THE WRITINGS OF THOMAS STORY, WHO DIED 1742.

As the nature and virtue of the Divine essential Truth increased in my mind, it wrought in me daily a great conformity to itself, by its own power; reducing my mind to a solid quietude and silence, as a state most fit for attending to the speech of the Divine word.

The washing of the feet signifies the cleansing of the ways; and those who are washed in the laver of regeneration will walk in clean paths and bring forth fruit according to the nature of the tree of life; such will walk in faith, love, obedience, peace, holiness, mercy and truth. Wilt thou wash my feet, O Lord! with the washing of regeneration; that I may tread the paths of life before thy face.

Come ye ragged ones, come sit down before the King; for He is meek and lowly, and loveth the humble. Though you be naked, He will clothe you with righteousness; though you be hungry, He will feed you with the bread of eternal life. Fear not, ye of low degree, for with our God there is no respect of persons. Fear not, O ye little ones; for He showed you his loving kindness of old; and with Him there is no shadow of turning. I was silent before the Lord as a child not yet weaned. He put words in my mouth, and I sang forth his praise with an audible voice. I called unto my God out of the great deep; He put on bowels of mercy, and had compassion on me, because his love was infinite, and his power without measure. He called for my life, and I offered it at his footstool; but He gave it me as a prey, with unspeakable addition. He called for my will, and I resigned it at his call; but He returned me his own in token of love. He called for the world, and I laid it at his feet, with the crowns thereof; I withheld them not at the beckoning of his hand. But mark the benefit of exchange! For he gave me instead of earth, a kingdom of eternal peace; and in lieu of the crowns of vanity, a crown of glory. I said: "What am I, that I should receive such honor?" But He removed the mountains out of my way, and by his secret workings pressed me forward.

I followed the voice of the Shepherd, who gave me food ac-

cording to my strength, and found all things even as He had said of old, and a name by which I shall be saved.

I will call for perseverance in the ways of life; for the hidden manna, day by day received.

My Comforter also taught me to pray in knowledge as in faith; I begged himself, and He gave me all. He gave me power to do wonders also; to keep his commandments, through his Holy Spirit; and to walk in the paths of righteousness with joyful songs. I will call upon Him in the days of temptation; and when I am in the shadow of death, the Lord shall be my strength.

Watch, O ye disciples of the Lamb of God! lest ye be found sleeping when your Lord cometh, and be thereby unfitted to enter into his rest and glory. Watch and pray lest you enter into the temptation of self-confidence.

Samuel Scott, who died in 1789, wrote: Grievous visions have been before me, of a final separation from the beatific vision of the Lamb, who dwells in the midst of the throne; but let the Judge of all the earth deal with me as He may see meet; I have only to lay my hand upon my mouth, for He is righteous altogether. In respect to my fellow-men, unrighteousness hath not been in my heart, nor iniquity in my hands: I have sought no increase of the unrighteous mammon, but have been rather desirous that many might be partakers of the benefit: bulky and ostentatious donations have been declined, rather from the persuasion of humility than avarice; verily, these righteousnesses have their reward; but in respect to a final acceptation with the Supreme Being, they ought only to be esteemed as filthy rags; our dependence ought only to be on "the blood of the everlasting covenant" and interior operations of the Spirit that worketh in us, both to will and to do, according to his own good pleasure.

As I was walking in the evening, agreeably with what was expressed in the conference of yesterday, in a degree of the immediate feeling, the language of our worthy friend Isaac Penington, was inwardly uttered: "None but Christ," none but Christ, can my soul say, from a sense of my continual need of Him. Not only as He was a propitiation without me, but as a light within me: "for in Him was life, and the life is the light of men." And not only by the report of what He hath done for

them, without them, but by his immediate presence and saving help, are the souls of the desolate and distressed led, at seasons, to trust in Him, who for their sanctification, "suffered without the gate."

Thomas Ellwood's Account of that Eminent and Honorable Servant of the Lord, George Fox.

This holy man was raised up by God, in an extraordinary manner, for an extraordinary work, even to awaken the sleeping world, by proclaiming the mighty day of the Lord to the nations and publishing again the everlasting Gospel to the inhabitants of the earth, after the long and dismal night of apostacy and darkness. For this work the Lord began to prepare him, by many and various trials and exercises from his very childhood; and having fitted and furnished him for it, He called him into it very young; and made him instrumental by the effectual working of the Holy Ghost, through his ministry to call many others into the same work, and to turn many thousands from darkness to the light of Christ, and from the power of satan unto God.

I knew him not until the year 1660; from that time to the time of his death (1690), I knew him well, communed with him often, observed him much, loved him dearly, and honored him truly; and upon good experience can say, he was indeed a heavenly minded man, zealous for the name of the Lord, and preferred the honor of God before all things.

He was valiant for the Truth, bold in asserting it, patient in suffering for it, unwearied in laboring in it, steady in his testimony to it, immovable as a rock. He was deep in Divine knowledge, clear in opening heavenly mysteries, plain and powerful in preaching, fervent in prayer. He was richly endued with heavenly wisdom, quick in discerning, sound in judgment, able and ready in giving, discreet in keeping counsel; a lover of righteousness, an encourager of virtue, justice, temperance, meekness, purity, modesty, humility, charity and self-denial in all, both by word and example. He was graceful in countenance, manly in person, grave in gesture, courteous in conversation, weighty in communication, instructive in discourse, free from affectation in speech or carriage. A severe reprover of hard and obstinate sinners, a mild and gentle admonisher of

such as were tender, and sensible of their failings. Not apt to resent personal wrongs; easy to forgive injuries; but zealously earnest where the honor of God, the prosperity, truth and peace of the church were concerned. He was very tender, compassionate and pitiful to all that were under any sort of affliction; full of brotherly love, full of fatherly care; for indeed the care of the churches of Christ was daily upon him, the prosperity and peace whereof he studiously sought.

Beloved he was of God; beloved of God's people, and which was not the least part of his honor, the common butt of all apostates' envy; whose good, notwithstanding, he earnestly sought.

He lived to see the desire of his soul, the spreading of that blessed principle of Divine light, through many of the European nations, and not a few of the American islands and provinces, and the gathering of many thousands into an establishment therein; of which the Lord vouchsafed him the honor to be the first effectual publisher, in this latter age of the world. And having fought a good fight, finished his course kept the faith, his righteous soul, freed from the earthly tabernacle in which he had led an exemplary life of holiness, was translated into those heavenly mansions where Christ our Lord, went to prepare a place for his own.

Extract from the Life of Daniel Wheeler.

In looking back at the marvellous manner in which I was sustained through all this conflict, and again restored as one brought back from the dead, I cannot avoid adverting to that period of my illness, when my mind felt so reconciled to the prospect of death, as before mentioned; and I now fully believe from what I have since been mercifully favored to experience, that so far from being in any degree prepared for such an awful event, a deceptive feeling must have been superinduced by the state of torpor and insensibility in which I then was, and which totally benumbed any better feeling and desires as to the future. To this may be added a predominating fear of having to endure more of those sufferings of which I had had no small share; which, the probability of being again restored to health, seemed to banish every hope of escaping.

Truly awful is the thought which this view of my then lost condition occasions, when I contemplate the woe and misery which must have been my eternal portion, if unutterable mercy and long-suffering had been withdrawn, and if the soul had been required of one who had witnessed no repentance towards God the Judge of all, except what, at times, the fear of punishment had extorted; and who was a stranger to that saving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, as the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world;" without which, his precious blood would have been shed in vain for me. I should thus have died in my sins, which, unrepented of, would have followed after to judgment in terrible array against my guilty soul; and yet when my end was apparently so near and inevitable, if such questions as are frequently proposed on the like occasions, had been put to me, I have little doubt but satisfactory answers would have been returned, as to my belief and hope in the essential truths of the Gospel. But alas! this would have been from hearsay and traditional report, and not from any heartfelt saving knowledge of my own; for it is now plain to my understanding, that no man can have saving faith in Jesus Christ, who is unacquainted with, and does not walk in the light of that Divine Spirit, which is so justly styled the spirit of faith. It is through this alone that the death and sufferings of Christ, and his whole sacrifice for sin, are availing, and truly applied to all those who, through faith, lay hold of him, the true Light and Saviour of them that believe in his inward and spiritual appearance. These can say to others from sensible and blessed experience: "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world;" they have received the atonement by Him, and they reap the glorious fruit and benefit of his death and suffering for sin, by the sacrifice of himself, and of his resurrection and ascension; in that He ever liveth to make intercession for those who are thus willing to come unto God by him. A man may yield an assent to all the great and solemn truths of christianity; the miraculous birth, holy life, cruel sufferings, ignominious death, and glorious resurrection and ascension of our blessed Redeemer; he may believe in the abstract, in his inward and spiritual appearance in the hearts of mankind by his Holy Spirit; and yet

he may fall short of the prize immortal, unless he comes to witness the saving operation of the Holy Spirit in his own heart, and to know thereby, through faith in it, a purifying preparation for the kingdom of righteousness, peace and joy, in the Holy Ghost. How can I sufficiently appreciate or declare the extent of the endless mercy which suffered me not to perish in the midst of my sins, when so many were swept away by the same pestilential disorder.

[The above alludes to when he was in the British army, when the average number of deaths was twenty-seven a day and night.]

After having mentioned the facts connected with my sickness and recovery, it seems only due, however feeble on my part the effort, to endeavor to commemorate such gracious dealings with humble gratitude and reverence; earnestly desiring that no motive whatever will be allowed to prevail with me for making the attempt, but that of promoting the glory and honor of the great name; that others may know and fear, and believe in the all-sufficiency of that Power which hath "showed me the path of life," and which alone can bless for their instruction what has been written, to press the necessity of contending for that saving faith, "once delivered to the saints." Without it all religious profession is a dream, a shadow, and a doubt; but with it a glorious reality; yea, "The substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," even the salvation of the soul, through Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen!

William Savery says: Now I struggled to break myself of my fondness for company, seeing the snare there was in it; being apt to relate adventures and tales to provoke mirth, and often for their embellishment to strain beyond the truth. I was much concerned to watch over myself in this particular, which is both dishonorable and sinful, yet a vice that I have observed to be very prevalent among the youth of both sexes. Even in companies that are termed polite, or well bred, the discourse is often so strained, that few sentences or narratives if examined, would be found to be strictly true. Some fondly imagine that there is but little harm in telling untruths, unless they be seriously told; not considering our holy pro-

fession, and who it was that said: "Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than this, cometh of evil." Oh the folly of this way of spending our precious time! How watchful, how careful ought we to be of our words and actions, always remembering that the holy eye of an all-seeing God pervades the most secret chambers we can retire to, and his ear is ever open to hear both the evil and the good. Insomuch that one formerly said, there is not a thought in the heart nor a word on the tongue but He knows altogether. Yea, and many of the present day have known when the terrors of the Lord have overtaken them for sin, and they have had to taste of the spirit of judgment and burning—that every secret thing has been brought to light, and the hidden works of darkness have been made manifest; and that even for idle words they have had to render an account.

Stephen Crisp remarks: It is no man's riches nor greatness in this world; it is no man's eloquence and natural wisdom that makes him fit for government in the Church of Christ; unless he, with all his endowments, be seasoned with the heavenly salt, and his spirit subjected, and his gifts pass through the fire of God's altar, a sacrifice to his praise and honor; that so self be crucified and baptized into death, and the gifts made use of in the power of the resurrection of the life of Jesus in him. And when this great work is wrought in a man, then all his gifts and qualifications are sanctified, and they are made use of for the good of the body, which is the church, and are as ornaments and jewels, which serve for the joy and comfort of all who are partakers of the same Divine fellowship of life in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Did the apostle John, that gave testimony of Christ as the light of the world, oppose his appearance in that body that was prepared for Him of the Father, to do his will in? No, no more than the apostle Paul, who preached his spiritual appearance and manifestation, opposed his bodily appearance, and being manifest in the flesh, when he saith, the grace of God which brings salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us, that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should

live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world. No more do we deny or oppose Christ's bodily appearance, who died without the gates of Jerusalem; though we are misunderstood and misrepresented by many in this generation. The Lord in mercy by his heavenly power remove this misunderstanding, and take away this vail from the hearts of the children of men, and so bring them to a sense and knowledge of the spiritual appearance of Christ Jesus, and the blessed end of his coming in that blessed body wherein He suffered, and tasted death for every man; not that any man might live in sin because He died a sacrifice for sin. He did not die for sin that men should live in sin, but that they might die to sin, and live to God; so likewise we do not preach anything opposite to Christ's appearance in that blessed body, who was God manifest in the flesh, for therein He wrought salvation for us; He is the captain of our salvation, and was made perfect through sufferings; He is the first begotten of the dead, the prince of the kings of the earth, that hath loved us, and cleanseth us from our sins in his own blood.

These views of the spiritual nature of all acceptable worship were by no means supposed to release any from the obligation to assemble themselves together for its performance; which Friends practised diligently and faithfully. Nor did they imagine that mere silence, any more than words only, was worship. They knew and inculcated that, when assembled with one accord in one place, it was the duty and privilege of each to retire to the Divine gift, and feel it to qualify to offer unto the Lord whatever He prepared and called for. Being thus gathered in the name of Christ, He was in their midst; and the only preaching that could convict, convert, comfort, confirm or edify, was called for by Him at the time, and delivered in the demonstration of his Spirit and power; and under the same heavenly call and influence, acceptable outward

or vocal prayer or praise was engaged in. This worship of God was considered by many of the high professors in that day, too simple and contemptible, because, as Robert Barclay says, man "finds no room there for his inventions and imaginations, and hath not the opportunity to gratify his outward and carnal senses; so that this form being observed, is not likely to be long kept pure without the power, for it is of itself so naked without it, that it hath nothing in it to invite and tempt men to dote upon it, further than it is accompanied with the power."

In each succeeding generation since the days of Fox, Penn and Barclay, the Lord has raised up sons and daughters, who, submitting to the government of his Holy Spirit in the secret of their souls, have been taught by Him, and led by Him to embrace the faith of their forefathers in religious profession, and who, feeling the doctrines and testimonies which the Society had heretofore inculcated, to be precious, have maintained them themselves, and encouraged their fellow-members in the support of them; while with holy zeal they guarded and warned the flock against the delusions of false teachers and the inroads of error. And throughout the two hundred years of the Society's existence, we believe it has been abundantly demonstrated, that its most availing care for the preservation and religious growth of its own members, and the most effectual impression for good made by it upon other religious denominations, have been consequences of the unflinching support and practical illustration given by its consistent and devoted members, under the Divine guidance and blessing, to the doctrines and testimonies it promulgated at the beginning. Herein, as a church, and as a human agency, has been its safety and its strength, and that strength has waned, and the influence of the Society for good to itself and to others diminished, just

in proportion as its first principles were disregarded, and the rigidity of its self-denying faith compromised.

While George Fox was detained at Worcester, waiting for his trial at the approaching assizes, he was visited by various persons at the Friend's house where the judges had given him permission to stay, some of whom endeavored to draw him into argument on points of doctrine. At one time a common-prayer priest came with others, and asked him, "If he was grown up to perfection."

I told him, says George, that "what I was, I was by the grace of God." He replied: "It was a modest and civil answer." Then he urged the words of John: "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us," and asked: "What did I say to that?" I said, with the same apostle: "If we say that we have not sinned, we make Him a liar, and his word is not in us"—who came to destroy and to take away sin. So there is a time for people to see that they have sinned; and there is a time for them to confess their sin, and to forsake it, and to know the blood of Christ to cleanse from all sin. Then the priest was asked: "Whether Adam was not perfect before he fell, and whether all God's works were not perfect." The priest said: "There might be a perfection as Adam had, and a falling from it." But I told him: "There is a perfection in Christ above Adam, and beyond falling; and that it was the work of the ministers of Christ to present every man perfect in Christ; therefore they that denied perfection, denied the work of the ministry and the gifts which Christ gave for the perfecting of the saints." The priest said: "We must always be striving." I answered: "It was a sad and comfortless sort of striving, to strive with a belief that we should never overcome." I told him also, that "Paul, who cried out of the body of death, did also thank God, who gave him the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." So there was a time of crying out for want of victory, and a time of praising God for the victory. And Paul said: "There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." The priest said: "Job was not perfect." I told him: "God said Job was a perfect

man, and that he did shun evil; and the devil was forced to confess that 'God hath set an hedge about him;' which was not an outward hedge, but the invisible heavenly power." The priest said: "Job said He chargeth his angels with folly, and the heavens are not clean in his sight." I told him, "That was his mistake; it was not Job said so, but Eliphaz, who contended against Job." "Well, but," said the priest, "what say you to that scripture, The justest man that is, sinneth seven times a day?" "Why, truly," said I, "I say there is no such scripture;" and with that the priest's mouth was stopped.

In the last sermon that minister of Christ, William Dewsbury, preached, are the following weighty expressions: "Do not make the way to heaven easier on your minds and imaginations than indeed it is." "All shuffling people that would have salvation by Christ, and will not let Him exercise his heavenly power—his princely, glorious power—to baptize them into his death, it is they that come short of salvation." "I was made a Christian through a day of vengeance and burning as an oven, and the haughtiness and pride of man in me was brought low."

CHAPTER XI.

LOVE OF THE BRETHREN.

Our Saviour, when personally on earth, told his followers: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." Living as our early members did, in intimate communion with Him who is the fountain of Divine love, it is not surprising that they imbibed this blessed principle in large measure.

William Penn declares that their love for each other was one of the characters that distinguished the Society. And not only so, but they manifested their love to those who had

wronged them, by relieving them when it was in their power so to do.

During the time of persecution, many Friends had been long in jail, and there appeared to be no prospect of release, when the following paper was presented to parliament:

Friends:—Who are called a Parliament of these nations: we in love to our brethren that lie in prisons, and houses of correction and dungeons, and many in fetters and irons, and have been cruelly beat by the cruel jailors, and many have been persecuted to death, and have died in prison, and many lie sick and weak in prison and on straw. So, we in love to our brethren do offer up our bodies and selves to you, for to put us, as lambs, into the same dungeons and houses of correction, and their straw and nasty holes and prisons, and do stand ready, a sacrifice to go into their places, in love to our brethren, that they may go forth, and that they may not die in prison, as many of the brethren have already died. For we are willing to lay down our lives for our brethren, and to take the sufferings upon us that you would inflict upon them. If our brethren suffer, we cannot but feel it; and Christ saith, it is He that suffereth, and was not visited. This is our love towards God and Christ, and our brethren, that we owe to them, and to our enemies, being lovers of all your souls, and of your eternal good. . . And if you will receive our bodies, which we freely tender to you for our friends that are now in prison, for speaking the truth in several places—for not paying tythes —for meeting together in the fear of God—for not swearing —for wearing their hats—for being accounted as vagrants— for visiting Friends—and for things of a like nature. . . We whose names are hereunto subscribed, (being a sufficient number to answer for the present sufferers,) are waiting in Westminster Hall for an answer from you to our tender, and to manifest our love to our friends, and to stop the wrath and judgment from coming upon our enemies.

This was signed by one hundred and sixty-four Friends.

Parliament refused their request, and indeed appeared to be offended at the exposure of the injustice of the magistrates;

but there is little doubt that this act was not without its influence. The eloquent Henry Armitt Brown remarks respecting it:

I know of few things in the history of the English race more noble than this act. No poet has made it the subject of his eulogy, and even the historians of civil and religious liberty have passed it by. But surely never did the groined arches of that ancient hall look down upon a nobler spectacle. They had seen many a more splendid and brilliant one, but none more honorable than this. They had looked down on balls banquets and coronations, and the trial of a king, but never, since they were hewn from their native oak, did they behold a sight more honorable to human nature than that of these humble Quakers grouped below. They had rung with the most eloquent voices that ever spoke the English tongue, but never heard before such words as these.

George Fox mentions in his Journal that when he was in prison at Lancaster, a Friend went to Oliver Cromwell, and offered himself, body for body, to lie in Doomsdale in my stead; if he would take him and set me at liberty. Which thing so struck him, that he said to his great men and council: "Which of you would do so much for me, if I were in the same condition?" And though he did not accept of the Friend's offer, but said, "He could not do it, for it was contrary to law;" yet the Truth thereby came mightily over him.

In those days the Friends who were present at meetings for worship were liable to be seized and thrust into prison with but little ceremony. In their watchfulness over one another it soon became a practice to select certain Friends who should care for those thus imprisoned. Thomas Ellwood mentions that on one occasion thirty-two, of whom he was one, were taken at a meeting in London and sent to Old Bridewell. He says:

It was a general storm which fell that day, but it lighted

most heavily upon our meetings; so that most of our men Friends were made prisoners and the prisons generally filled. And great work had the women, to run about from prison to prison, to find their husbands, their fathers, their brothers, or their servants; for accordingly as they had disposed themselves to several meetings, so were they dispersed to several prisons. And no less care and pains had they, when they had found them, to furnish them with provisions, and other necessary accommodations. But an excellent order, even in those early days, was practised among the Friends of that city, by which there were certain Friends of either sex, appointed to have the oversight of the prisons in every quarter, and to take care of all Friends, the poor especially, that should be committed thither. This prison of Bridewell was under the care of two honest, brave, discreet and motherly women. So soon as they understood that there were Friends brought into that prison, they provided some hot victuals, meat and broth, for the weather was cold, and ordering their servants to bring it with bread, cheese, etc., came themselves also with it, and having placed it on a table, gave notice to us, that it was provided for all those that had not others to provide for them; or were not able to provide for themselves. And there wanted not among us a competent number of such guests.

Thomas Ellwood, though he had lived as frugally as he could, had by this time reduced his little stock of money to ten pence, "which," says he, "was all I had about me, or anywhere else at my command." He was not discouraged at the prospect before him, nor did he indulge a murmuring thought. "I had lived," says he, "by providence before, when for a long time I had no money at all, and I had always found the Lord a good provider." Although from his account he had eaten little that morning, and the sight and smell of hot food was sufficiently enticing to his empty stomach, yet considering the terms of the invitation he questioned whether he was included in it, and at length concluded that while he had ten pence in

his pocket, he would "be but an intruder to that mess, which was provided for such as, perhaps, had not two pence in theirs."

In the evening the porter coming up, he desired him to bring him a penny loaf only, but not being able to do this, he brought him two half penny loaves, which he says suited him better, as one loaf made him both dinner and supper, the other being reserved for next day. His lodging was under a table, the frame of which looked, he thought, "somewhat like a bedstead." Making sure of that, he gathered up a good armful of the rushes, wherewith the floor was covered, and spreading them under that table, crept in upon them in his clothes, and keeping on his hat, laid his head upon one end of the table's frame, instead of a bolster. His example was followed by the rest, beds being made with rushes in other parts of the room. By the middle of the night they all found themselves cold, but getting up and walking till they had pretty well warmed themselves, lay down again and rested till morning. Next day, those who had families or belonged to families, had bedding of one sort or other brought in.

Thomas Ellwood did not fare so well, but kept to his rush pallet under the table, for four nights together, "in which time," he says, "I did not put off my clothes; yet through the merciful goodness of God to me, I rested and slept well, and enjoyed health without taking cold."

Thomas Ellwood and other Friends, were continued prisoners by an arbitrary power, from the twenty-sixth day of the Eighth Mo. 1662, to the nineteenth of the Tenth Mo. following. On that day they were had to the sessions at the Old Bailey. But not being called there, they were brought back to Bridewell, and were continued there to the twenty-ninth of the same month, and then were carried to the sessions again, and refusing to take the oath of allegiance which was tendered to them by the recorder, inasmuch as their Lord and Master

Christ Jesus had expressly commanded his disciples not to swear at all, they were all committed to Newgate, and thrust into the common side. That side of the prison they found very full of Friends, as were all the other parts of that prison, and their addition caused a great throng. And though they had liberty of the hall, which in the daytime was common to all, felons as well as others, yet in the night all lodged in one room: there were many sick, and it was not long before one of their fellow prisoners, who lay in one of those pallet beds, died. "This caused some bustle in the house," as it was requisite that the coroner should enquire into the cause and manner of his death, "and the manner of doing it is thus: as soon as the coroner is come, the turnkeys run out into the street under the gate, and sieze upon every man that passes by, till they have got enough to make up the coroner's inquest." If they resist they will drag them in by force, and "will not stick to stop a coach and pluck the men out of it."

It so happened that at this time they lighted on an ancient man, a grave citizen, and laid hold on him, and although he was going on very urgent business, they were deaf to all entreaties, and hurried him in, the poor man chafing without remedy. In this way they got their complement, and this ancient man, the oldest among them, was made foreman. He proved to be a man who was not to be trifled with, but understood his place and their duty. "I require you," says he, "to conduct me and my brethren to the place where this man died; refuse at your peril." They now wished they had let the old man go about his business, but it was too late, and they were obliged to show him the place. As soon as they were come to the door, the foreman, who led them, lifting up his hand, said, "Lord bless me, what a sight is here! I did not think there had been so much cruelty in the hearts of Englishmen to use Englishmen in this manner! We need not now question," said he to the rest of the jury, "how this man came by his death; we may rather wonder that they are not all dead," with other indignant remarks, and an intimation that he would "find

means to let the king know how his subjects are dealt with." Whether he did so or no, I cannot tell, but I am apt to think he applied himself to the mayor or sheriffs of London. On the next day an arrangement was made by one of the sheriffs, that all the prisoners who came from Bridewell should return thither again, where they would find better accommodations, and more room be given for those left behind, "and here," said the sheriff, "is the porter of Bridewell, your old keeper, to attend you thither."

In the year 1678, George Fox writes thus:

Now it was a time of great suffering, and many Friends being in prison, many other Friends were moved to go to the parliament, to offer themselves up to lie in the same prisons where their friends lay, that those in prison might go forth and not perish in the stinking gaols. This we did in love to God and our brethren, that they might not die in prison; and in love to those that cast them in, that they might not bring innocent blood upon their own heads; which we knew would cry to the Lord, and bring his wrath, vengeance and plagues upon them.

At one time Friends in Wales suffered much, largely through the efforts of an informer who sought to enrich himself by the spoil of their estates, but his efforts were much frustrated by the courage of John Thomas, a Welsh Friend, who was willing to encounter personal risk for the sake of his brethren.

The chief informer, through whose cupidity much of the suffering was brought upon Friends, finding that the high constable and the subordinate officers of the law, were loath to execute warrants upon their innocent and peaceable neighbors, whose only offense was obedience to their religious principles, determined to get an appointment of high constable for himself. This he thought would enable him to take hold of the estates of the Quakers speedily, and ensure the enriching himself by ruining them. He had secured the good will of many or most of the great men of the county, to assist him in obtaining the office.

John Thomas hearing of the man's design, set himself to frustrate it. With this view, he called upon one of the justices, who was a moderate man, and as such willing to alleviate the sufferings of the innocent, and desired him to accept him as high constable. This, it appears, was in his power as justice to do, and he willingly granted the request, not often having the opportunity to confer the office on one of such standing in the community, for property and respectability. John was now high constable, and all the warrants for distraint on Friends were brought to him to execute. When the informer urged a speedy process, he told them that he was now responsible, and quietly kept the warrant. John did not doubt but that eventually he would be ruined in his estate by the informer; for there was a clause in the act under which he held his commission, that if a constable should refuse to execute the duties of the office, he was liable to a heavy fine. Yet in faith towards his Lord and out of love to the brethren, he received the warrants as they came, until nine were in his hands. At this period came forth very opportunely the king's "declaration" for suspending the penal laws in matters ecclesiastical. This "declaration," after referring to his care for the interest of the church of England, by the various ways of coercion made use of under his authority, to cause dissenting persons to return to its communion, states, that it is "evident by the sad experiences of twelve years, that there is very little fruit of all these forcible methods." It then goes on to "declare our will and pleasure to be, that the execution of all, and all manner of penal laws in matters ecclesiastical, against whatever sort of Non-conformists or Recusants, be immediately suspended, and they are hereby suspended, and all judges, sheriffs, justices of the peace, etc., are to take notice of it, and pay due obedience thereunto." Thus John was released from all hazard, and for a short period he and his Friends were

allowed to meet together without molestation. This faithful man afterwards removed to Pennsylvania.

Hugh Roberts had been intimate with him from his childhood, and was with him at the closing scene. A little before his departure, addressing those around his dying bed, he said: "Friends, wait upon the Lord, for He is near." Shortly after, he added: "Blessed be thy name, Lord God everlasting! Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven!" Hugh says: "With such expressions, magnifying and praising the name of the Lord, he took his leave of us, giving his hand to every one of us; and in a sweet, heavenly frame, he departed."

The love which prevailed among our early Friends, often found occasions for its exercise in pleading with those in authority for their brethren who were under suffering.

In the Memoirs of his Life, George Whitehead frequently speaks of the labors which he underwent for the relief of his suffering Friends. Being a man of good ability, quick of perception, and undaunted spirit, he had more influence with men in authority than many others; and he was freely given up to spend his time in pleading with such for those who were imprisoned or abused, on account of their religious principles. He says:

In the year 1670, in the Eighth Month, having been in the country, and returning to London, I was taken with a great pain in my head, whereupon I grew sick, which turned to an ague and fever. I became very weak in body, so that for some weeks there appeared little hope of recovery; this sickness continued, and I remained in much weakness about six months, until the beginning of the Second Month, 1671, and partly the beginning of that summer, and then it pleased the Lord gradually to restore me to health and strength.

In that sickness, when most weak in body, being well prepared and freely resigned in the will of the Lord to die, that I might ever be with Him, I had an opening or apprehension,

that when I died my soul should be received into the bosom of my heavenly Father.

While I was in great weakness of body, I was divers times told of the great and cruel sufferings of our friends in Southwark, for meeting together at their usual meeting place at Horsleydown; how barbarously and cruelly they were used, and grossly abused by soldiers and armed men, both horse and foot, being not only kept out of their meeting-house in the street, but both men and women were violently pushed with muskets and other weapons—beaten, bruised, hurt and wounded, and much blood shed by the blows and wounds from those inhuman persecutors and brutish persons. The accounts of these and such barbarities against the innocent, did very sorrowfully affect me; and I deeply sympathized in spirit with the innocent sufferers, earnestly praying to Almighty God for them that He would preserve and deliver them, and rebuke that persecuting spirit by which they suffered; earnest prayers with tears being then the church's very great concern, which the Lord our God in his own time, graciously heard and answered, blessed be his name.

The meeting-house at Horsleydown was pulled down by order of the king and council, because Friends persisted in holding their religious meetings in it. George Whitehead says:

Our innocent Friends, as obliged in conscience toward Almighty God, resolved to keep their solemn meetings in his dread and fear; not being terrified therefrom by the rage and violence of their persecutors, but constantly resorted to their said meeting-house on First-days, while it was standing. After it was pulled down, they removed the rubbish that they might meet on the ground where their own house stood, which they did until by force haled out, and barbarously used by the soldiers.

On the twenty-fifth of the Seventh Month, 1670, Friends being peaceably assembled at their usual meeting place aforesaid, there came some musketeers, and haled them forth into the street, where the troopers came and rode in among them, in a violent, furious manner, beating and abusing both men

and women, punching them in the face and bodies, with their carbines. Soon after the foot soldiers came and fell upon them also, and beat both men and women in a cruel and outrageous manner—punching them on the feet with the butt-ends of their muskets, till they broke some of them, and running the muzzle of their muskets violently against the bodies of many. Then a party of horse came desperately and strove to ride over them; but the horses being more merciful, or naturally more gentle than the riders, would not go forward to tread the people under foot; then the riders turning them, curbed and reined them to do mischief.

The number of those that were wounded and sorely bruised this day, was above twenty persons.

On the second day of the Eighth Month, they being kept out of their meeting place aforesaid, there came a party of foot and a party of horse, and laid on Friends in a violent and cruel manner, knocking them with their muskets and pikes, and the horsemen with their carbines, until the blood lay in the streets; and so they continued for some time, until they broke several pikes and muskets, and one carbine; and several were so beaten and bruised that their lives were in danger. They that were wounded and sorely bruised this day were above thirty persons.

Similar barbarities were practised at the meetings held on the ninth and sixteenth of Eighth Month; and in reference to them George Whitehead says:

I was the more willing to insert the foregoing relation in this place, because I was very deeply and sorrowfully affected by the frequent accounts which came to me of those barbarous and cruel persecutions, in the time of my long sickness and great weakness of body. The Lord my God having restored me to health, enabled me again to labor and travel in his service, in the Gospel of his dear Son Christ Jesus, and also to suffer with his people, and to attend and solicit the king and government for their relief. The hand of the Lord and his counsel were often with me, to help, encourage and strengthen my heart in those services which many times had

good effects, the Lord's power going before and making way in the hearts of both king and council.

There was but little respite from persecution in twelve years time, from the year 1660 unto 1672, in which was the last war at sea between the English and Dutch. One judgment and calamity followed another; plague, fire and war unto great depopulation and devastation, showing God's heavy displeasure against persecution and cruelty, and that spirit which had been so highly at work against innocent, conscientious and honest people, some whereof the Lord delivered by death; yet many persecutors were so hardened, that they repented not of their cruelties, and we have observed in our times, how suddenly the Lord swept away many of that sort.

Howbeit, by this time, A. D. 1671-2, the king seemed to bethink himself, to take other measures than to continue persecution to destroy his own subjects, not knowing what issue the Dutch war against him might come to; insomuch that he published a declaration of indulgence to dissenters, to suspend the execution of penal laws in matters ecclesiastical.

Soon after the declaration of indulgence was published in print, as I was solitarily upon the road, returning toward London, out of the country, a very weighty and tender concern fell upon my spirit, with respect to our dear Friends then in prisons, being above four hundred in and about England and Wales, many of whom had been long straitly confined, under divers prosecutions, sentences and judgments, as to imprisonments, fines, forfeitures and banishments, for meeting, for not conforming, for not swearing allegiance, and divers under sentence of premunire, some having endured ten or eleven years imprisonment, besides those who suffered long for non-payment of tithes.

Whereupon I was moved to write a few lines to the king, requesting their liberty, which I intimated to our honest and loving friend, Thomas Moore, who was often willing to move the king in behalf of our suffering Friends for their liberty, the king having some respect for him; for he had an interest with the king and some of his council, more than many others, and I desired him to present my few lines to the king, which he carefully did, and a few days after, both he and myself had

access into the king's presence, and renewed our request which I had made to him in my letter before; whereupon the king granted us liberty to be heard on Friday, as he said, before the council, being the next council-day in the same week.

And then Thomas Moore, myself and our friend, Thomas Green, attended at the council chamber at Whitehall, and were all admitted before the king and a full council, and being called to go up before the king, who was at the upper end of the council-board, I had a fair opportunity to open the case of our suffering Friends as a conscientious people, chiefly to show the reason of our not swearing allegiance to the king; that it was not in any contempt, or disrespect, either to the king's person or government, but singly as it is a matter of conscience to us, not to swear at all, in any case, and that in sincere obedience to Christ's command and Gospel ministry. When I had opened and more fully pleaded our suffering Friends' case, the king gave this answer, viz: I will pardon them.

Pursuant to the king's promise, an order was given to the attorney general to draw up a pardon.

After we had taken out the foregoing order and warrant, our friend Thomas Moore and I carried and delivered the same to the king's attorney general, sir Heneage Finch. Thomas again scrupling the word pardon to him, as he had before to the king, etc. He took up Thomas somewhat short, telling him, "Mr. Moore, if you will not accept of his majesty's pardon, I will tell him you will not accept thereof." Then to pacify him I told him that it was not our business to question, but accept what the king had granted for the relief of our suffering Friends, that they might be released and discharged from their imprisonments and sufferings, etc. Whereupon he seemed satisfied.

The attorney general ordered his principal clerk, —— Nicolls, to draw up the said bill, to contain the king's letters patent, for a full discharge and release of our suffering Friends, from their imprisonments, sentence of banishment, fines, forfeitures, premunire, etc., which, when he had done, I got Ellis Hookes, our writer, to draw out four or five fair copies there-

of for expedition, to be passed and entered and remain upon record in the several offices, which the same was to pass through, as the Privy Seal, the Signet, the Patent, the Hannaper offices, etc.

And understanding that because of the number of names in the patent, great fees would be required in most of those offices, except the lord keeper's, who had promised to remit his fee, and that he would ask none of us, which was a kindness; for there being above four hundred names of the sufferers in one and the same instrument to be discharged, we understood they would demand a great fee for each person, and, as we heard, it would cost a single person twenty or thirty pounds charge in fees to get a patent or pardon through all those offices, to pass under the great seal of England, that we were constrained to make further application to the king, to remit or abate the great fees. Whereupon the king gave order, according to our request, as follows:

His majesty is pleased to command, that it be signified as his pleasure to the respective offices and sealers, where the pardon to the Quakers is to pass, that the pardon, though comprehending a great number of persons, do yet pass as one pardon, and pay but as one.

ARLINGTON.

AT THE COURT AT WHITEHALL,
13th of September, 1572.

But though we had this warrant from the king, yet we had trouble from some of the covetous clerks, who strove hard to exact upon us.

When the instrument for the discharge of the prisoners was granted to our friends, there being other dissenters besides Quakers in some prisons, as Baptists, Presbyterians and Independents; some of their solicitors, especially one William Carter, seeing what way we had made with the king for our friends' release, desired their friends in prison might be discharged with ours, and have their names in the same instrument, and earnestly requested my advice or assistance, which I was very willing to give, in compassion to them. Accordingly, I advised them to petition the king, with the names of the prisoners

in it, for his warrant, to have them inserted in the same patent with the Quakers, which they petitioned for, and obtained.

Gilbert Latey, of London, was a sympathizing friend and efficient helper of those who were under suffering for conscience' sake. He was a man who was highly esteemed, and had much influence with some prominent individuals. In the year 1660, Catharine Evans and Sarah Cheevers, in the course of a religious visit, were imprisoned at Malta. Gilbert learned that one Lord D'Aubigny, who came over to England with the queen-mother, had interest and command in the island of Malta. He soon obtained access to him, and pleaded with him for the release of the two women from the cells of the Inquisition. He was very kind and free to Gilbert, and reasoned with him like Felix with Paul, about the principles of Truth and way of the Lord; and being informed concerning the power of God and the manner of the Spirit's working, answered that some of their people thought our friends were mad. "But," said he, "I do not think so of them."

In discourse with him at another time, he said: "Let me talk with you ever so long, you will tell me of the spirit of God, and the grace of God, and the work and operation thereof, and the love of God you are made witnesses of through Jesus Christ, which, I believe, may in a measure be true; but do you not think it is well to have something to represent that which you so much love?" To which Gilbert Latey answered that the substance of all things is come, Christ in us the hope of glory, and all the outward types, representations and shadows must come to an end and be swallowed up in one blessed Lord; who told his disciples it was expedient for them He should go away; but, said He, I will not leave you comfortless. If I go not away, the Comforter will not come; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you, even the spirit of Truth, which shall guide you into all truth; and also that He who was with them should be in them. This being witnessed, these needed nothing outwardly to represent or put them in mind, for He being so near was

himself the saints' daily remembrancer. Upon this they parted, but Gilbert Latey often visited him, to desire and remind him to show kindness to the Friends that were under confinement in a strange place, and at so great a distance from their friends and their native country.

Some time after this, through the kind interference of the lord D'Aubigny on their behalf, Catharine Evans and Sarah Cheevers were set at liberty. They returned to England, and, accompanied by Gilbert Latey, waited upon the lord D'Aubigny, who, though a Romish ecclesiastic, appears to have been a man of candor and liberality, and received them with kindness and respect. They expressed their acknowledgments, and as the Lord put it into their hearts, spoke to him, adding that, were it in their power, they should be as ready in all love to serve him; upon which he replied: "Good women, for what service or kindness I have done you, all that I desire of you is that when you pray to God, you will remember me in your prayers."

In the year 1665, London was visited with the plague, which swept away about one hundred thousand of its inhabitants. Gilbert Latey had taken lodgings in order to go into the country; but as many Friends were under close confinement in the prisons at this time, he could not find freedom to leave the city, to go and be at ease, while his brethren were thus under sufferings, and therefore remained there, and according to his wonted manner, visited them in the jails, and endeavored that nothing should be wanting for their support, or, according to his power, to procure their enlargement. In this time of terror and sore distress, he was also engaged in visiting Friends in their families. He sought the sick, the poor and the convalescent, to administer aid and comfort in their affliction. "The Lord inclined several Friends who were in the country to consider the poor who were under this great calamity, and

accordingly they sent money to be distributed, a part of which was allotted to the poor people who were ill with the sickness, but more especially to those who were shut up in their houses in the out-parishes without Temple Bar. This service was committed to the care of Gilbert and one other Friend, to visit the poor, particularly those who were confined to their own houses, and as near as they could, they neglected none, but went and administered the charity to them." In the performance of this self-sacrificing duty he was much exposed to the contagion, many of the families he visited having the disease in its most terrible forms. The Lord, whom he was endeavoring to serve, was, however, with him, and preserved him in health through all this exposure.

Soon after king James came to the crown, Gilbert Latey was one who presented the king with a list of about fifteen hundred Friends, prisoners for conscience' sake, about eight hundred of whom being "escheated," and writs about to go forth for seizing their estates, he, with George Whitehead, took great care and unwearied pains to have a stop put to these violent persecutions. This service occupied much time and labor, but was eventually rewarded with success, the prisoners released and relieved from the penalties which unrighteous laws had imposed. Of another interview with king James the following account is given:

In the year 1688, Gilbert and two Friends, viz: George Whitehead and William Penn, meeting at White-hall, they asked him if he would go along with them to wait upon the king. He made some little pause before he gave his answer, having nothing in his mind to say, or to attend the king for; and as he thus stood silent, it opened in his heart what he should say to the king, whereupon he told the Friends he was ready to go with them. Accordingly they went, and had admittance to the king's presence, there being only one person present besides

the king and the two Friends. George Whitehead and William Penn having spoken what they had to say, the king was pleased to ask Gilbert whether he had not something to say. Upon which, in a great deal of humility, he spoke as follows: "The mercy, favor and kindness which the king hath extended to us a people, in the time of our exercise and sore distress, we humbly acknowledge, and I truly desire that God may show the king mercy and favor in the time of his trouble and sore distress." To which the king replied: "I thank you;" and so they parted.

What was then spoken by Gilbert Latey lived with the king; and a considerable time after, when in Ireland, he desired a Friend to remember him to Gilbert, and "Tell him the words he spake to me I shall never forget;" adding that one part of them was come, and he prayed to God the other might also come to pass. Gilbert Latey desired the Friend, when he returned again to Ireland, if he had opportunity to see king James, to let him know that the second part of what he had said, in relation to the king, was also in great measure come to pass, and that the Lord had given him his life.

There is reason to believe that this worthy man felt it a serious thing thus to appear before the great of this world, and was careful not to go in his own will. With his mind humbly waiting upon the Lord for strength and wisdom, he doubtless sought to be directed and guided in these movements by the gentle influence of his pure Spirit. The account from which we have quoted says:

It was his practice, in soliciting kings, princes, and great men, to keep to the anointing and love of God; and, as that gave utterance, to speak; in which he oft-times reached and had place in them, and his solicitation was often answered, which made him say, that as Friends feel and keep to this anointing in their solicitations, they may expect a blessing

and therein be serviceable to the Lord's people; but if, on the contrary, any shall go in these services in their own will, wit and parts, they may miss the desired end as some have done.

Gilbert Latey was blessed and prospered in his business, so that he had plenty of this world's goods, to supply all his reasonable wants, notwithstanding the continued exactions of heavy fines, for attending meetings and on other accounts. It was a great trouble to him that his friends should be made to suffer on account of his being at their meetings, or speaking in them, and he sought as much as possible to screen Friends and bear the burden himself. And it being known that he was a man of ability, the justices and informers were usually willing, when they had an opportunity, to fix what they were permitted to take upon him:—thus at one time there were warrants against him to the amount of several hundred pounds. So striking indeed was the protection and favor vouchsafed to him that the enemies of Truth were ready to say, as their master once did: "Doth he serve God for nought, hath He not set a hedge about him and all that he hath."

In married life also the Divine blessing attended this faithful man. His wife, who survived and wrote a testimony respecting him, says in it: "He was to me a faithful, loving husband, and a dear and tender father to his children, often admonishing, advising and instructing them to lowliness, humility, and the fear of the Lord. He was a good example to them, being often concerned in the fear of the Lord to excite them to love God, his Truth and people; by which they would feel the power of the Most High to preserve them out of evil, as he could truly say it had done for him, and preserved him to a good old age."

Toward the latter part of his life, Gilbert Latey delighted in quiet and retirement, often mentioning that he waited the

Lord's call, and time of being removed; that he felt his peace to abound in him, and that there was no cloud in his way.

Though he was long weak and feeble as to the outward, yet he was fresh, strong, and living in his inward man; and in the latter end of the Fifth Month, 1705, was at the meeting at Hammersmith. A large meeting being there assembled, the Lord moved him to stand up, and so supported him by his Divine power, as to enable him to sound forth the acceptable day of God, and an invitation to all to come to Him, in and through the Lord Jesus Christ, the alone mediator between God and man, who is the way and only means to restore man again into the image and favor of God; concerning which he there declared about an hour, with a great deal of fervency and wonted zeal, as if he had been under no infirmity of body, even to the admiration of many of the hearers; he being carried forth in a more than ordinary manner in this his last sermon. The night before he departed he gave good counsel to them that were in the room, to fear the Lord and not do evil for evil, but to do good for evil, for that there was no overcoming of evil but in and by that which was good, for in so doing, coals of fire would be heaped on their heads; exhorting very much to love and tenderness, for the Lord would bless such as were found therein. He was much opened in exhortation and counsel at this time, and uttered his words with great vigor, as if he ailed little and were in a meeting. Next day he kept his chamber, being weak of body, but preserved in the enjoyment of his reason to the last moment; and a very few hours before his departure, spoke to some that were about him: "That there was no condemnation to them that were in Christ Jesus; for, said he, He is the lifter up of my head, He is my strength and great salvation."

Thus trusting in, and reverently reposing upon Him who is the strength and refuge of his redeemed children, the aged Christian calmly met that solemn change which awaits all the living. He peacefully departed on the fifteenth of Ninth Month, 1705, aged about seventy-nine years.

The practice of benevolence, of that love to God which manifests itself in love to man, was not confined to the early mem-

bers of the Society of Friends. It was exemplified in the life of that eminent physician, John Fothergill, of London, who was a consistent Friend. He was a coadjutor of Howard, in his efforts to reform the management of prisons. Dr. Franklin once wrote of him: "I can hardly conceive that a better man ever existed." He died in 1780. This worthy man was the son of John Fothergill, and brother of Samuel Fothergill, both of whom were eminent ministers and diligent laborers in the Lord's service.

Dr. Fothergill acquired wealth by his profession, but seems to have valued money little, except as a means of doing good, and relieving the distresses of his fellow creatures. The following is one of many instances which are related of his generosity and benevolence. A respectable man who had a large family to support on a salary of fifty pounds per annum, was brought into a great strait when epidemical disease seized upon his wife and five of his children. In this state of distress, he greatly desired to have the advice of Dr. Fothergill, but dared not apply for it, from a consciousness of being unable to reward him for his attendance. A friend kindly offered to accompany him to the doctor's, and give him his fee. They took advantage of his hour of audience, and after a description of the several cases, the fee was offered and rejected, but a note was taken of his place of residence. The doctor assiduously called from day to day, until his attendance was no longer necessary. The grateful man, anxious to return some evidence of the sense he entertained of his services, strained every nerve to accomplish it; but his astonishment was great, when Dr. Fothergill, instead of receiving the money he offered, put ten guineas into his hands, desiring him to apply to him without hesitation, in future difficulties.

A good many years ago, there lived in the town of Haverfordwest two maiden women, members of the Society of Friends.

They were pious, godly women, and devoted their whole lives to the service of their Divine Master. This they were enabled to do the more easily, as they were possessed of those two great talents, time and money; and nobly they employed them. They had their reward, for their prayers and their alms went up for a memorial before the Lord.

The following is a narrative of a very remarkable circumstance that occurred to the elder sister, showing how God himself condescended, in a most direct manner, to employ her as his instrument to minister to the need of one of his saints.

One bleak winter's morning, Friend Elizabeth Lewis awoke very early, impressed in a strange manner. She became perfectly convinced in her mind that a poor widow, whom she sometimes relieved, was in great want, and she ought not to delay one moment in sending to her aid. Though it was still night, she rose immediately, and called her maid—who much wondered what ailed her mistress, that she should be disturbed at such an unseasonable hour—and directed her to go at once and fetch Sally James, who lived near, and whom she always employed on her errands of mercy. While waiting the return of her messenger, she busied herself in collecting together a goodly supply of food and other necessaries, and packing them in a large basket. When Sally James arrived, wondering, like the maid, at being sent for so early, the worthy woman thus addressed her: "Sally, I have it on my mind that old Betty White is in great want. I could not sleep for thinking about her. Take her this basket and go to her at once."

Betty White was an aged widow, who earned a scanty living by sorting rags at a neighboring paper mill. Her daughter some time before had married; both she and her husband had died, leaving two little children quite destitute. The grandmother could not bear the thought of their going to the workhouse, so she took them and managed somehow to support them, till a fortnight previous to the time I am now writing of, when she was taken ill, and not being able to follow her occupation, her little means were soon gone, and starvation stared her in the face. Now was her time of trial, but her

faith did not fail her; though she had no food in the house, and no visible means of obtaining any, she trusted in the God of the widow and fatherless, and having put the poor children supperless to bed, she kneeled down and laid her case before the Almighty. She must have passed the greater part of the night in prayer, for when the messenger arrived at her door, she heard the voice of the old woman inside talking very earnestly to some one, as she thought. Softly lifting the latch, she listened, and very much astonished she was at what she heard. To use her own words, she said it seemed to her as if old Betty was holding a conversation with a visible being, and as if he was replying to her, for she was saying, "That she had worked for those children as long as she was able, till sickness overtook her, and that He had sent that sickness; that now she looked to Him to provide for them: the children were not hers, but some He had sent to her to take care of."

Like the patriarch Jacob, she had remained all night in prayer, and when the day dawned, the answer came. No apparent miracle was wrought for her benefit, only a poor old woman like herself stood at the door, but as certainly sent direct by God as if He had commanded an angel from heaven to fly to her aid.

When Sally opened the cottage-door, she saw that poor old creature faint with hunger and cold, kneeling by the miserable bed, where her two grandchildren lay huddled together for warmth. She said nothing, but quickly emptied her basket, spreading the contents on the table. There was abundance of food, enough to last many days, and better still, a message from those good ladies to old Betty, that they would care for her as long as she lived.

The preceding portions of this volume have furnished many illustrations of the severity of the sufferings to which our early members were exposed, because of their faithfulness to their religious principles. It was not only their exposure to brutal treatment from the rough multitude, which called for the sympathy and help of their friends, but in many cases the victims who were imprisoned, left their wives and families with

little to support them during the absence of their natural caretakers. From very early times care was taken that these should not suffer; and it has remained a regular part of the arrangements of the Society down to this day, that the needs of the poorer members should be looked after, and "they relieved or assisted in such business as they are capable of."

Indeed, the care of the suffering ones appears to have been one of the first motives to the establishment of a system of discipline among Friends. William Penn, in his preface to the Journal of George Fox, says:

This people increasing daily both in town and country, an holy care fell upon some of the elders among them for the benefit and service of the church. And the first business in their view, after the example of the primitive saints, was the exercise of charity; to supply the necessities of the poor, and answer the like occasions. Wherefore collections were early and liberally made for that and divers other services in the church, and intrusted with faithful men, fearing God, and of good report, who were not weary in well doing, adding often of their own, in large proportions, which they never brought to account, or desired should be known, much less restored to them, that none might want, nor any service be retarded or disappointed.

They were also very careful that every one that belonged to them answered their profession in their behavior among men, upon all occasions; that they lived peaceably, and were in all things good examples. They found themselves engaged to record their sufferings and services; and in case of marriage, which they could not perform in the usual methods of the nation, but among themselves, they took care that all things were clear between the parties and all others. And it was then rare that any one entertained an inclination to a person on that account, till he or she had communicated it secretly to some very weighty and eminent Friends among them, that they might have a sense of the matter; looking to the counsel and unity of their brethren as of great moment to them. But because the charge of the poor, the number of orphans, mar-

riages, sufferings and other matters multiplied, and that it was good that the churches were in some way and method of proceeding in such affairs among them, to the end they might the better correspond upon occasion, where a member of one meeting might have to do with one of another; it pleased the Lord in his wisdom and goodness to open the understanding of the first instrument of this dispensation of life, about a good and orderly way of proceeding; who felt an holy concern to visit the churches in person throughout this nation, to begin and establish it among them. And by his epistles, the like was done in other nations and provinces abroad, which he also afterwards visited, and helped in that service.

Now the care, conduct and discipline, I have been speaking of, and which are now practised among this people, is as followeth.

This godly elder, in every country where he travelled, exhorted them, that some out of every meeting for worship, should meet together once in the month, to confer about the wants and occasions of the church. And as the case required, so those Monthly Meetings were fewer or more in number in every respective county: four or six meetings for worship, usually making one Monthly Meeting for business. And accordingly the brethren met him from place to place, and began the said meetings, viz: For the poor, orphans, orderly walking, integrity to their profession, marriages, births, burials, sufferings, etc. And that these Monthly Meetings should in each county, make up one Quarterly Meeting, where the most zealous and eminent friends of the county should assemble to communicate, advise and help one another, especially when any business seemed difficult, or a Monthly Meeting was tender of determining a matter.

Also that these several Quarterly Meetings should digest the reports of their Monthly Meetings, and prepare one for each respective county against the Yearly Meeting, in which all Quarterly Meetings resolve; which is held in London, where the churches in this nation, and other nations and provinces, meet by chosen members of their respective counties, both mutually to communicate their church-affairs, and to advise, and be advised, in any depending case, to edification; also, to

provide a requisite stock for the discharge of general expenses for general services in the church, not needful to be here particularized.

The Journal of George Fox shows how he was led to travel through England, proclaiming the truths of the Gospel, and calling upon his hearers to heed the discoveries of the light of Christ on their consciences. It was in the movings of the same Divine power which had commissioned him to preach the way of salvation, that he was led to establish meetings for discipline. Under the date of 1666, he says:

I was moved of the Lord to recommend the setting up five Monthly Meetings in the city of London, besides the women's meetings and the Quarterly Meetings to take care of God's glory, and to admonish and exhort such as walked disorderly or carelessly, and not according to Truth.

From a document written in 1662, signed by Edward Burrough, it appears that a similar meeting had been established in London some years before, in which other Friends besides the ministers assembled to consult about such things as did not properly belong to the ministry, such as providing convenient meeting-houses, taking care of the poor, visiting the sick and weak and impotent, and finding employment for those who had lost their situations for receiving the principles of Friends, etc.

After business meetings had been settled in London, George Fox travelled through many parts of England, establishing Monthly Meetings in the various counties. And he sent papers to some places which he did not personally visit, exhorting Friends to settle the Monthly Meetings in the Lord's power in those places. So that those meetings soon came to be generally established among Friends.

Of the fruits of this righteous concern, George Fox says:

Since these meeting have been settled, and all the faithful have met together in the power of God, which is the authority of them, to perform service to the Lord therein, many mouths have been opened in thanksgivings and praise, and many have blessed the Lord God that ever He sent me forth in this service.

But although so much success attended these efforts to introduce a settled order in the church, yet there were a number of persons who objected to it, arguing that every person ought to be left to the dictates of the light of Christ, and that this movement was the substitution of a form for the liberty of the Gospel. The most of those ministers, who had been instrumental in building up the new Society, recognized the Divine authority which George Fox claimed as the foundation of his scheme—but the Journals of some Friends who were contemporary, show that there was enough dissent to cause serious concern to the burthen bearers in the church at that time.

Charles Marshall says the opposition was carried on under a specious pretence of standing up against imposition, calling the meetings forms and an idol; when indeed it was the same Divine power and wisdom which gathered us to be a people, that caused the setting and settling good order and discipline amongst us; to take care of the poor, widows and fatherless, and for due proceeding in that great concern of marriage, and other things relating to the service of Truth and welfare of the church.

John Banks was one of our early Friends who was concerned to labor with those members who had been entangled in the spirit of separation that had arisen in some on the occasion of the establishment of the discipline. He says:

The Lord laid a necessity upon me to go forth with a testimony against that spirit of separation. Before he went forth

he was moved of the Lord to give forth a paper which was sent to those places where this spirit had gotten the most entrance. In this document he asserts that it was the work of the devil, by his evil power and dark spirit and wicked instruments actuated thereby, to divide and scatter us asunder. "This subtle spirit hath induced too many to slight men's and women's meetings [Meetings for Discipline], and the power of God by which they were set up." The Lord in his love and by his light hath clearly given me to see its way, that it leads to the chambers of death, and He hath delivered my soul from its snare, who once was in danger to be taken by it, when men's and women's meetings were first set up.

In a memorial respecting William Edmundson, issued by Friends of Leinster Province, Ireland, it is said: "That when it pleased the Lord to concern his faithful servant George Fox, to set up men's and women's meetings, our dear friend, William Edmundson, rejoiced thereat, and gladly closed therewith. He was a diligent attender of such meetings, and was greatly concerned that none might be admitted members thereof but such as were of clean and orderly conversations, walking as examples to the flock."

John Gough, in his history of the people called Quakers, relates the circumstances attending a separation in Westmoreland about 1675-6, of which he says, the original cause was the establishing of the discipline. The separatists urged against meetings for discipline, that every man having received a measure of the Spirit of God, ought to follow that as his leader, without regarding the prescriptions of men; that meetings of discipline were therefore needless, etc.

In support of the discipline it was advanced that God, who is a God of order and not of confusion, doth not by his spirit lead any into confusion and disorder; that in society, meetings for discipline are necessary and useful for looking after the poor, sick and aged members, the widows and orphans; that inasmuch as disorderly persons arise in all societies, there should be power to establish such regulations as may prevent

disorder and scandal; that a similar care was exercised in the primitive church, as is said in the Acts that Paul and Timothy, "as they went through the cities delivered them the decrees for to keep, that were ordained of the apostles and elders which were at Jerusalem."

The leaders in the opposition were John Story and John Wilkinson, two north country Friends, both in the station of minister. To prevent an open breach, the Quarterly Meeting of Westmoreland referred the case to the judgment of some of the most eminent Friends of the neighboring counties; they came to the judgment that Story and Wilkinson and their party had dissolved the bonds of unity with the Society, by their public opposition to the good order established among them; and issued a testimony against them and their spirit, in the latter part of the year 1675.

The following year, another effort was made to satisfy these opposers by a meeting held in Yorkshire, which was attended by many Friends from other parts of the nation. After four days, spent in a patient and full inquiry into the cause of the trouble, this meeting confirmed the judgment of the former one, which so disturbed the opponents of the discipline, that they left the Society and set up separate meetings. This continued but a few years. The more sincere of its members came in time to perceive the causelessness of their separation and reunited themselves to the body of the Society. The rest soon fell to pieces and dwindled away.

It was probably in connection with one of these meetings, that the following incident occurred:

John Steel, who, by relation, was a plain countryman, of not much note or appearance in the Society, was following his plough, when he found a constraint on his mind to leave home but knew not whither he was to go, nor what service was for him to do; but was commanded to travel toward a distant part

of the nation (England), which when he had so done, he heard that, at a particular place, a meeting or conference was appointed to be held between Friends and John Wilkinson and John Story, on account of their separation. Thither he found freedom to go, where William Penn, Robert Barclay and other eminent Friends were met on the occasion. In a little time John Steel had the following testimony to deliver:

The Lord our God, with whom the treasures of wisdom and knowledge are hid, in an acceptable time, in this our age and generation, had given his gifts unto his children for the gathering of people out of the world. If any be unfaithful in the gift, He that gave it will take it away, then nothing remains but the words which were learned of the Lord while they had the gift; and with these words they will war against the Truth and against them who have the Gospel order; for they are now bringing up new things, which was not in the beginning; having the smooth words which man cannot see, but as their fruits make them manifest, and an inward eye is opened. The doctrine of this spirit is so smooth that many cannot see a hole in it; but the nature of it is to divide Friends asunder like stray sheep: but they go about to support this spirit, although they have been engaged in many services for the Lord, and He honored them and gave victory and clothed them with beautiful garments: yet, if they go about to support this wrong spirit, their garments shall be torn as the coat of a sheep amongst briars and thorns; for if any who have received the gift, be not faithful unto it, the Lord shall do as He hath done—confound them out of the mouths of babes and sucklings; for neither will nor wealth shall bear rule among the people of God; but the power of the Lord must go over all, and in that must the rule be. In the months that are past, and the years that are gone, it could not be said we and they; but one God, one people and one spirit was known; but in process of time an evil spirit and power is entered as leaven whereby it is said we and they. But the power of the Lord is to pass over, and by it that is to be destroyed; and one power, one people and spirit is to be known, if ever God's salvation

be known; by that one power of the one God all are made sensible members of that body, of which Jesus Christ is head. But in process of time, through the subtility of the devil, some of these members have been benumbed and lost the sense of feeling; and now several of the sensible members of which Christ is head, have endeavored time after time, together with the help of the Head, to seek the recovery of the benumbed members, but no recovery could be made. What shall be done to these members? Shall they be cut off? Nay, the counsel of God is not so in my heart; but let them be as near the body as may be; that if it may be, they may receive again virtue from the Head, and come to the sense of feeling again. They were seeing members, and did work for God when they did see; but being made numb, they were also blind; and it is unto them as a continual night, and being in the blindness they would be working for God, being used to go abroad when they were sensible, so they would be going abroad when they are blind. But what shall be done to these members? Let them be bound; but if it please God, while they have a being in these tabernacles let them be loosed—if not, let them be bound forever! This is the judgment of God upon you, John Story and John Wilkinson. If it be not just and equal, reject it if you can. And to this they were silent.

The foregoing testimony came with such powerful weight and authority that, it is said, William Penn afterwards remarked to Robert Barclay to this purpose: "This is neither the wisdom of the north, nor the eloquence of the south, but the power of God through a poor ploughman."

The Journal of Charles Marshall, of Bristol, gives a vivid picture of the exercise of spirit caused by the opposition to a settled order and discipline among Friends. He says:

Great was the travail of our ancient and honorable Friend, George Fox, in this weighty concern, in the first breaking forth of Truth in this age. Several other brethren were also deeply concerned in settling meetings in the said good order, and we found the Lord with us in our work and service. The power

of the Lord worked thus to settle us in a good order, that we might appear to the world to be guided by his wisdom; being found in the form of godliness, as it arose from the power of it inwardly in the soul. But the enemy that would have had us a people in confusion and a Babel instead of a Zion, wrought in the earthly sensual wisdom of some loose-spirited men who had lost their sense of the leadings of the Almighty, and brought them into a false imagination that we were going from the inward guidance of God's spirit, to set up forms like other professions, thereby leaving the light of Jesus Christ, which was to be every man's guide in faith and practice. Hereupon they endeavored, with all their strength, to lay waste the meetings before mentioned; crying that imposition on conscience was the cause of their separation, when in truth it was an opposition by the power of darkness working in themselves, whereby they were quickly benighted; and many ran into their errors.

This spirit brought great affliction and travail upon some in the beginning of its workings. Great were the disorders it made in Bristol and Wiltshire; because of which the Lord concerned me, with other faithful brethren, in his name and power, to make war against it, in great travail, tears and distress of spirit, for several years together, running in between the living and the dead for several years. I can say, the Lord God that guided me to travel in his name and dread through the land, was with me in this day of deep exercise; and I have cause, in great bowings of spirit, to magnify his glorious name, who preserved me faithful over all discouragement. My bow He made strong, and my quiver He daily replenished with arrows; my soul He caused to be, as it were, baptized for the dead, as one eating the bread of adversity and drinking the water of affliction, sparing neither strength nor substance. To a great height of opposition did this spirit of division rise in divers instruments. The clouds were so thick and the mist of darkness so great, that many poor sheep were in danger of becoming a prey to the wolf and devourer. The honest-hearted were grieved and bowed down, and the rich in imagination exalted in rage; so that this separation came quickly to be spread in the sight of the world, and in several places they

shut us out of our meeting-houses, exposing us in the streets to the view of others.

I very well remember the day that I received instruction of the Lord in a vision, concerning that people; wherein their work, end and downfall, was shown to me; so that it became a concern on my soul to invite faithful Friends of Wiltshire to have a meeting on purpose to wait upon the Lord, in a deep exercise of soul, and to cry to Him to appear for his name's sake and his people. Friends did readily answer my desire, and we agreed upon such a meeting; and the first was in the place where they designed to have laid waste the Quarterly Meeting of that county. When we were waiting upon the Lord, this was the cry of my soul amongst Friends and brethren: Oh, Lord! what wilt thou do for thy great name, that is dishonored? For thy heritage, whom the enemy and destroyer would now scatter, devour thy lambs and spoil and trample down thy vineyard? Thus we cried in bowedness of spirit before the Lord, who heard from heaven his holy habitation; and his power broke forth in a wonderful manner, tendering his people before Him; and his presence and heavenly wisdom comforted and confirmed his servants, and Friends were opened to speak well of the name of the Lord and the greatness of his power and appearance.

The watchful care of Friends over their members who were in distress, extended to distant parts, as shown by the efforts to obtain the release of those who were held in captivity in the Barbary States.

The Barbary States, viz: Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Tripoli and Barca, though at one time the seat of learning and the arts, were, for many centuries later, the abode of unprincipled barbarians, who, by piracy and pillage, became the destroyers of commerce and the terror of navigators. Their captives, whether taken in war or from ships engaged in the peaceful pursuits of commerce, were speedily sold into slavery of the most cruel and degrading character. So early as the fifteenth century, it is said, they numbered their Christian slaves by

thousands, and in the years 1509, 1535 and 1541 many hundreds of their fellow-countrymen were liberated by men-of-war sent out by the British Government for that purpose.

By these formidable expeditions of Great Britain, not only were the slaves liberated, but treaties were made in which the people of Barbary pledged themselves to refrain from such treatment of captives for the future.

With an insincerity which, centuries before, had made "Punic faith" a synonym of treachery, no sooner were the fleets gone and danger from them passed, than the same illicit traffic was resumed and the same system of cruelty enacted. So grievous to the English people had these outrages become, that Oliver Cromwell, on assuming the protectorate, dispatched a fleet of thirty ships, under Admiral Blake, who, in his turn, liberated all the English, and some Dutch captives, the first of whom were numerous.

But none of these measures were permanently effective. Emboldened by success, and encouraged by their skill as navigators, they penetrated distant seas and brought their captives, it is said, in some few instances, even from the English channel itself.

Towards the close of the seventeenth century, though fewer in numbers and less skilfully organized, these pirates still spread terror over the sea, and did much towards increasing the perils of that current of travel which was now setting so strongly in the direction of the new world.

Among other British subjects, who at this time were captured by these pirates, were several members of the religious Society of Friends, who, either in their religious services or in their secular pursuits, were compelled to visit distant ports, and thus easily became their prey. There is, indeed, little or no positive evidence that, of those taken prisoners by the Turks, any of the Friends were engaged in other than their

ordinary business. They are never referred to as Friends travelling in the ministry, in the epistles hereafter quoted, and this inference appears confirmed by the statement in the epistle of 1682, that "one of the prisoners at Algiers has a public testimony among them." But they were earnest, devout, consistent Friends, and their sad condition deeply affected their fellow-members, who seem to have left nothing undone that could be done to effect their release.

Among those who were taken captive by corsairs, and whose history has become well known to the Society, was Thomas Lurting, then mate of a ship whose master was also a Friend, and who, having been captured by the Algerines, so triumphed over their captors that, without, on their part, shedding blood, they recaptured the vessel, and, with a magnanimity unprecedented, landed the Turks (as they were called) on their own shores, and then, with continued safety, sailed away to their own homes.

Sewell, in his "History of the People called Quakers," states that several years after this occurrence:

> George Fox wrote a book to the grand sultan, and the king at Algiers, wherein he laid before them their indecent behavior and unreasonable dealings, showing them from their Alcoran, that Mahomet had given them other directions. To this he added a succinct narrative of what hath been related here (of Thomas Lurting) . . and how the Turks were set at liberty without being made slaves; by which the Mahometans might see what kind of Christians the Quakers were, viz: such as showed effectually that they loved their enemies, according to the doctrine of their supreme lawgiver, Christ.

In the epistle of the Yearly Meeting begun and held in London, the fifth of Fourth Month, 1682 (the fifth epistle issued), appears the following:

> Finally, dear Friends, we have great cause to magnify the

name of the Lord our God for this blessed opportunity . . being greatly comforted and refreshed in the many good accounts and lively testimonies given by Friends . . . As also of a new meeting even among the captives in Algiers, where one Friend has a public testimony among them. Again, in that of 1683, "Here were some tender Friends from Dantzick, Frizeland, Holland, Norway, Scotland and some from America. And we understand that Friends keep up their meetings in Algiers and Turkey."

1684.—An account being given by a meeting here ordered to inspect the accounts of Friends that are captives at Algiers, etc., intimating that what was charitably contributed formerly towards their redemption and left for that service, is in a great measure expended for the redemption of many, and the rest thereof is well nigh engaged for the redemption of several Friends more, that have remained captives; some whereof have indeed been under extreme hardships, as violent beating and other cruelties by their patroones. These things tenderly considered, a collection for their redemption was proposed, and unanimously agreed upon by this meeting, that the same should be and hereby is recommended to the Quarterly Meetings of Friends in their respective counties throughout England and Wales, and that the same be and hereby is recommended to Friends in Ireland, Scotland and Jamaica, to afford their Christian and friendly assistance in contributing to the same service.

Epistle 1689.—Our Friends who are captives at Mequinez do remain as before; only some are come down to Sally, and have liberty to go about the town under security for their true imprisonment. Great endeavors have been used for their redemption.

1690.—And as concerning our Friends at Mequinez and Sally, endeavors have not been wanting to obtain their redemption; but as yet it cannot be effected. We hear from them that they are well, and desire their loves might be communicated to Friends in their native land.

1691.—Divers good epistles were read in this meeting from foreign parts—Ireland, Scotland, ... and two from

Friends, captives at Mequinez, in Barbary, under the emperor of Morocco. There yet remain nine English Friends captives at Mequinez, and three at Murbray; who received the Truth there (it being three or four days' journey distant), who correspond with each other by letters. One Friend (to wit, Joseph Wasey), being lately redeemed and newly come over, gave a large account to this meeting of their miserable hard usage in captivity; having no lodging but under arches, in deep places on the cold ground, winter and summer; only water for drink, and no bread allowed them by the king but of old rotten, stinking barley; and no clothes but a frock once in two years; and forced to hard labor, except three days in the year, and more especially on the Sixth-day of the week (which is their day of worship) they are compelled to carry heavy burdens on their heads, running from sun-rising to sun-setting, with brutish black boys following them with whips and stripes at their pleasure.

Many of the other captives perish and die through their extreme hardships and want of food to sustain them; as in all likelihood Friends there had, if Friends and their relatives here had not sent them some relief; seven pence a month formerly allowed them by the king being now taken from them. Their sufferings are lamentable: yet the Lord's power has wonderfully preserved them, and greatly restrained the fury and cruelty of that emperor towards poor Friends there; in whose behalf the said Joseph Wasey did, by an interpreter, speak to the said emperor, giving him an account of their innocent conversation and religion which he heard with moderation—though he often kills men in cold blood for his pleasure. Joseph Wasey also signified that Friends' daytime being taken up with hard servitude, they are necessitated to keep their meetings in the night seasons to wait on God. The aforesaid captive Friends were very thankful for the relief sent from hence, which was very refreshing to them.

1692.—Several letters from Friends who still remain in their long captivity in Mequinez, to divers Friends here, were read; intimating the state of things with them, and that they received our epistles from our last Yearly Meeting; and acknowledged Friends' love and diligence here in laboring for

their ransom. And that since the last Yearly Meeting the Lord hath delivered three of them, by death, out of their great misery and servitude, who ended their days in great content and peace. Their names are John Bound, Richard Nevet and Thomas Harrall. The distressed case of the remainder of them (as last year signified), is still before Friends, and divers are engaged in the love of God to use their endeavors for their ransom.

1693.—The Friends yet remaining captives at Mequinez are still held under great severities and hardships by that cruel tyrannical task-master, who is yet suffered cruelly to punish, wound and kill poor captives, at his pleasure. And all possible care of their redemption and relief is by this meeting still recommended to the Meeting for Sufferings to continue their endeavors for the effecting thereof.

1697.—At Barbary there remain several captives, most of whom are such that received the Truth in the time of their captivity; the ransom of whom could not hitherto be obtained, although great endeavors have been used for it; but further endeavors are intended to be used as opportunity presents.

1698.—We . . . understand that divers of our Friends who were captives at Mequinez, and suffered great hardships there, are dead. And there yet remain five, for whose ransom great endeavors have been used, but it is not yet effected.

1699.—Earnest endeavors have again lately been used for the liberty of our Friends, captives in Barbary, though not as yet obtained: and there being at this time negotiations on foot for the redemption of all the English there; and though the persons in Barbary employed therein by Friends, do wait sometime to see the effect of that, yet we shall continue our farther endeavors for their discharge. And in the meantime have and do take care to send them supplies for food; they having little allowance in that country of anything to support their bodies under the great severities of labor, and undeserved stripes that captives often endure. Also farther direction by this meeting is given in their behalf.

1700.—Friends' care is also continued for the redemption of our Friends that are captives in Barbary; and (as was hoped), the king has now agreed for the ransom of all the English cap-

tives there; and agents are arrived from thence in order to receive the said ransom. And although now as heretofore, Friends have acquainted the Government that they intend to redeem our Friends at our own charge, nevertheless Friends are so far willing to encourage a public collection for the said service that, when the collectors shall come with the briefs to Friends' houses, we hope Friends will be inclined to extend their charity, in common with their neighbors, toward the redemption of the other English captives.

1701.—The Friends that are in captivity in Barbary are duly taken care of by Friends. And their ransom having been agreed for some time, it is hoped will be shortly effected. One young man has been convinced there lately.

1702.—And whereas we formerly gave you some account of the hopes Friends had, and endeavors used, for the redemption of Friends, captives in Barbary, we now let you know that John King, Richard Robertson, Thomas Walkedon, Robert Finley, James Burgoine, Joseph Bigland (being all of our Friends who remained alive in that long and sore captivity), have been this year redeemed; whose ransom hath cost Friends upwards of four hundred and eighty pounds, including one George Palmer, a Friend's son, of Pennsylvania, recommened from thence; towards whose ransom they also did contribute. Divers of which redeemed Friends have tenderly and gratefully acknowledged Friends' love and care of them.

Thus, after a care of more than twenty years, the last of these poor people were restored to their homes, and the tender concern of the Yearly Meeting was rewarded.

The case of Lucy Chopping is an interesting illustration of the manner in which the Lord leads his devoted servants into services which, however humble in themselves, if performed at his requiring, are accepted with Him. She was born in the early part of the seventeenth century, and became convinced of the Truth as held by the Society of Friends. During the persecution of Friends, Lucy Chopping found it her concern to visit them in prison, and accordingly she went from jail to

jail, doing for them such service in mending and making their clothes, as they needed; and many parents being shut up far from their homes, she would also go and visit their families and children. She spent many years in this line of service, which was very acceptable to those who could not obtain liberty to visit their families themselves. Great was her labor of love, in that she did it freely, although she travelled on foot; besides which she frequently attended the Yearly Meeting when it was established.

She was married to John Chopping, of Stebbing, probably after reaching the meridian of life, with whom she lived but two years, and survived him about twenty-eight years. Through obedience and faithfulness to her Lord and Master, she grew in the Truth, and was a mother in Israel, of a good understanding, a visitor of those who were afflicted in body or mind, to whom she often administered a word of comfort or advice. Young convinced Friends, she exhorted earnestly to be faithful; and when any grew careless, her tender solicitude for their recovery led her to labor with them, and often to so good effect, as to reach the witness of Truth in their hearts. About two weeks before her death, she walked six miles to a meeting, in order to visit a woman, who being overcome with the cares of the world, neglected meetings; whom she warned of her danger, and who became more careful afterwards in performing her duty.

The next day she was taken ill, and expressed herself thus:

I cannot say that what I feared, is come upon me; but that which I have long desired; for I am very ill, and do think it will be my end. But it will be well with me; I shall go to my mansion which is prepared for me, and all the faithful followers of the Lamb; and I have nothing to do but to die. The Lord has been with me even as with Jacob, and [when] I knew it not; and blessed be his name, He has been with me and

made known the way of life and salvation to me, and preserved me through many hard exercises, and deep afflictions, and sorrowful travails in spirit. He has been with me through my pilgrimage, and kept me safe through many long journeys, in which I have walked many hundred miles, to serve my friends in the Truth, and for the Truth's sake, and mostly alone; and the Lord has preserved me, so that none were suffered to do me any harm; for which I have often been humbly thankful; and now I feel peace, and shall in a little time rest with Him in everlasting joy and peace.

CHAPTER XII.

PERSECUTION.

WILLIAM LEDDRA.

We have not much information respecting this faithful man and martyr for the Truth, before his appearance in New England in the year 1658. It appears that he was an inhabitant of the Island of Barbadoes, and was convinced of the principles of Truth as held by Friends. In the year mentioned he went to New England in obedience, as he believed, to the call of his Divine Master, where he was soon arrested, and with his companion William Brend, taken to Salem, in Massachusetts.

The magistrates of this place asked them if they were Quakers; and being told they were so called in scorn, they charged them with denying that Christ who died at Jerusalem, and also the Holy Scriptures. These false accusations they boldly contradicted, declaring they owned no other Lord Jesus Christ but He who suffered at Jerusalem, and that they owned the

Holy Scriptures. They were, however, sent to the house of correction, and at length removed to Boston and again imprisoned, with orders that they should work. Being unwilling to comply with this unrighteous demand, they were kept five days without food, and then whipped with a three-corded lash.

After the infliction of this barbarous punishment, William Leddra was banished from Boston on pain of death; but believing it his duty to return thither, he was thrust into an open jail, where he was kept during an extremely cold winter, chained to a log of wood. Here his hardships and sufferings were so great, that it seemed as if his persecutors designed to destroy him; but he was supported through them all, and on the ninth of First Month, 1660-1, was brought before the Court of Assistants, with his chain and log at his feet. On being told that he had incurred the penalty of death, he meekly asked what evil he had done? He was answered that he owned the Quakers who had been hung, and refused to put off his hat in court, and said "thee" and "thou."

Finding that his persecutors were resolved if possible to take his life, he appealed to the laws of England for his trial, saying, that if found guilty by those laws, he refused not to die. But the court overruled his appeal, and endeavored to persuade him to renounce his religion and embrace that established by law. He, on the contrary, felt conscientiously bound to testify against a religion which would countenance men in cruelly persecuting and putting persons to death, because they dare not embrace it; and looking upon those who were thus seeking his life, he exclaimed, "What! join with such murderers as you are? Then let every man that meets me, say, 'Lo this is the man that hath forsaken the God of his salvation.'" Sentence of death was passed upon him, and the fourteenth of the same month fixed for its execution.

During the interval which elapsed before the wicked sen-

tence was carried into effect, this devoted Christian was cheered and sustained by living faith, and filled with a holy magnanimity which raised him above the fear of death.

On the morning when this servant of the Lord Jesus sealed his testimony with his blood, the governor came to the prison with a military guard; William Leddra's irons were knocked off, and taking a solemn leave of his fellow prisoners, he went forth cheerfully to meet death. The guard surrounded him in order to prevent any of his friends from speaking to him; and when they reached the appointed place, he took an affectionate leave of his friend Edward Wharton, saying: "All that will be Christ's disciples must take up his cross." Then taking his stand where the guard directed him, he addressed the people thus: "For bearing my testimony to the Lord against the deceivers and deceived, am I brought here to suffer." When the executioner was putting the halter about his neck, he calmly said: "I commend my righteous cause unto thee, O, God," and as he was turned off, he cried out, "Lord Jesus receive my spirit!"

Thus did this innocent martyr lay down his life cheerfully, and patiently suffer for the name and testimony of his Lord and Saviour.

It was in the Seventh Month, 1656, scarcely nine years after George Fox commenced his public labors as a minister, that Mary Fisher and Ann Austin arrived in the harbor of Boston. They appear to have been among the first Friends, to carry into execution a determination to find new homes in the west.

The reception that these unpretending, plain, Christian hearted women met with from the authorities and people of Boston, is indeed marvellous, when we consider there did not exist at that time any law in the Province against Friends. By order of the deputy-governor, officers were sent aboard of the vessel, who searched their trunks, took away their books,

numbering about a hundred, and carried them ashore, where by order of the council, they were burnt in the public market.

Afterward the Friends were brought on shore and committed to prison as Quakers, upon this proof only that one of them, in speaking to an officer, had said thee instead of you. A fine of five pounds was at once laid upon any one who should have communication with them, even by a word through the window of their small apartment. Pens, ink and paper were taken from them, no light was allowed them in the night season, and they were even stripped, under the pretence of discovering whether they were witches; and in this search it is stated they were so barbarously used that modesty forbids to mention it. Provision was denied them, and their starvation being threatened, the heart of one was moved to pity by their helpless condition, and he purchased and supplied them with what they needed. At the end of five weeks they were placed in charge of the master of a vessel, who was put under bonds for one hundred pounds, to return them to England, and their beds and Bibles were retained by the jailor for his fees.

In about a month after, eight more Friends arrived, who were imprisoned also, and sent back to England in the same vessel they came out in, the captain being required to return them at his own cost, being kept in close confinement himself until he undertook to do so. These unoffending people were in prison about eleven weeks.

Soon after, a decree was made prohibiting all masters of vessels from bringing any Friends into that jurisdiction, and themselves from coming in on penalty of the house of correction. When this law was published, the godly hearted man (who interceded to rescue from starvation, the Friends who were first imprisoned), whose name was Nicholas Upsal, protested against the iniquity of such proceedings; warning them to take heed that they were not found fighting against God.

He is represented to have been a member of the church whose influence conducted these proceedings; to have been a man of unblamable conversation; yet he was heavily fined and imprisoned, and afterwards banished and sent out of the Province in the winter season, though an old and feeble man, and unfitted to bear the exposure.

In 1657, Mary Dyer, from Rhode Island, who was one of the four who suffered death at Boston in token of their faithfulness, came into that vicinity; and Anne Burden, a widow, whose business was to collect certain debts, arrived from England. They were both confined in prison—the latter about three months—and then sent back to her home, and not permitted to take with her goods to the value of about thirty pounds, which had been collected for her from some of her creditors, by a few persons, who became interested in her tried situation. Mary was compelled to return to Rhode Island, and the person who gave her a safe conduct, was obliged to enter into heavy bonds not to lodge her in any town of the colony, nor to permit any to speak with her on the way. Anne Burden's case appears to have been one of great hardship. She left behind a number of fatherless children, needing relief, and had made a long, expensive and perilous voyage. Her errand was of a business kind, under the pressure of need in her own home, and when at the very door of those, whom it was her business to see, she was driven out of the country and obliged to abandon her peaceful undertaking.

The violence of persecution did not deter Friends from coming into the colony, or from following out whatever course the mind of Truth presented. Some were commanded to go and warn the people of the consequences of their hardness and disobedience, as the Lord entrusted Jonah with a message of warning to the inhabitants of Nineveh, on account of their great pride, luxury, and ungodliness. And when it became

no longer possible for Friends to take passage direct for Boston, because of the penalties imposed on the masters and owners of vessels, for receiving them on board, Friends sailed for other points on the coast and found their way overland; at that time an uncultivated region, densely wooded, with few or no laid out roads; inhabited by Indians, and overrun with wild beasts.

In the Fifth Month of 1658, William Brend came to Massachusetts. He was most barbarously treated, neck and heels chained together for sixteen hours, kept five days without food and cruelly beaten.

Three other Quakers, who came in the same year, had their right ears cut off by the executioner. A law was passed condemning to death those Friends who should return after banishment.

There were many upright-hearted men and women who abhorred those exhibitions of religious hate. These instances of cruelty were made instrumental in the Lord's hands in awakening the consciences of many.

William Robinson, a merchant of London, Marmaduke Stevenson, Mary Dyer, who had returned to the colony, and Nicholas Davis, arrived at Boston in the Ninth Month, 1659. They were thrown into prison, and by order of the court and council of assistants, were sentenced to banishment, and suffer death; but William Robinson being regarded as a public teacher of the doctrines so bitterly misrepresented and denounced in the preamble to the law, he was condemned to be also severely whipped, "and the constable was commanded to find an able man to do it." It is stated he was brought into the open street and stripped, and his hands placed through the holes of the carriage of a large gun, where he was held, while the executioner gave him twenty stripes with a three-corded whip. It appears Mary Dyer and Nicholas Davis submitted to the decree

of the court, but William Robinson and Marmaduke Stevenson though they left Boston, were not free in their minds to leave the colony, but feeling a duty devolving upon them to build up others in the same faith, went to Salem, where they were soon arrested, and returned to Boston prison. In the following month Mary returned also, and was taken into custody. There were now three Friends in the hands of the authorities who, by the terms of the law, were worthy of death.

On the twentieth of Tenth Month they were brought into court, where governor Endicott and others were assembled. Being called to the bar, Endicott commanded the keeper to pull off their hats; and with very little ceremony he directed them to "Give ear, and hearken to your sentence of death." William Robinson then desired to be permitted to read a paper, in which the reasons were given why he had not conformed to the order of the court; but the governor would not suffer it to be read, and replied: "You shall not read it, nor will the court hear it read." William Sewel writes: he had written this paper the day before, and a part of the contents were, that he being in Rhode Island, the Lord had commanded him to go to Boston, and to lay down his life there. That he also felt an assurance his soul would enter into everlasting peace, and eternal rest: that he durst not but obey; believing it became him as a child, to show obedience to the Lord, without any unwillingness: and that now with sincerity of heart he could say, Blessed be the Lord, the God of my life, who hath called me hereunto, and counted me worthy to testify against wicked and unjust men.

The sentence of death was now pronounced, and William Robinson was remanded to his cell. Marmaduke Stevenson was then called, and a like sentence read to him. An opportunity being now given Marmaduke Stevenson to speak, he made the following solemn declaration in the presence of some of

the principal rulers of the province, "Give ear, ye magistrates, and all who are guilty; for this the Lord hath said concerning you, and will perform his word upon you, that the same day ye put his servants to death, shall the day of your visitation pass over your heads and you shall be cursed forevermore. The mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken it. Therefore in love to you all, I exhort you to take warning before it be too late, that so the curse may be removed. For assuredly, if you put us to death, you will bring innocent blood upon your own heads, and swift destruction will come upon you." He was then returned to prison. Mary was now called; after receiving her sentence of death from Endicott she meekly responded: "The will of the Lord be done." As the marshal returned her to prison, she was heard often by the way uttering words of praise to the Lord.

After being retained in prison about a week, they were led out to the place of execution on the day appointed, the twenty-seventh day of the Tenth Month, under an escort of two hundred armed men, besides many horsemen. These Friends as they passed along on their way to the gallows, several times attempted to speak, but the drums were beaten, and their voices seldom heard. It is stated, glorious signs of heavenly joy and gladness were beheld in their faces, as they walked hand in hand. Mary was heard to say: "No eye can see, no ear can hear, no tongue can utter, and no heart can understand the sweet incomes, and the refreshings of the spirit of the Lord, which now I feel." Great was their cheerfulness, going as if to a wedding-feast; and rejoicing that they were accounted worthy to suffer for his blessed name. As they came to the place where their lives were to be offered up, they took leave of each other with tender embraces. Then William Robinson went cheerfully up to the platform, and turning to the people, he thus addressed them: "This is the day of your

visitation, wherein the Lord hath visited you; this is the day the Lord is risen in his mighty power, to be avenged on all his adversaries." He also desired the spectators to mind the light that was in them; to wit, the light of Christ, of which he testified, and was now about to seal it with his blood. This so incensed the envious priest, that he said: "Hold thy tongue." His person, and the rope, being now adjusted, he used these last words: "I suffer for Christ, in whom I live, and for whom I die." He was then launched into eternity. Marmaduke Stevenson with a few solemn parting words, immediately followed his companion to the same triumphant end.

Mary seeing her friends dead before her, also stepped up the ladder without hesitation, and just as the bloody work was about to be enacted in her case, a reprieve was handed the officer. She was ordered to come down, but she whose mind was already as it were in heaven, stood still, saying, "she was there willing to suffer as her brethren had, unless they would annul their wicked law." This favor was obtained at the intercession of her son.

The execution of William Robinson and Marmaduke Stevenson, causing much uneasiness among many of the people, it was deemed best to send Mary out of the Province. She was accordingly carried on horseback into Rhode Island. Not long after we find her in Long Island, where she spent most of the following winter: but having returned to her home, she was moved of the Lord to return to Boston, where she arrived the twenty-first of Third Month, 1660. On the thirty-first, she was apprehended, and brought before governor Endicott. Being identified as the same person that was sentenced at the last general court, she was ordered to go to prison, and to be taken to the place of execution the following day at nine o'clock.

On coming to the gallows she was desired to retract, but her

blessed Lord did not forsake her, and her righteous courage did not fail. Her words were: "I came to do the will of my Father, and in obedience to his will, I stand even unto death." She was desired to have the elders present pray for her, by some one or more of the people; to which she answered: "I desire the prayers of all the people of God: the elders I do not know."

When the knowledge of these shocking deeds reached England, Friends there made earnest representations to the king, Charles the Second, who granted them a mandate to the authorities at Boston, to restrain them from further proceedings of the kind. Friends chartered a vessel with very little delay, and sent it over by one of their number.

The late John G. Whittier wrote a poem under the title of "The King's Missive," describing its reception. Its historical accuracy having been questioned by George E. Ellis in some remarks before the Massachusetts Historical Society, Whittier wrote a reply to his criticisms, which follows. It has frequently been the case that attempts have been made to defend the reputation of the New England Puritans, by casting aspersions on the character of the early Friends. In "Knickerbocker's Magazine" for Eighth Month, 1843, there was published an article, the result of "close historical scrutiny," written by the late Nathan Kite, which is clear and conclusive on this subject. It may be found in vol. xvi, page 366 of "The Friend."

"THE KING'S MISSIVE, 1661."

J. G. WHITTIER.

Under the great hill sloping bare
To cove and meadow and common lot,
In his council chamber and oaken chair,
Sat the worshipful governor Endicott.
A grave, strong man who knew no peer
In the pilgrim land where he ruled in fear
Of God, not man, and for good or ill
Held his trust with an iron will.

He had shorn with his sword the cross from out
The flag, and cloven the May pole down,
Harried the heathen round about,
And whipped the Quakers from town to town.
Earnest and honest, a man at need
To burn like a torch for his own harsh creed,
He kept with the flaming brand of his zeal
The gate of the holy commonweal.

His brow was clouded, his eye was stern,
With a look of mingled sorrow and wrath:
"Woe's me!" he murmured, "at every turn
The pestilent Quakers are in my path!
Some we have scourged, and banished some,
Some hanged, more doomed, and still they come,
Fast as the tide of yon bay sets in,
Sowing their heresy's seed of sin.

"Did we count on this? Did we leave behind
The graves of our kin, the comfort and ease
Of our English hearths and homes to find
Troublers of Israel such as these?
Shall I spare? Shall I pity them? God forbid!
I will do as the prophet to Agag did:
They come to poison the wells of the word,
I will hew them to pieces before the Lord!"

The door swung open, and Rawson, the clerk,
Entered, and whispered under breath,
"There waits below for the hangman's work
A fellow banished on pain of death—
Shattuck, of Salem, unhealed of the whip,
Brought over in Master Goldsmith's ship,
At anchor here in a Christian port,
With freight of the devil and all his sort!"

Twice and thrice on his chamber floor
Striding fiercely from wall to wall,
"The Lord do so to me and more,"
The Governor cried, "if I hang not all!
Bring hither the Quaker." Calm, sedate,
With the look of a man at ease with fate,
Into that presence grim and dread
Came Samuel Shattuck, with hat on head.

"Off with the knave's hat!" An angry hand
Smote down the offence; but the wearer said,
With a quiet smile, "By the king's command
I bear his message and stand in his stead."
In the Governor's hand a missive he laid,
With the royal arms on its seal displayed;
And the proud man spake, as he gazed thereat,
Uncovering, "Give Mr. Shattuck his hat."

He turned to the Quaker, bowing low:
"The king commandeth your friends' release.
Doubt not he shall be obeyed, although
To his subjects' sorrow and sin's increase.
What he here enjoineth, John Endicott,
His loyal servant questioneth not,
You are free! God grant the spirit you own
May take you from us to parts unknown."

So the door of the jail was open cast,
And like Daniel out of the lion's den
Tender youth and girlhood passed,
With age-bowed women and grey-locked men.
And the voice of one appointed to die
Was lifted in praise and thanks on high,
And the little maid from New Netherlands
Kissed in her joy, the doomed man's hands.

And one, whose call was to minister
To the souls in prison, beside him went,
An ancient woman, bearing with her
The linen shroud for his burial meant.
For she, not counting her own life dear,
In the strength of a love that cast out fear,
Had watched and served where her brethren died,
Like those who waited the cross beside.

One moment they paused on their way to look
On the martyr graves by the common side,
And much-scourged Wharton of Salem took
His burden of prophecy up and cried—
"Rest, souls of the valiant! Not in vain
Have ye borne the Master's cross of pain;
Ye have fought the fight, ye are victors crowned,
With a fourfold chain ye have satan bound!"

The autumn haze lay soft and still
On wood and meadow and upland farms;
On the brow of Snow hill the great windmill
Slowly and lazily swung its arms:
Broad in the sunshine stretched away,
With its capes and islands, the turquoise bay;
And over water and dusk of pines
Blue hills lifted their faint outlines.

The topaz leaves of the walnut glowed,
The sumach added its crimson fleck,
And double in air and water showed
The tinted maples along the neck;

Through frost-flower clusters of pale star-mist,
And gentian fringes of amethyst,
And royal plumes of the golden-rod,
The grazing cattle on Centry trod.

But as they who see not, the Quakers saw
The world about them: they only thought
With deep thanksgiving and pious awe
Of the great deliverance God had wrought.
Through lane and alley the gazing town
Noisily follow them up and down:
Some with scoffing and brutal jeer,
Some with pity and words of cheer.

One brave voice rose above the din,
Upsal, grey with his length of days,
Cried from the door of his Red lion inn—
"Men of Boston, give God the praise!
No more shall innocent blood call down
The bolts of wrath on your guilty town.
The freedom of worship, dear to you,
Is dear to all, and to all is due.

"I see the vision of days to come,
When your beautiful city of the bay
Shall be Christian liberty's chosen home,
And none shall his neighbor's rights gainsay.
The varying notes of worship shall blend
And as one great prayer to God ascend,
And hands of mutual charity raise
Walls of salvation and gates of praise."

So passed the Quakers through Boston town,
Whose painful ministers sighed to see
The walls of their sheep-fold falling down,
And wolves of heresy prowling free,
But the years went on, and brought no wrong;
With milder counsels the State grew strong,
As outward letter and inward light
Kept the balance of truth aright.

The Puritan spirit perishing not
To Concord's yeomen the signal sent,
And spake in the voice of the cannon-shot
That severed the chains of a continent.
With its gentler mission of peace and good-will
The thought of the Quaker is living still,
And the freedom of soul he prophesied
Is Gospel and law where its martyrs died.

JOHN G. WHITTIER'S REPLY TO GEORGE E. ELLIS.

A friend has called my attention to a paper read by doctor Ellis before the Massachusetts Historical Society, upon the persecution of the Friends in New England of the seventeenth century, in which my poetic version of an incident of that period —"The King's Missive" to governor Endicott, is criticised. It is not easy in a poem of the kind referred to, to be strictly accurate in every detail, but I think the ballad has preserved with tolerable correctness the spirit, tone and color of the incident, and its time. At least such was my intention. Certainly I did not profess to hold up that reprobate monarch, Charles II., as a consistent friend of toleration, or of any other Christian virtue. The Quakers of his time knew him too well to attribute his actions to any other than selfish motives. They were never deceived by his professions of liberality, as Baxter and his friend "old Mr. Ash" were, when they wept for very joy over his gracious words and promises. They sought to obtain from him some relief from their sufferings, and did so in a few instances, when it suited his caprice, or when the persecutors complained of happened to be Puritans.

The letter of the king commanded that further proceedings against the imprisoned Friends should be stayed, and that they should be sent to England for trial. To this Governor Endicott promised implicit obedience. The prisoners were released from the jail, and they and their friends outside were, for the first time, permitted to meet together in Boston and praise God for their deliverance. That the persecution did not cease is true. But ever after, the hunted Quakers breathed more freely, and felt that the end of the long night of tribulation was near.

That the prisoners were not sent to England was probably due to the fears of the Governor and his advisers that their doings would not bear a legal investigation. The only way of evading the king's requisition was to have no prisoners in the jail! Drake's History of Boston, page 357, says: "An order was issued for the discharge of the Quakers then in prison. William Salter was the prison-keeper. There were, a little

previous to this twenty-eight persons lying in Boston jail, one of whom, Wenlock Christison, was under sentence of death."

In Bryant and Gay's History of the United States, vol. 2, page 157, it is stated that "William Salter, keeper of Boston jail, was at once ordered to release and discharge all the Quakers in his custody." In the Journal of George Fox it is said, in relation to this matter, that "The passengers in the ship and the Friends in the town met together, and offered up praise and thanksgiving to God, who had so wonderfully delivered them out of the teeth of the devourer;" and that, while they were thus met, "In came a poor Friend, who, being sentenced by their bloody law to die, had lain some time in irons, expecting execution." Dr. Evans, in his carefully compiled "History of Friends in the Seventeenth Century," says: "The council issued an order to the keeper of the prison to set at liberty all the Quakers then in confinement." Page 250.

I think it will be seen that there was "a general jail delivery" in consequence of the king's demand; that the Friends met together and thanked God for their deliverance, and that "one appointed to die," and who had lain in irons expecting death, was with them. It has been said that Wenlock Christison was released before Shattuck's arrival, in consequence of his "recantation." He recanted nothing. He stated only that he found a freedom in his mind to depart out of the jurisdiction, and that he did not know as he should ever come back. Mary Dyer left the colony under the same circumstances, and after a time felt herself called upon to return. It seems more than probable that Christison was not set at liberty until after the arrival of the king's message, for he would not have been permitted to remain in Boston one hour after liberation, and it appears that he was with the little company who met together in praise and thanksgiving.

It is true, and for the credit of human nature it should be stated, that the cruel enactments for whipping, branding, selling into slavery, and death on the gallows, were distasteful to a considerable minority of the people of New England. Governor Winthrop, of Connecticut, remonstrated against the course of the Massachusetts authorities, as did also Saltonstall and [illegible] among the magistrates of the colony. But

there is no evidence that the clergy, who were the instigators of these laws, faltered for a moment in their determination to enforce them, so far as their influence could be exerted upon the magistracy. Endicott, Bellingham and Bradstreet needed no stimulus from them. There is not the slightest evidence that these men had abated one jot or tittle of their fixed determination to crush out and exterminate every germ of Quakerism. Nor can it be said that the persecution grew out of the "intrusion," "indecency," and "effrontery" of the persecuted.

It owed its origin to the settled purpose of the ministers and leading men of the colony to permit no difference of opinion on religious matters. They had banished the Baptists, and whipped at least one of them. They had hunted down Gorton and his adherents; they had imprisoned Dr. Child, an Episcopalian, for petitioning the general court for toleration. They had driven some of their best citizens out of their jurisdiction, with Ann Hutchinson and the gifted minister, Wheelwright. Any dissent on the part of their own fellow-citizens was punished as severely as the heresy of strangers.

The charge of "indecency" comes with ill grace from the authorities of the Massachusetts colony. The first Quakers who arrived in Boston, Ann Austin and Mary Fisher, were arrested on board the ship before landing, their books taken from them and burned by the constable, and they themselves brought before Deputy Governor Bellingham, in the absence of Endicott. This astute magistrate ordered them to be stripped naked, and their bodies to be carefully examined, to see if there was not the devil's mark on them as witches. They were then sent to the jail, their cell window was boarded up, and they were left without food or light, until the master of the vessel that brought them was ordered to take them to Barbadoes. When Endicott returned, he thought they had been treated too leniently, and declared that he would have had them whipped.

After this, almost every town in the province was favored with the spectacle of aged and young women, stripped to the middle, tied to a cart-tail, and dragged through the streets, and scourged without mercy by the constable's whip. It is not

strange that these atrocious proceedings, in two or three instances, unsettled the minds of the victims. Lydia Wardwell, of Hampton, who, with her husband, had been reduced to almost total destitution by persecution, was summoned by the church of which she had been a member to appear before it to answer to the charge of non-attendance. She obeyed the call by appearing in the unclothed condition of the sufferers whom she had seen under the constable's whip. For this she was taken to Ipswich and stripped to the waist, tied to a rough post, which tore her bosom as she writhed under the lash, and severely scourged to the satisfaction of a crowd of lookers-on at a tavern. One, and only one other instance is adduced in the person of Deborah Wilson, of Salem. She had seen her friends and neighbors scourged naked through the street, among them her brother, who was banished on pain of death. She, like all Puritans, had been educated in the belief of the plenary inspiration of Scripture, and had brooded over the strange "signs" and testimonies of the Hebrew prophets. It seemed to her that the time had arrived for some similar demonstration, and that it was her duty to walk abroad in the disrobed condition to which her friends had been subjected, as a sign and warning to the persecutors. Whatever of "indecency" there was in these cases was directly chargeable upon the atrocious persecution. At the door of the magistrates and ministers of Massachusetts must be laid the insanity of the conduct of these unfortunate women.

But Boston, at least, had no voluntary Godivas. The only disrobed women in its streets were made so by Puritan sheriffs and constables, who dragged them, amidst jeering crowds at the cart-tail, stripped for the lash, which, in one instance, laid open, with a ghastly gash, the bosom of a young mother!

It is a remarkable proof of the purity of life among the early Friends that their enemies, while exhausting the language of abuse against them, pointed to no instances of licentiousness or immoral practice. However enthusiastic or extravagant, they "kept themselves unspotted from the world." Woman, from the Quaker standpoint, was regarded as man's equal and beloved companion; like him, directly responsible to God and free to obey the leadings of the spirit of Truth. From the

rise of the Society to the present time, the peace, purity, and peculiar sweetness of Quaker homes have been proverbial.

The charge that the Quakers who suffered were "vagabonds," and "ignorant, low fanatics," is unfounded in fact. Mary Dyer, who was executed, was a woman of marked respectability. She had been the friend and associate of sir Henry Vane and the ministers Wheelwright and Cotton. The papers left behind by the three men who were hanged show that they were above the common class of their day in mental power and genuine piety. John Rous, who, in execution of his sentence, had his right ear cut off by the constable in the Boston jail, was of gentlemanly lineage, the son of colonel Rous of the British army, and himself the betrothed of a high-born and cultivated young English lady. Nicholas Upsall was one of Boston's most worthy and substantial citizens, yet was driven in his age and infirmities, from his home and property, into the wilderness.

If the authorities were more severe in dealing with the Quakers than with other dissenters, it was because they were more persistent in maintaining their rights of opinion. The persecutors were, on the whole, impartial in their intolerance. The same whip that scored the back of Holmes the Baptist, fell on that of Wharton the Quaker. The same decree of banishment was issued against Mary Dyer and Ann Hutchinson. The same jail door that was shut upon the twelve-year old Quaker girl, was closed also upon the learned and world-travelled Dr. Child, the Episcopalian.

The Friends have been accused of running upon the sword of the law held out against them, of glorying in persecution. This charge was urged against the early Christians. It was said of the martyr Ignatius, on his way to Rome, that he longed to come to the beasts that were to devour him; that he would invite them to tear him; nay, should they refuse to do so, he would force them. The good emperor Marcus Antoninus expressed his dislike of the Christian sect, because of their "obstinacy in seeking death." It must be owned that the persecuted Quakers were more afraid of violating conscience than unrighteous law. They held duty paramount to any other consideration. They could die, but they could not deny the Truth.

To such "obstinacy" the world is largely indebted. The religious freedom of our age is the legacy of the heroic confessors, who suffered and died rather than yield their honest convictions. It was Quaker "obstinacy" and sturdy endurance which opened the jails of England, crowded with Presbyterians and Independents, among them the great names of Baxter and Bunyan. Baxter, who hated them with all the intensity of his nature, owns that the Quakers, by their perseverance in holding their religious meetings in defiance of penal laws and brutal mobs, took upon themselves the burden of persecution, which would otherwise have fallen on himself and his Presbyterian friends; and especially mentions with commendation the noble and successful plea of William Penn before the recorder's court of London, based on the fundamental liberties of Englishmen, secured by the great charter.

The inheritors of the name and religious opinions of the suffering Friends of New England have no wish to deprive the Puritan authorities of any proper extenuation or palliation of their severity. But in truth there is but one excuse for them —the hard and cruel spirit of the age in which they lived. They shared its common intolerance. With the single exception of the Friends, every sect in Christendom believed in the right of the magistrate to punish heresy. There were indeed individuals, and among the noblest of the age, who sympathized with the persecuted Friends, and exerted themselves for their relief—such men as Sydney and Vane, Milton and Marvel, Tillotson and Locke, prince Rupert and lord Herbert. But these were solitary exceptions.

For myself, I have always cheerfully admitted to its full extent this plea of universal intolerance, in extenuation of the New England ministers and magistrates. I do not doubt that they regarded the Quaker doctrine of the Divine Immanence as a fatal heresy. They could bring no charge of immorality against the men and women whom they whipped and hung. They could not charge them with taking up arms in rebellion, or countenancing in any way a forcible resistance to even unjust law. They could not deny that when left unmolested they were industrious and temperate, peaceable and kind neighbors and citizens.

The tendency of Quakerism to promote peace, good order and worldly prosperity, was proved by the fact that three of the colonies, Rhode Island, North Carolina and Pennsylvania, under the Quaker governors, Coddington, Archdale and Penn, were exceptional examples of peace, order and progress.

Dr. Ellis has been a very generous, as well as ingenious defender of the Puritan clergy and government, and his labors in this respect have the merit of gratuitous disinterestedness. Had the very worthy and learned gentleman been a resident in the Massachusetts colony in 1660, one of his most guarded doctrinal sermons would have brought down upon him the wrath of clergy and magistracy. His socinianism would have seemed more wicked than the "inward light" of the Quakers; and, had he been as "doggedly obstinate" as Servetus at Geneva (as I do him the justice to think he would have been), he might have hung on the same gallows with the Quakers, or the same shears which clipped the ears of Holder, Rous and Copeland, might have shorn off his own.

I can assure him that in speaking on this subject I have always honestly endeavored to do justice to both parties. In the ballad to which he refers, I think I have done so. In "Margaret Smith's Diary" I have gone to the extreme in finding excuse for John Norton himself. I find no fault with Dr. Ellis' championship of Endicott and his advisors. I only regret that, in attempting to vindicate them, he has done injustice to the sufferers, whom he seems to think were at least quite as much to blame for being hanged as Endicott was for hanging them. We who inherit the faith and name of these noble men and women, who gave up home and life for freedom of worship, have no desire to be complimented at their expense. Holding their doctrine, and reverencing their memories, we look back awed and humbled upon their heroic devotion to apprehended duty, and with gratitude to God for their example of obedience unto death.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

AMESBURY, Third Month 22nd, 1881.

Our beloved poet, John G. Whittier, has described some of the sufferings of New England Friends in a piece entitled, "How the women went from Dover."

HOW THE WOMEN WENT FROM DOVER.*

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The tossing spray of Cocheco's fall
Hardened to ice on its rocky wall,
As through Dover town, in the chill, gray dawn,
Three women passed, at the cart-tail drawn!

Bared to the waist, for the north wind's grip
And keener sting of the constable's whip,
The blood that followed each hissing blow
Froze as it sprinkled the winter snow.

Priest and ruler, boy and maid
Followed the dismal cavalcade;
And from door and window, open thrown,
Looked and wondered gaffer and crone.

"God is our witness," the victims cried,
"We suffer for Him, who for all men died;
The wrong ye do has been done before,
We bear the stripes that the Master bore!

* The following is a copy of the warrant, issued by Major Waldron of Dover, in 1662.

TO THE CONSTABLES OF DOVER, HAMPTON, SALISBURY, NEWBURY, ROWLEY, IPSWICH, WENHAM, LYNN, BOSTON, ROXBURY, DEDHAM, AND UNTIL THESE VAGABOND QUAKERS ARE CARRIED OUT OF THIS JURISDICTION.

You, and every one of you, are required, in King's Majesty's name, to take these vagabond Quakers, Anne Colman, Mary Tomkins and Alice Ambrose, and make them fast to the cart's tail, and driving the cart through your several towns, to whip them upon their naked backs, not exceeding ten stripes apiece on each of them in each town; and so to convey them from constable to constable, till they are out of this jurisdiction, as you will answer it at your peril; and this shall be your warrant.

RICHARD WALDRON.

DATED AT DOVER, DECEMBER 22, 1662.

This warrant was executed only in Dover and Hampton. At Salisbury the constable refused to obey it. He was sustained by the town's people, who were under the influence of Major Robert Pike, the leading man in the lower valley of the Merrimac, who stood far in advance of his time, as an advocate of religious freedom, and an opponent of ecclesiastical authority. He had the moral courage to address an able and manly letter to the court at Salem, remonstrating against the witchcraft trials.

"And thou, O Richard Waldron, for whom
We hear the feet of a coming doom,
On thy cruel heart and thy hand of wrong
Vengeance is sure, though it tarry long.

"In the light of the Lord, a flame we see
Climb and kindle a proud roof-tree;
And beneath it an old man lying dead,
With stains of blood on his hoary head."*

"Smite, Good-man, Hate-Evil!—harder still!"
The magistrate cried, "lay on with a will!
Drive out of their bodies the Father of Lies,
Who through them preaches and prophesies!"

So into the forest they held their way
By winding river and frost-rimmed bay,
Over wind-swept hills that felt the beat
Of the winter sea at their icy feet.

The Indian hunter, searching his traps,
Peered steathily through the forest gaps;
And the outlying settler shook his head—
"They're witches going to jail," he said.

At last a meeting-house came in view;
A blast on his horn the constable blew;
And the boys of Hampton cried up and down,
"The Quakers have come!' to the wondering town.

From barn and wood-pile the good-man came;
The good-wife quitted her quilting frame,
With her child at her breast; and, hobbling slow,
The grandam followed to see the show.

Once more the torturing whip was swung,
Once more keen lashes the bare flesh stung.
"Oh, spare! they are bleeding!" a little maid cried,
And covered her face the sight to hide.

A murmur ran round the crowd: "Good folks,"
Quoth the constable, busy counting the strokes,
"No pity to wretches like these is due,
They have beaten the Gospel black and blue!"

Then a pallid woman, in wild-eyed fear,
With her wooden noggin of milk drew near:
"Drink, poor hearts!" A rude hand smote
Her draught away from a parching throat.

* Many years after, Major Waldron was killed by the Indians.

"Take heed," one whispered, "they'll take your cow
For fines as they took your horse and plow,
And the bed from under you." "Even so,"
She said. "They are cruel as death I know."

Then on they passed, in the waning day,
Through Seabrook woods, a weariful way;
By great salt meadows and sand-hills bare,
And glimpses of blue sea here and there.

By the meeting-house in Salisbury town,
The sufferers stood in the red sundown,
Bare for the lash! O pitying night,
Drop swift thy curtain and hide the sight!

With shame in his eye and wrath on his lip
The Salisbury constable dropped his whip.
"This warrant means murder foul and red;
Cursed is he who serves it," he said.

"Show me the order, and meanwhile strike
A blow at your peril!" said justice Pike.
Of all the rulers the land possessed,
Wisest and boldest was he, and best.

He scoffed at witchcraft; the priest he met
As man meets man; his feet he set
Beyond his dark age, standing upright,
Soul-free, with his face to the morning light.

He read the warrant: "These convey
From our precincts; at every town on the way
Give each ten lashes." "God judge the brute!
I tread his order under my foot!

"Cut loose those poor ones and let them go;
Come what will of it, all men shall know
No warrant is good, though backed by the Crown,
For whipping women in Salisbury town!"

The hearts of the villagers, half released
From creed of terror and rule of priest,
By a primal instinct owned the right
Of human pity in law's despite.

For ruth and chivalry only slept,
His Saxon manhood the yeoman kept;
Quicker or slower, the same blood ran
In the cavalier and the Puritan.

The Quakers sank on their knees in praise
And thanks. A last, low sunset blaze
Flashed out from under a cloud, and shed
A golden glory on each bowed head.

The tale is one of an evil time,
When souls were fettered and thought was crime,
And heresy's whisper above its breath
Meant shameful scourging and bonds and death!

What marvel, that hunted and sorely tried,
Even women rebuked and prophesied,
And soft words rarely answered back
The grim persuasion of whip and rack!

If her cry from the whipping-post and jail
Pierced sharp as the Kenite's driven nail,
O woman, at ease in these happier days,
Forbear to judge of thy sister's ways!

How much thy beautiful life may owe
To her faith and courage thou canst not know,
Nor how from the paths of thy calm retreat
She smoothed the thorns with her bleeding feet.

The historian Sewell says that about the year 1662 there was published in print a short relation of the persecution throughout all England, signed by twelve persons, showing that more than four thousand and two hundred of those called Quakers, both men and women, were in prison in England; and denoting the number of them that were imprisoned in each county, either for frequenting meetings, or for denying to swear, etc. Many of these had been grievously beaten or their clothes torn or taken away from them; and some were put into such stinking dungeons that several great men said they would not have put their hunting dogs there. Some prisons were crowded full both of men and women, so that there was not sufficient room for all to sit down at once; and in Cheshire sixty-eight persons were in this manner locked up in a small room; an evident sign that they were a harmless people that would not make any resistance or use force. By such ill-treatment many grew sick, and not a few died in such jails; for no age or sex was regarded; but even ancient people of

sixty, seventy, and more years of age, were not spared; and the most of these being tradesmen, shopkeepers and husbandmen, were thus reduced to poverty, for their goods were also seized for not going to church (so called), or for not paying tithes. Many times they were fain to lie in prison on cold, nasty ground, without being suffered to have any straw; and often they have been kept several days without victuals; no wonder, therefore, that many died by such hard imprisonments as these.

The eminent minister, George Whitehead speaks of how wonderfully the Lord supported and comforted them when confined in prison. He says:

In the comfortable enjoyment of his glorious Divine power and presence, several of us have often been made to sing aloud in praise to his glorious name; yea, his high praises have been in our mouths oftentimes to the great amazement and astonishment of the malefactors shut up in the same ward with us. When walking together our hearts have been lifted up in living praise to the Lord, often for several hours together with voices of melody. Oh! the sweet presence and power of the Lord our God, how precious to be enjoyed in prisons and dungeons, and strait confinements. Glory and dominion be to our God and to the Lamb that sits upon the throne forever and ever.

On one occasion, George Whitehead was arrested in a religious meeting, taken before persecuting magistrates, who unjustly and illegally ordered him to be whipped as a vagrant. He says:

The said warrant was the next day after its date put into severe execution by a foolish fellow, whom the constable got to do it. When the constable had stripped me above the waist, the fellow with a long, sharp whip, laid on so violently that he cut and wounded both my back and breast with long stripes, tearing the skin and shedding blood, till some people present cried out to stop him. There was a great number present, it being in a public place, like a market place in the street, and

many wept to see their cruelty; yet by the Lord's power, I was enabled cheerfully to bear it all with patience, great comfort and rejoicing, even in the very time of the execution, whereby many were amazed and smitten. How many stripes I had I do not well know, but remember that the marks thereof were to be seen a long time after, both on my back and breast.

It is also very memorable to me, how wonderfully the Lord, by his Divine power, supported me, even while they were inflicting their cruelty and punishment upon my body; that even then my spirit was raised; and my mouth opened to sing aloud in praises to the Lord my God, that He counted me worthy to suffer for his name and Truth's sake.

In 1661, when the deputies of New England came to London to try to clear themselves of the blood of the martyrs which they had shed (for freedom to hunt a Quaker to death was not the least among the privileges to enjoy which the Puritan fathers had crossed the ocean), George Fox and his Friends were edged on "by the old royalists to prosecute them," but they refused, saying they would "leave them to the Lord, to whom vengeance belonged;" Fox himself warning them that "if the father of William Robinson" (one of those that were put to death) "were in town, it was probable he would question them, and bring their lives into jeopardy, seeing that he, not being of the Quakers' persuasion, would perhaps not have so much regard to the point of forbearance as they had."

Their courage and faithfulness in not giving over their meeting together did so weary out the malice of their adversaries, that oftentimes they were forced to leave their work undone. For when they came to break up a meeting they were obliged to take every individual out by force, they not being free to give up their liberty by dissolving at their command; and when they were haled out, unless they were kept forth by violence, they presently returned peaceably to their place. Yea, when the magistrates have pulled down their meeting-houses, they have met the next day openly upon the rubbish . . . and

when the malice of their oppressors stirred them to take shovels, and throw the rubbish upon them, there they stood unmoved, being willing, if the Lord should so permit, to have been there buried alive, witnessing for Him.

Barclay might well say, "that this way of suffering," made the persecutors' work very heavy and wearisome unto them, as did the courage and patience of the sufferers, using no resistance, nor bringing any weapons to defend themselves, nor seeking anyways revenge, secretly smite the hearts of the persecutors, and make their chariot wheels go on heavily.

The bad condition of the jails, and the abuses which grew out of the fee system, from which our early Friends suffered so much, were not fully remedied till near a century later, when John Howard, having been high sheriff of the county of Bedford, thought it his duty to visit the prisons in which malefactors were confined. The prisons of England, as well as of other countries, were then in a frightful state. The prisoners were neither separated nor classified. The comparatively innocent, and the abominably guilty, were herded together; so that common jails became the hotbeds of crime. The hungry man who stole a loaf of bread found himself in contact with the burglar or the murderer. The debtor and the forger—the petty thief and the cut-throat—the dishonest girl and the prostitute—were all mixed up together. Swearing, cursing and blaspheming pervaded the jail. Religious worship was unknown. The place was made over to Beelzebub. The devil was king.

Howard thus simply tells his impressions as to the treatment of prisoners:

> Some who by the verdict of juries were declared not guilty—some on whom the grand jury did not find such an appearance of guilt as subjected them to a trial—and some whose prosecutors did not appear against them—after having been

confined for months, were dragged back to jail and locked up again until they should pay sundry fees to the jailor, the clerk of assize, and such like.

He also remarked that the "hard-hearted creditors, who sometimes threatened their debtors that they should rot in jail, had indeed a very truthful significance; for that in jail men really did rot—literally sinking and festering from filth and malaria. John Howard estimated that, numerous as were the lives sacrificed on the gallows, quite as many fell victims to cold and damp, disease and hunger.

The jailors' salaries were not paid by the public, but by the discharged prisoners. John Howard pleaded with the justices of the peace that a salary should be paid to the jailor. He was asked for a precedent. He said he should find one. He mounted his horse, and rode throughout the country for the precedent. He visited county jails far and near. He did not find a precedent for the payment of a salary to the jailor, but he found an amount of wretchedness and misery prevailing among the prisoners, which determined him to devote himself to the reformation of the jails of England and of the world. He went from one end of England to the other, in order to drag forth to the light the disgusting mysteries of the British prison-houses. In many cases he gave freedom to such as were confined for some petty debt, and to many others who were utterly guiltless of crime. Upon the conclusion of his survey the House of Commons resolved itself into a committee, in order to ascertain the actual state of the case. He appeared before it, laden with his notes. In the course of the inquiry, a member, surprised at the extent and minuteness of his information, inquired at whose expense he had travelled. Howard was almost choked before he could reply.

The thanks of the Legislature were given him at the close of his evidence. They followed in the track which he had

pointed out. Bills were passed in 1774—the year after he had begun his work—abolishing all fees, providing salaries for the jailors, and ordering all prisoners to be discharged immediately upon acquittal. It was also directed that all jails should be cleansed, whitewashed and ventilated; that infirmaries should be erected for the healing and maintenance of prisoners; and that proper jails should be built.

The reader of the preceding pages must have noticed that many of our early Friends were exposed to much suffering on account of their religious profession. But when the end of life came, the precious assurance of an eternity of bliss, with which they were favored, more than compensated for all they had been forced to endure.

One of these was Elizabeth Braithwait, a young maid of seventeen years of age, who was imprisoned in Kendal jail for not going to church, as it was called. Here she was taken sick. She said:

That "her imprisonment was by the permission of the Almighty, who is greater, and above the greatest of my persecutors, who I believe will shortly set me free from these, and all other bonds, over all their heads; and in his peace, in true patience I possess my soul, and am contented, if it be his will, to be dissolved." A friend asked her why she was so willing to die. "Oh," said she, "I have seen glorious sights of good things." The friend queried, "What things?" she answered, "They are so excellent and glorious that it is not utterable; and now I have nothing but love and good will to all." But more especially she was glad in the love and unity she felt with Friends; with whom, said she: "I have been often refreshed in our meetings together, with the refreshment that comes from the presence of the Lord. Oh! the good evening meetings we have had."

Her mother seeing her lie under great weight of sickness, would sometimes weep; but she was always troubled at it, and

said: "Dear mother, do not weep, but resign me freely up into the hand of the Lord. Weep not for me, for I am well; Christ my Redeemer is with me." And to her sister she said: "Come sister, lie down by me, do not sorrow for me, I am well content to live or die; for my God hath blessed me, and will bless me, and his blessings rest upon me." A little before she departed, her speech failed; after which she would sing in her heart; lifting up her hands with a cheerful countenance, and taking her friends by the hand with great affection; so fell asleep in the Lord on the twenty-eighth of the Seventh Month, in the year 1684, in the seventeenth year of her age.

The close of Alexander Jaffray's career, took place on the seventh of the Fifth Month, 1673, at the age of fifty-nine years. He was removed from the warfare of this life, in full assurance of a glorious and immortal inheritance among the blessed of all generations.

During his last illness, which lasted twelve days, he gave forth, in the presence of many Friends and others, very substantial attestation to that most excellent dispensation of Gospel light and truth, unto which he had of late years been more perfectly and fully brought; in which also, he had given up with all readiness of mind to walk, and in defence of which, resignedly to suffer. Among other expressions, these following, abundantly prove the blessed condition of his spirit, up to the awful change.

He remarked, it was his great joy and comfort in that trying hour, that ever he had been counted worthy to bear a testimony to, and suffer for the unspeakable gift of Christ's inward appearance in the hearts of the children of men, visiting all by his light, grace and good Spirit, which convinceth of sin. And further, that the great judgment and condemnation of many in the nation, especially the religious professors, was

and would be, their having so slighted and despised, yea, hated this Divine light, and the witnesses of it.

Being overcome in spirit, he occasionally said: "Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes spiritually have seen, my heart hath felt, and, feeling, shall for ever feel, thy salvation!"

It is said in the book of Revelations, "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

The early history of the Society of Friends furnishes many instances of the blessing that has crowned the closing days of those who have faithfully followed the Lord in the way of his leadings. Richard Farnsworth was one of the first that received George Fox's testimony, and joined him in Society and ministerial labors. Many were converted through his labors, and he partook of the sufferings to which his brethren were exposed. After about fifteen years spent in laboring and suffering for the Truth, he was taken ill in London. A short time before his departure out of this life, he gave the following exhortation: "Friends, God hath been mightily with me, and supported me at this time, and his presence and power have encompassed me all along. I am filled with his love more than I am able to express."

Francis Howgill was one of the principal persons among the first promulgators of the Christian doctrines held by Friends. He was a minister among the Independents, but did not feel the full satisfaction that he desired. He was in a seeking state of mind, when George Fox had a remarkable meeting at the Firbank chapel, where he officiated, and he was convinced of the truth of the doctrines preached by that eminent minister of the Lord, and himself became a preacher of the same doctrines. For refusing to swear he was confined to a prison at Appleby for the last five years of his life, and died there, after

a sickness of nine days. He expressed himself in this sickness "That he was content and ready to die," praising the Almighty for the many sweet enjoyments and refreshing seasons he had been favored with on that, his prison-house bed, whereon he lay; freely forgiving all who had a hand in his restraints. To his wife he said: "I am well and content to die. I am not afraid at all of death." Shortly before his close, he said: "I die in the faith in which I lived and suffered for."

William Bailey died in 1675. He had been a zealous preacher among Friends, and bore his share of suffering for his testimony—being several times imprisoned and also receiving personal abuse. He followed a sea-faring life for the support of his family, and was on his way from Barbadoes to England when he was visited by a disease which terminated his life. When he perceived his end near, he sent a message to his wife not to mourn too much, "For it is well with me." To those about him he said: "Death is nothing in itself, for the sting of death is sin. Tell the Friends in London, I go to my Father and their Father, my God and their God."

One Thomas Stordy, in the north of England, was imprisoned for ten years at Carlisle for refusing to swear; and after his release, under the proclamation of the king in 1672, was again cast into prison for absenting himself from the public worship, and remained there until his death in 1684. Hard as his lot might seem to be, yet he encouraged to faithfulness the Friends who visited him, telling them that the Lord rewarded him with sweet peace.

William Dewsbury was a native of Yorkshire, England, and was early distinguished among the foremost members of the Society of Friends for depth of religious experience, the eminence of his labors in the ministry, and the severity of his sufferings for the testimony of a good conscience. He was often imprisoned—at one time for nineteen years for refusing to

sweat. He was a man "valiant for the Truth," and when on his death-bed from a sickness contracted in jail, he said to some friends who came to visit him:

"Friends, be faithful and trust in the Lord your God; for this I can say, I never gained the reward, but as joyfully entered prisons as palaces. And in the prison-house I sang praises to my God, and esteemed the bolts and locks put upon me as jewels: and in the name of the eternal God I always got the victory, for they could not keep me any longer than the time determined of him. My departure draws nigh, blessed be God. I have nothing to do but to die, and put off this corruptible and mortal tabernacle, this body of flesh, that hath so many infirmities: but the life that dwells in it ascends out of the reach of death, hell and the grave, and immortality and eternal life is my crown for ever and ever."

Robert Lodge, also of Yorkshire, was convinced of the principles of Friends when about eighteen years of age. He was favored with an eminent gift in the ministry, in the exercise of which he travelled in England and Ireland, and was instrumental in gathering many from the evils which are in the world. Like many others in that day, he had to suffer imprisonment, but he kept his first love and his integrity to the last, and in his last sickness uttered these comfortable expressions to one who visited him: "The Lord knows my heart, that I have served Him; and it hath been of more account to me, the gaining of one soul, than all my labors and travels." His last words were: "Blessed be God, I have heavenly peace."

Among early Friends, Robert Barclay is very widely known as the author of various treatises, especially his vindication of the doctrines held by the Society of Friends, published with the title of "The Apology." William Penn testifies of him: "He was a learned man, a good Christian, an able minister, a dutiful son, a loving husband, a tender and careful father, an easy master, and a good, kind neighbor and friend." James

Dickinson paid him a visit when on his death-bed, to whom Robert Barclay said: "God is good still, and though I am under a great weight of weakness and sickness, yet my peace flows; and this I know, whatever exercises may be permitted to come upon me, they shall tend to God's glory and my salvation, and in that I rest."

William Penn says of George Fox that, "As he lived, so he died, feeling the same eternal power that raised him to be greatly serviceable in his generation, and preserved him steadfast in a life of righteousness, to raise him above the fear of death in his last moments." To some who inquired how he felt himself, he answered: "Never heed; the Lord's presence is over all weakness and death, the Seed reigns, blessed be the Lord."

Stephen Crisp was convinced of the Truth through the labors of James Parnell, then quite a youth, when at Colchester. The historian relates that Stephen called on him at his lodgings, and James appearing as a mere boy, he viewed him with a contemptuous eye, but upon entering into discourse with him, the awful frame of his spirit, and the weight and conciseness of his expressions fixed so deep an impression on Stephen Crisp's mind that he was effectually convinced, and became himself an eminent publisher of the same doctrines. He was zealous and diligent in the exercise of his ministry, travelling in England and Scotland, and especially in Holland and Germany, and crossed the German Ocean thirteen times on religious visits to those countries. He was very useful to many, especially widows and orphans, in the management of their outward affairs. About four days before his decease, he said to George Whitehead: "There is no cloud in my way; I have full assurance of my peace with God in Christ Jesus." To another he said: "I have fought the good fight of faith, and have run my course, and am waiting for the crown of life that is laid up for me."

Charles Marshall of Bristol, was convinced under the powerful ministry of John Audland, in the year 1654, and his attention turned to the manifestations of the light of Christ in his own heart. Abiding faithful to his convictions, about sixteen years afterwards, he received a dispensation of the Gospel to minister to others. In this he labored about twenty years, and was instrumental in convincing many. Although he suffered less from personal violence and imprisonment than many of his cotemporaries, yet he experienced enough to rank him among that happy company of whom our Saviour said: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my name's sake." On one occasion as he was concerned in prayer, a justice of the peace laid violent hands on him to pull him through the rail of the gallery, and gripped him by the side so rudely and so hard, as caused him to spit blood.

He was a considerable sufferer for his testimony against tithes, in the loss and spoil of his goods. His last illness was a lingering indisposition, from which he felt that he should not recover; yet this fixed persuasion of his mind was attended with no fearful apprehensions of his future well-being. He felt that the work of righteousness was peace, and the effect thereof quietness and assurance forever.

Thomas Loe, another eminent servant and minister of Christ, who in the course of his service in the church, had been instrumental in turning many to righteousness, was called away from the church militant to enter upon his reward in the church triumphant. When on his death-bed, he said to William Penn, who, with other Friends, was waiting on him: "Bear thy cross and stand faithful to God; then He will give thee an everlasting crown of glory, that shall not be taken from thee. There is no other way which shall prosper than that which the holy men of old walked in. God hath brought immortality to

light, and life immortal is felt. Glory, glory to Him, for He is worthy of it. His love overcomes my heart, nay, my cup runs over, glory be to his name forever." To George Whitehead he remarked: "The Lord is good to me; this day He covered me with glory;" and as life was leaving his body, he sang: "Glory, glory to Thee forever!" and so sank to sleep in Jesus.

These dear Friends in the close of life could rejoice in looking back over its scenes in the consciousness that they had endeavored faithfully to follow as Christ Jesus their heavenly leader had led them. Yet they did not ascribe their salvation to their own efforts, but to the mercy of God, who had been pleased to visit with his spirit, and give them strength to obey Him. This is very clearly shown in the account left on record of Thomas Camm, who was a diligent laborer in the Gospel. Near the end of life, he said: "I bless the Lord I can say with the apostle, 'I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.'" On another occasion he remarked: "I have been pondering in my mind and meditating of the wonderful and unspeakable mercies and loving-kindnesses of God to me, extended all my life long, even to this very day, that I, such a poor, weak, feeble creature, should be enabled to hold out and go through those many trials, travails, sufferings and exercises, both inward and outward, of various kinds, that have fallen to my lot, has indeed been the Lord's doings. He shall have the praise and the glory of all, for He alone is worthy of it."

One time lying upon his bed, in a sweet and heavenly frame of mind and spirit, he said: "I have served the Lord in sincerity, with all my heart, and with all my soul, and with all my strength; hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah." And so went on praising and magnifying the Lord, to the melting and tendering the hearts of all present.

At the funeral, divers testimonies were borne, to the sufficiency of that universal principle of Divine light and grace, which is given to be a teacher and a leader to all mankind, and is become the teacher and leader of all those who are willing to be taught and led by it. But it is, and will be, the condemnation of all those who are disobedient to, and rebel against it, whilst they continue in that state. Also divers testimonies were borne, concerning this our dear Friend, deceased, as to his faithfulness, care, and labor of love in serving God's heritage; as also with respect to the many trials, travails, and deep exercises that he had faithfully gone through in his day and time, upon Truth's account; all which he was enabled to perform and go through by the power and assistance of that Divine grace and holy spirit of God, which he still accounted his buckler and his shield, his bow and his battle-axe, and by and through which, he was what he was, and to which alone, and not to him as man, the praise and glory of all was attributed.

When Christopher Healy was on his death-bed he remarks:

What a consolation it is to me that I can say at such a time as this, that I feel no condemnation; everything looks pleasant; yes, as clear and as bright as the light. I have that hope which is as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, and entereth into that within the vail, whither our Forerunner has gone.

On the sixth of Fifth Month, 1851, he expressed thus: Oh Lord, thou art good and kind to thy truly exercised children; thou hast been my stay and staff through my pilgrimage and continues to be, to the latest period of my life.

Throughout the progress of his indisposition, he was remarkably preserved in a comfortable, waiting state, as far as related to the things which belonged to his own peace, but his mind was much exercised on account of others. He travailed abundantly in spirit for the prosperity of Zion. The

welfare of our Society seemed almost constantly to be mingled with his best feelings, and his fervent intercessions often arose to the Father of mercies, that it might be preserved upon its original foundation, and that He would spare his people, and give not his heritage to reproach.

As the period of his dissolution drew near, it was manifest that his spirit continued to enjoy the refreshing stream of Divine consolation, but owing to great exhaustion and feebleness of articulation, but little could be gathered, except the frequent naming of his Maker, and a few detached sentences, such as: "How good;" "How comfortable;" "How sweet;" "His glorious good presence:" "I love my friends," etc.

On the sixteenth of the Fifth Month, 1851, he departed this life, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, having been a minister about fifty years. His close was calm and peaceful. His last words were, "Peace, peace."

Deborah Bell, an English Friend, was seized with an attack of pleurisy which appeared to be the cause of her death. When her pain was very great, she expressed herself at times after the following manner: "This is hard work indeed. One had need to have nothing else to do at such a time as this. I am sure it is as much as I am able to endure, to bear the afflictions of the body. One had need not to have terror of mind besides." Appealing to a young woman standing by her, whom she dearly loved, and who had duly attended her in her illness, she said: "Thou knowest I have had very little respite from pain since I was first taken ill. I would have none put off that great work of repentance till such a time as this; if I had that work to do, what a dreadful thing it would be." At another time, divers young people being present, she said: "I would have our young people be willing to bear the cross in their youth, and despise the shame; for that is the way to have true

peace in themselves." Another time she said: "I now feel that which my soul has longed for."

Seeing divers young women standing round her bed, whose growth and settlement in the blessed Truth she had often been concerned for, she looked solidly upon them, and spoke on this wise: "I was early convinced that unless I was born again, I could not see the kingdom of God. I have witnessed it, and you know I have preached this doctrine to you; and you must know it for yourselves." This she spoke with such authority as pierced the hearts of all present, and I believe will not easily be forgotten.

At another time, looking steadily upon us, with a composed countenance, she said: "I have always been sincere, and never had anything in view but the great cause of God, and that I might be clear of the blood of all men: and I have discharged myself faithfully, for whatsoever my hand found to do, I did it with all my might, and I never spared myself; and I am fully clear and easy, and my day's work seems to be done." At another time, observing the distress I was in, her husband observes, she looked earnestly upon me, and said: "The Lord brought us together, and has been with us, and thou must give me freely up to Him again, and He will support thee and take care of thee." At another time, I being in deep distress of mind, under the consideration of my great loss of so dear a companion, if she should be removed, I asked her if she had not rather live with me a little longer, if Providence saw meet. She looked pleasantly upon me, and, after a little pause, said: "I have no desire nor will of my own. I stand in the will of God."

At another time, under the sense of her great pain, she said: "I earnestly desire the Lord may release me whilst I have strength and patience to bear my afflictions; but I neither murmur nor repine." Observing the sadness of my counte-

nance, she said: "Why should I not go now? I can never go better." I told her if Providence pleased to raise her again, she might be with me longer, and be of service, and yet go well. She readily answered: "There may be danger in that; I am now ready." At another time I told her, when bemoaning myself, if the Lord should see meet to remove her from me at that time, that I believed he would receive her into the mansions of glory. She replied: "I never doubt that. I trust through Christ to be received into the arms of eternal bliss, for I am in peace, and perfectly easy."

It is recorded of Job Thomas, a Welsh Friend, that about the year 1797, near his own dwelling, he was thrown from a young horse, and received so great an injury on the spine, as at length to occasion the deprivation of voluntary motion in every limb. His head, only, remained subject to his will. This he could still turn, whilst he was beholden to personal assistance for his removal from his bed to his chair, for any slight alteration of position in it, and in short, for almost every common function of the body: the free performance of which, though it is scarcely observed by the healthy and vigorous, constitutes much of the comfort of animal life. But his body, thus deprived of motion, was still sensible to pain; and much, very much, of this positive affliction was added to the negative one of total helplessness. He used to be fastened, rather than to sit in a chair, and his body and legs were nearly in one straight and stiff line; with his useless arms lying before him, and his bowels, or some other of the interior parts, often grievously affected with violent pain, to which his worn and pallid countenance gave ample testimony. Yet his mind seems to have been unimpaired. He received much comfort from the visits of his friends, especially of such as he esteemed alive in the Truth; he kept up religious meetings in his house, and often labored in them in doctrine, for the edification of

those who were assembled with him; and he dictated some epistles.

Thus suffering, he continued about ten years. At length, towards the beginning of the Eighth Month, 1807, his symptoms of disease increased, and on the fifteenth of that month, being considerably more indisposed in bodily health, he called his wife and son to his bed-side; and, with a pleasant countenance, spoke to them, in the Welsh language, nearly as follows.

He inquired of them, whether they had any thing to say to him; "for," said he:

The blessed hours are approaching; yea; and before this night I shall have escaped in safety, where neither trials nor troubles shall come. Be content, and do not grieve after me; for I am setting off to endless joy, to praise Him who has brought me patiently through the whole of my troubles, and inexpressible afflictions. Support, me, O Lord, for these few minutes; for I am nearly come beyond the boundary of time, to a boundless eternity. I am now near giving you the last farewell; but take warning, and be daily on your watch, for, in the hour you do not suspect, death, namely, the king of terrors, will come to meet you, who will make no difference between one or the other. But in the strength and love of Jehovah, you will not fear death; if you seek Him whilst He is to be found, and serve Him with a willing mind and an obedient heart, for his paths are paths of peace, and his ways are ways of pleasantness. O, pray continually to the Lord, to draw your desires and affections from off earthly things, and to establish them upon things heavenly and everlasting.

My hope is in the mercy of Him, who has washed me in the fountain set open for the house of David, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem. Not through my own merits, but through the merits of the crucified Immanuel, who died for the sins of all mankind. And you who have to remain a little after me, give the praise, the reverence, and the honor to Him; and supplicate day and night before his throne, until you have certain knowledge that you have been baptized with the baptism of the Holy

Spirit; which was sealed by the blood of the everlasting covenant. Remember, it is not an outward baptism that will serve; which is but the practising the old shadows. Know also, that it is not the profession of religion that will do; but one that is pure and undefiled before God. This will conduct you in safety to the everlasting habitations.

Now the time of my dissolution draws nigh; for me to go to the place where I have been these two nights. The Lord himself came to meet me, and took me with Him to the height of heaven; among myriads of his holy angels, where his saints were before Him, and will be forever.

Behold, now I give up the spirit, and lo! my comely companions, coming to hold my head above the waves of Jordan. Behold! the gates of heaven open, and the Lord himself with arms stretched out to receive me to his mercy. I hope that you, who are behind, will follow me thither. Success to the Gospel from sea to sea, and from the river to the end of the earth; also to my dear brethren, that they may persevere in their faith to the end of their days, and then their rest will be with the Lamb, where no pain or affliction will come.

Behold, the blessed time is come, for me to depart in peace with every one, with good desires for every one, and forgiving every one. Receive my last farewell, and the Lord bless you with the blessings of Mount Zion.

The account preserved of the last sickness of Samuel Emlen, of Philadelphia, says:

During his waking hours, the attributes of his God, whom he had long served, were almost his perpetual theme. He was frequent in declaration of his power, his mercy, and goodness to his soul, and in acknowledgment of the rich consolations with which his mind was supported, and frequently repeated: "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more; I will cast all their sins behind my back;" and in much brokenness of spirit, "Ye shall have a song as in the night, when an holy solemnity is kept, and gladness of heart, as when one goeth with a pipe to come into the mountain of the Lord, to the mighty One of Israel." "Oh! the tears of holy joy which flow down my cheeks; sing praises, high praises to my

God!" "I feel nothing in my way, although my conduct through life has not been in every respect as guarded as it might have been, yet the main bent of my mind has been to serve thee, O God, who art glorious in holiness and fearful in praises. I am sure I have loved godliness, and hated iniquity; that my petitions to the throne of Grace have been accompanied with faith;" and that he had a precious evidence that his sins were forgiven; adding, "I am not sensible of having injured any one, I have not broken up any poor family for rents, but have given up much; which is my great consolation, seeing it's the merciful who obtain mercy."

On First-day, the twenty-ninth of Twelfth Month, he appeared as cheerful and pleasant as at any time: his mind being remarkably calm and covered with love, he again frequently repeated: "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more, I will cast all their sins behind my back," and was comforted with the calls and sympathy of friends, more or less of whom, generally visited him every day during his short confinement within doors. He went to bed about ten o'clock on First-day evening, lay awhile without pain, and fell comfortably to sleep for about an hour, when he awoke a little after twelve o'clock, being seized violently. This attack soon appearing more alarming than any before, two of his near connections and a physician, were called in, when he took an affectionate leave of his family. No prospect of benefit appearing from further medical aid, he was rather desirous that nothing might be attempted, but wished to lie as quiet as possible, saying: "All I want is heaven. Lord! receive my spirit," and was earnest that those about him might pray for his preservation in patience to the end. "My pain is great—my God! grant me patience—humble, depending patience," and then repeated: "'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me,'" and also with great fervency, a considerable part of the Lord's prayer. Shortly afterward: "Oh! how precious a thing it is to feel the Spirit itself, bearing witness with our spirits that we are his. Oh, this soul is an awful thing!—I feel it so; you who hear me, mind. It is an awful thing to die! the invisible world, how awful!" His end being now fast approaching, he said: "I entreat that nothing may

be done to me, but what I may request, that my mind may not be diverted, that my whole mind may be centred in aspirations to the throne of Grace!" Shortly after: "Almighty Father, come quickly, if it be thy blessed will, and receive my spirit;" when he lay quietly awhile, the conflict being apparently over; but feeling again the clogs of humanity he said in a low voice: "I thought I was gone," and added: "Christ Jesus receive my spirit." These were his last words; a few minutes after which he departed without sigh, groan, or struggle, about half past four o'clock, on the morning of the thirtieth of the Twelfth Month, 1799.

In the case of David Barclay, the father of the Apologist, was fulfilled the language of Holy Writ: "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." After undergoing various indignities and imprisonments, he passed the latter part of his days, mostly unmolested by persecution, on his estate at Ury, enjoying the tranquillity of a country life, after many years of hardship and trial; possessing also the esteem of all who knew him, but, above all, that inestimable treasure, "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, and which alone is able to keep the heart and mind through Jesus Christ." He died in great peace and resignation in 1686, full of hope and immortality.

Robert Barclay has preserved an affecting account of the death of his father in the third volume of his works, from which it appears he suffered from a fever for about two weeks, during which time he evinced a quiet, contented mind, freely resigned to the will of God; he also gave several striking testimonies to the Truth, and to the love of God, "Shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost." Not once during the course of his illness, though at times his sufferings were great, was he heard to murmur, or betray any symptom of impatience. Only on one occasion did he, under a sense of extreme weakness, evince a feeling that seemed like a fear of death, whilst uttering the

words: "I am going now." But if there were a moment's natural shrinking from the approach of the "king of terrors," it was checked as soon as felt, for he immediately added: "but I shall go to the Lord, and be gathered to many of my brethren, who are gone before me, and to my dear son!" alluding to his youngest son David, who died at sea about a year before, on his voyage to East Jersey.

A physician that attended him, coming near him, he took him by the hand, saying: "Thou wilt bear me witness, that in all this exercise, I have not been curious to tamper nor to pamper the flesh." He answered: "Sir, I can bear witness that you have always minded the better and more substantial part, and rejoice to see the blessed end the Lord is bringing you to." He replied: "It is the life of righteousness that we bear testimony to, and not to an empty profession." Then he called several times: "Come, Lord Jesus, come! Come!" and again: "My hope is in the Lord!"

A very short time previous to his death, some Friends from Aberdeen came to see him. He took them by the hand, and said several times, they were come at a seasonable opportunity. After a few words had been spoken, and one of the Friends had prayed, ending in praises, he held up his hands and said: "Amen! Amen! forever!"

Afterwards, when they stood looking at him, he said: "How precious is the love of God among his children, and their love one to another. Thereby shall all men know that ye are Christ's disciples, if ye love one another! How precious it is to see brethren dwell together in love! My love is with you—I leave it among you."

About eight at night, several Friends standing about the bed, he, perceiving some of them to weep, said: "Dear Friends, all mind the inward man; heed not the outward. There is One that doth regard: the Lord of Hosts is his name."

After he heard the clock strike three in the morning, he said: "Now the time comes!" and a little after, he was heard to say: "Praises, praises to the Lord! Let now thy servant depart in peace. Into thy hands, O Father, I commit my soul, spirit and body. Thy will, O Lord, be done on earth, as it is in heaven."

"These sentences," says Robert Barclay, "he spoke by short intervals, one after another, and fell asleep, like a lamb, in remarkable quietness and calmness."

CHAPTER XIII.

WAR.

The Society of Friends, at their very rise, saw the inconsistency of wars and fightings with the loving spirit of the Gospel of Christ. When George Fox was a prisoner at Derby, in 1650, he was brought before the commissioners, who wished to make him captain over some soldiers, who had recently been enlisted. They asked him, if he would not take up arms for the commonwealth against Charles Stewart. But he answered that according to James' doctrine, wars arose from the lusts, and that he lived in the virtue of that life and power that took away the occasion of all wars. As he refused to join the army he was sent back to prison. After some months further confinement an effort was made to press him for a soldier, but he steadily refused.

The records of the Society furnish many instances of the firmness with which Friends refused to perform military services. One of the most interesting of these is the case of Richard Seller:

Richard Seller was a fisherman of Kilnsea, on the coast of

Yorkshire, who had been convinced of the truth of the Gospel, as held by the Society of Friends. During the war between the English and Dutch, about the year 1665, he was pressed at Scarborough into the king's service, and forcibly conveyed on board the flag ship "Royal Prince," commanded by admiral sir Edward Spragg, and having on board nearly one thousand men. Being commanded to go to work at the capstan, he declined, and told them that not being free to do the king's work, he would not live at his charge for victuals. Upon this the boatswain's mate beat him severely; and he was ordered on the quarter deck, where the captain asking him the reason of his refusing to fight, or partake of the ship's provisions, he replied that he was afraid of offending God, and durst not fight with carnal weapons; whereupon the captain also fell upon him with his cane, knocking him down three or four times on the deck, and beating him very severely as long as he had strength to do it. One Thomas Horner coming up, who had had some acquaintance with Richard, entreated the captain "to be merciful, for he knew him to be an honest and good man;" but the captain in his fury exclaimed, "He is a Quaker—I will beat his brains out!" and falling upon him again, beat him until he became exhausted, and then called another person to help him. After this they tied ropes to his wrist, and reeving the ropes through two blocks in the mizen-shrouds, hoisted him aloft, and fastened the ropes, so that he hung there by his wrists for some time a butt for the vulgar jests of this wicked crew. Then they let fly the ropes, and he fell upon the deck. The captain called to the boatswain's mate, to "take the Quakerly dog away, and put him to the capstan, and make him work, and beat him, and spare him not." This man performed his officer's command thoroughly, beating Richard unmercifully, tying his hands to the capstan, and making the men thus haul him around with them by main force. But the fastenings of his hands coming loose by some means which no one could explain, the conscience of this guilty man appears to have been aroused; he thought it was done by an invisible hand, and his mind was so strongly affected by the circumstance, that he "promised before God and man, that he would never beat or cause to be beaten, either Qua-

ker or any other man that refused for conscience' sake to act for the king, and if he should, he wished he might lose his right hand.

This man's turn came now to suffer. He was called up before the admiral, for refusing any longer to beat Richard Seller, and being desired to answer for himself, he said, "I have beaten him very sore, and I seized his arms to the capstan's bars, and forced them to heave him about, and beat him—and in three or four times of the capstan's going about, the seizings were loosed, and he came and sat down by me. Then I called the men from the capstan and had them sworn, whether they had loosed him or not, but they all denied that they either loosed him or knew by what means he was loosed; neither could the seizings ever be found. Therefore I did and do believe that it was an invisible power that set him at liberty, and I did promise before God and the company, that I would never beat a Quaker again, nor any man else for conscience' sake." At this the admiral told him, he must lose his cane (the insignia of his office); which he willingly yielded. He added, that "he must also lose his place," which also he was willing to do. He then told him "he must lose his right hand;" when he held it out, and said, "take it from me if you please." So they took his cane from him, and displaced him, but did not fulfil the other barbarous threat.

Richard was given in charge by the admiral to seven men, who were commanded to beat him wherever they met with him, for seven days and nights, and to make him work; the first of which they did till they were weary, and desired to be excused. Another man then undertook it, and beat him occasionally for a day and a night, when he also desired to be excused. The admiral having him stripped, and examining his body, could find no bruises, at which he grew angry with the men for not beating him enough; but Captain Fowler replied to him, "I have beaten him myself as much as would have killed an ox." The jester, (a silly man often in those days retained about the persons of the nobility to make merriment by his fooleries), who had instigated them to the hoisting punishment, said "He had him hung a great while by the arms up aloft in the shrouds," and the men declared, "They

also had beaten him very sore, but they might as well have beaten the mainmast." The admiral, however, was inexorable, Richard was laid in irons, and the ship's company by proclamation prohibited, on pain of similar punishment, from providing him with food. So he lay in irons day and night for nearly two weeks, and would probably have famished, but that two Friends of Bridlington had, early after his seizure, sent him a supply of provisions. As it was, he grew very ill with a fever. After some days, the remainder of his food being taken away, the carpenter's mate secretly provided him with some refreshment, telling him that he had of his own, independent of the ship's provisions, and that before he came on board he was strictly charged by his wife and mother, "That if any Quaker came on board, he should be kind to them;" he added that he had also lately received a letter from them, wherein they repeated their charge, "to remember his promise, and be kind to Quakers, if any were on board." This man, however, was soon sent away from the vessel on some occasion, and Richard remained without sustenance for three days and nights.

After suffering in this way for a considerable time, the admiral called a council of war, composed of the officers of that and other ships, to decide on the final punishment to which Richard Seller should be condemned. Being so lame with the irons that he could not stand, he was set on a bulkhead to hear his sentence. The judge or president who was governor of Dover Castle, was a papist, and when they were much divided in sentiment, to what death to subject their prisoner, this man proposed that he "Should be put in a barrel or cask driven full of nails with their points inwards, and so rolled to death." But the council of war thinking this too horrible a punishment, agreed that he should be hung. The poor innocent prisoner meanwhile was lifting up his heart to the God of his life, who left him not in his extremity, but raised his mind above all earthly things, endued him with sudden strength, and enabled him to declare to the assembly, that "The hearts of kings themselves were in the hand of the Lord, and so were theirs and his; that he valued not what they could do to this his body, for he was at peace with God and with all mankind,

even with them, his adversaries; that he could never die in a better condition, for the Lord had satisfied him that his sins were forgiven, and he was glad in his mercy that He had made him willing to suffer for his name's sake, that he was heartily glad and did really rejoice with a seal to the same in his heart." His accusers and judges could not bear this, and most of them slunk away. A man came and laid his hand on Richard's shoulder, saying, "where are all thy accusers?" And looking round he found them gone. The admiral, however, being still there, he showed him his terrible sores, produced by the irons on his limbs; and an old soldier coming up, put off his cap, and kneeling down on his bared knees before the commander, with the obsequious etiquette of the navy, begged his pardon three times, and having got liberty to speak, thus addressed him: "Noble Sir Edward, you know that I have served his majesty under you many years, both in this nation and other nations by sea, and you were always a merciful man; therefore do I entreat you in all kindness, to be merciful to this poor man, who is condemned to die to-morrow, and only for denying your order, for fear of offending God, and for conscience' sake; and we have but one man on board, out of nine hundred and fifty, which doth refuse for conscience' sake; and shall we take his life away? Nay, God forbid. For he hath already declared, that if we take his life, there shall a judgment appear on some on board within eight and forty hours; and to me it hath appeared; therefore I am forced to come upon quarter-deck before you, and my spirit is one with his. And therefore I desire you in all kindness, when you take his life, to give me the liberty to go off; for I shall not be willing to serve his majesty any longer on board ship. So I do entreat you once more, to be merciful to this poor man."

The chief gunner also, who had been formerly a captain, came in the same humble manner, and begged for Richard's life. The admiral, however, persisted, and desired him to go down, and spend the day in taking leave of his acquaintances on board. That night, one of the men kindly offered him the use of his hammock, and he obtained the luxury which had long been denied him, whilst he lay continually in irons, of a good night's rest. About eight o'clock the next morning,

the captains of the other ships, who had joined in the council of war, having come on board, and a rope being fastened on the mizzen yard arm, with a boy ready to turn him off, Richard was brought out to be executed. Coming to the spot, the commander asked the council how their judgment stood? And most of them consenting, he turned to the prisoner, and desired him freely to speak, if he had anything to say before his execution. He replied that he had little at present to say. Then came a man who bid him go forward to be hung; and he stepping on the gunnel to go towards the rope, the commander bid him stop there, if he had anything to say. At this juncture, when perhaps the hearts of some were softening at the fate which seemed impending over this innocent sufferer, the person who had acted as judge on the trial, incautiously showed his bigotry by the remark, "Sir Edward is a merciful man, that puts that heretic to no worse death than hanging:" The word 'heretic' struck the ear of the admiral, who professed himself a protestant; and scorning to be made a tool to execute the vengeance of a papist, he turned quickly about, and asked him what he had said. "I say," replied he, "that you are a merciful man, that puts him to no worse death than hanging." "But," said the commander, "what is that other word that thou saidst?—'that heretic.' I say, he is more a Christian than thyself; for I do believe that thou wouldst hang me, if it were in thy power." And turning to his prisoner, he said: "Come down again; I will not hurt a hair of thy head, for I cannot make one hair grow." He immediately caused it to be proclaimed three times over, that if any credible man on board would give evidence that Richard had done anything deserving of death, he should have it; but no one appearing, he proclaimed "That the Quaker was as free a man as any on board." So the men, who filled the shrouds, tops and decks, heaved up their hats, and loudly cried: "God bless sir Edward; he is a merciful man." And thus did the Almighty Caretaker of his lowly, dependent children, defeat the evil intentions of those who sought the life of this faithful sufferer for the cause of a pure conscience, and for his testimony to the peaceful nature of true Christianity. Great was the peace with which his soul was filled on this memorable day. Much kindness was

shown to him by all on board, but he declared that the "great kindness of the Lord exceeded all."

Being thus preserved from death, he was soon after made instrumental to the saving of the ship and the lives of many on board. It appears that he was visited by a remarkable dream or vision, in which it was shown him that the vessel would be engaged with the Dutch on a certain sand-bank, and in imminent danger of running aground, and so becoming a prey to the enemy. And though it was death, by the rules of the navy, for any one to say anything calculated to discourage the crew in time of battle, yet he was not easy without mentioning the circumstance to one or two of the officers; and when afterwards they were engaged in battle, he, from the shrouds, pointed out to the pilot the very sand-bank which had been marvellously manifested to him several days before, when he and the rest were entirely unacquainted with such a shoal. The vessel was immediately put about, in spite of the commander's orders to the contrary, who knew nothing of the danger; and they were thus suddenly rescued from rnnning aground through the instrumentality of this despised and abused man. During the engagement he was employed in attending to the poor wounded and dying men; and again saved the ship from danger by pointing out a fire-ship rapidly approaching them through the smoke, filled with combustibles, in order to set them on fire by the collision which would soon have taken place.

About a week after this they were again engaged with the Dutch, and Richard was as before employed in carrying down and attending to the wounded men. This day they lost about two hundred of their ship's company. In describing this day's work he says: "The lieutenant meeting me, asked me if I had received any wound. I told him none. He asked how I came to be so bloody. Then I told him, 'It was with carrying down wounded men.' So he took me in his arms and kissed me; and this was the same lieutenant that persecuted me so with irons at the first."

Soon after this, the vessel arriving near Chatham, the admiral came up to Richard, and laying his hand on his head, said: "Thou hast done well, and very well, too," and gave him

liberty to go ashore. Richard requested from him a certificate to show that he had not run away. The admiral, knowing he was a fisherman, and likely, from his occupation, to be exposed again to be pressed on board some ship of war, said: "Thou shalt have one to keep thee clear at home, and also in thy fishing;" and having it made out, he signed it and gave it to Richard, wishing him well, and desiring to hear from him if he got well home. His pay was offered him, but he refused it, and told them he had money of his own, which he hoped would serve him till he reached his home.

Such is the remarkable narrative of the sufferings of this faithful man, who rather than violate his conscience by being instrumental to destroy other men's lives, endured with patience many sore trials, "loving not his life unto the death," but was freely resigned to martyrdom for his testimony against war, and was preserved from it at the last extremity by a memorable interposition of Him who can change the hearts and purposes of men at his will. And thus was he enabled to triumph over the malice of his enemies, who, conscious at length of his innocence and virtue, became his friends and favorers.

The narrative of Thomas Lurting is, perhaps, equally instructive:

He was for some time boatswain's mate on board a British man-of-war, and during the period of his being thus employed, experienced many remarkable preservations from death, which appear to have made a deep impression on his mind, as being evidently the fruits of Divine protection, and affected him with feelings of gratitude and tenderness.

About the year 1654 there was, among the soldiers in the ship in which he then served, a young man who had been at a meeting of the Quakers in Scotland, and was, in some degree, convinced of their principles. Through the instrumentality of this young man, two of the ship's company were seriously impressed, and often met together in silence for the purpose of Divine worship, which attracting attention, others were induced to come and see them, by which means their number increased. The peculiarity of their demeanor in declining the

customary compliments of the world, and refusing to repair to the ordinary worship on board the ship, occasioned them much unfriendly treatment from their associates, in which Thomas Lurting joined with furious zeal, and being encouraged by the captain and priest, often beat and abused them when religiously met together. This conduct, however, was far from affording him peace of mind, and his former deliverances being fresh in his remembrance, he soon desisted, and, being now brought under condemnation for his sins, he was, through various inward exercises, and after much struggling against so humiliating an alternative, constrained to acknowledge the truth of that which he had so recently despised, and from a sense of religious duty joined in connection with those seriously-disposed people.

This change subjected him, among the rest, to much suffering, and, having received the name of Quakers, they were, in common with that people, made the objects of scorn and derision. In this the captain was exceedingly active and bitter, and even after the men in the ship refused any longer to molest them, would procure men from other ships for that purpose. Some time after, a sickness prevailed on board the ship, by which above forty lives were destroyed in a short time. This visitation so affected the captain that from that time his disposition towards them was changed, and instead of an enemy, he became, apparently, their friend; often sending Thomas part of his own provisions, and became so well pleased with him, that when anything was to be done, he would often say to Thomas: "Take thy friends and do such and such a thing;" for though they had received the name of Quakers, yet they had not had any communication with that people, and had not yet seen the impropriety of war, and, when sent upon any such expedition, commonly succeeded beyond expectation. Although, with others, they annoyed their enemies, yet they would take none of the plunder. In many desperate engagements in which others were often killed or wounded, they received no hurt, though they behaved themselves so valiantly that the captain would say "that he cared not if all his men were Quakers, for they were the hardiest men in the ship."

But this time of liberty Thomas looked upon as the forerun-

ner of further trouble, for he saw that what was done in pretended friendship was but to serve their own ends, and therefore he expected a time of trial, which soon arrived, in which their faithfulness was to be proved.

Their ship having been ordered to go to Barcelona, the station assigned her was to lie against a castle and batter it, and one corner of the castle firing into the ship, Thomas Lurting was for beating down that part; he, as well as his friends, having fought till now with as much courage as any. Accordingly, he (being stripped to the waist) went into the forecastle and levelled the guns, but said: "Fire not till I go out and see where the shot lights, that we may level higher or lower;" but as he came out of the door, suddenly the thought ran through him: "What if now thou killest a man?" This struck him as a thunderbolt, and He who can turn the hearts of men at his pleasure so completely changed his in a moment that, although just before bent upon destroying his enemies, he now felt no disposition for it, though it were to gain the whole world; and, immediately putting on his clothes, he walked on the deck as though he had not seen a gun fired.

At night they removed out of reach of the castle's shot, and Thomas took occasion to speak with two of his friends, inquiring their judgment in regard to war; they said but little in answer, only, that if the Lord sent them well home, they would never engage in it again. To which he returned, that if he was faithful to the Divine witness within him, and the action was renewed again on the morrow, with the Lord's assistance he should bear his testimony against it, for he clearly saw that, as they had been such great actors in fighting, they must now bear their testimony against it, and abide the issue. Some time after, one of Thomas's friends went to the captain, desiring to be cleared, and the captain asking for what reason, he answered "that he could fight no longer;" to which the captain replied: "He that refuses to fight in time of engagement, I will put my sword through him." "Then," said the other, "thou wilt be a manslayer, and guilty of shedding blood;" for which the captain beat him severely with his fist and cane, and he who had before professed to be their friend now became their open enemy.

In the course of a short time, being about the year 1655, they were ordered to go a cruising, and discovered, one morning, a ship bearing down upon them, which they supposed to be a Spanish man-of-war; when orders were given to clear the ship for battle, Thomas, being sensible that a time of trial was now come, earnestly desired of the Lord that he might be endued with strength for the occasion; and being met with his friends, he told them that things looked dark and cloudy, yet his hopes were that the Lord would deliver all such as were of his faith; adding: "The captain puts great confidence in you, therefore let us be careful that we give no just occasion for offence. Let us meet in the most public place on deck, in full view of the captain, that he may not say that we deceived him in not telling him we would not fight." Being thus met upon deck, in a little time, the lieutenant said to one of them: "Go down to thy quarters;" to which he replied: "I can fight no longer;" upon which the lieutenant went to the captain, and, making the worst of it, said: "Yonder the Quakers are all together, and I do not know but they will mutiny, and one says he cannot fight." The captain, having asked his name, came to him, threw his hat overboard, and beating him with his cane, dragged him to his quarters, and having got his sword, came in an angry, threatening manner towards them, when Thomas stepping forward, with his eyes fixed upon him with great seriousness, the captain's countenance turned pale, and he called his man to take away his sword. The ship they had seen proving to be a Genoese, their friend, the captain sent in the priest in the evening to excuse his anger. Thus this storm was overcome, and Thomas finally got safe home.

Now, leaving men-of-war, he went to sea in a merchant vessel, out of which he was several times pressed into the king's service, and for bearing a faithful testimony to the peaceable nature of Christ's kingdom, suffered much. Once he fasted five days, taking only, at times, a draught of water, believing that if he had eaten of their provisions it would have gone the harder with him, as he scrupled to do even ship-work, not being satisfied to render any assistance to those whose business it was to fight.

Having premised thus much, we have now to observe how,

without violating his pacific principles, he re-took a ship from pirates. This circumstance, while it exemplifies the care of Divine Providence over his servants, may serve for an answer to those who are often inquiring how the doctrines of the Gospel are to be maintained when its disciples are invaded or attacked by wicked men.

The vessel in which he was mate (the master being likewise a Friend, or Quaker) was sailing in the Mediterranean, and, passing near the island of Majorca, was chased by an Algerine pirate, from which they endeavored to escape by sailing, but, carrying too much sail, some of their rigging gave way, and the Turks were thus enabled to overtake them. They commanded the master to go on board, who accordingly, with four of his men, went in his boat, leaving the mate with three men and a boy on board his vessel. As soon as they came to the pirate, thirteen or fourteen of the Turks went in the boat to the English ship, leaving the master and four men behind. This brought the mate into much anxiety, particularly as the men who were left with him were rather unruly. In this strait he was, however, made to believe that he would not go to Algiers, and having had great experience of the Lord's mercies, he had learned to trust in Him almost against hope. This inward assurance divested him of all fear, and going to the ship's side to see the Turks come in, he received them as though they were his friends, showed them all parts of the ship, and what she was laden with, saying to the men that were with him: "Be not afraid — for all this we shall not go to Algiers." He then desired them, as they had been willing to obey him, to be as willing now to obey the Turks, to which they agreed, and soon perceived that by so doing they gained their confidence, and they, seeing the diligence of the English seamen, became careless, and having taken a small part of the lading, some went again to their own ship, leaving eight of their number behind. Upon this the mate said that if the master and four men were now on board, he should not fear if there were twice as many Turks.

He thus encouraged the seamen, who, not being of his persuasion, would have been ready to kill the Turks, if an opportunity had offered. Meanwhile, it was the mate's earnest

prayer, that the Turks might be induced to send their captain and men back, and his desire was answered, for soon after, they were permitted to come on board.

Then all fear of going to Algiers was taken away, and he said to the men, some of whom blamed his behavior, "I now believe I shall not go to Algiers; and if ye will be ruled by me, I will act for your delivery as well as my own." At this time, however, he saw no way for it, although he spoke thus boldly, the Turks being all armed, and themselves without arms. Upon his saying to them, shortly after, when they were all together, except the master: "What if we should overcome the Turks and go to Majorca?" Says one, "I will kill one or two;" "and I," said another, "will cut as many of their throats as you will have me." But of this the mate entirely disapproved, not intending to injure one of them, and told the men, that if he knew they would touch a Turk in that way, he would tell the Turks himself, "but," said he, if ye will be ruled by me, I will act for you, if not I will be still." They, seeing that he would not suffer them to have their own way, agreed to do as he would have them.

He then directed them, that if the Turks bid them do anything, to do it without hesitation, and with as much diligence and quickness as possible; "for," said he, "that pleases them, and will induce them to let us be together." To this, the men all agreed. Upon informing the master of his intentions, he remarked, that if they were to attempt to rise and should fail and be overcome, they might as well be burnt alive, and indeed, the mate knew that in such an event, they would be punished with great cruelty. The master was fearful, that in order to gain their ends, blood might be spilled, and therefore hesitated to consent to the proposal; but the mate assuring him that he was resolved not to spill a drop of blood, and that he would rather go to Algiers, than one Turk should be killed, induced the master to consent that he should do as he pleased.

Meanwhile, the weather became stormy, so that they lost sight of the Turkish man-of-war, which was what the mate desired, and the Turks, seeing the diligence of the English sailors, grew careless about them. A few nights afterwards, the captain of the Turks and one of his companions, having

gone to sleep in the cabin with the master, the mate persuaded one to lie in his cabin, and another in another, and it raining very much, he at last persuaded them all to lie down, and when they were all asleep he got their arms into his possession; this done, he said to his men, "Now we have the Turks at our command," warning them, at the same time, that if they attempted to injure them, he would be against them. So carefully did he guard his prisoners against violence and injury.

They then steered for Majorca, keeping the Turks below deck; and having a strong gale, were in sight of it by morning. The Turks, when they found the situation they were in, and that, instead of their own country, they were in sight of Majorca, were completely surprised; but, so far were they from attempting to resist, their spirits sunk, and they begged they might not be sold. This, the mate assured them, should not be done, and, in order to avoid any difficulty with the Spaniards, he contrived a place to hide them, that they might not be found. Arriving in port, the master having attended to his business on shore, returned without taking license, fearing the Spaniards might come on board, and take away their prisoners. At night, the captain of another English ship which was lying there, came on board, and was told, under a promise of secrecy, what had occurred. Upon hearing it, he wished very much to have two or three of the Turks to take with him to England; which being denied him, and finding he could not prevail on the master or his mate, he told them they were fools for not selling the Turks, who were each worth two or three hundred pieces of eight [dollars]. But they told him, that if he would give many thousands, he should not have one of them, for they hoped to send them to their own country. The mate said, he would not sell them for the whole island. This man going ashore, broke his promise, and told the Spaniards of the circumstance, who threatening to take the Turks, the captain was under the necessity of calling upon them to assist in getting the vessel out to sea, thus hazarding their own lives and liberty, from kindness to their prisoners.

They suffered the Turks to have their liberty for four or five days, until they made an attempt to rise, which the mate prevented without injury to any of them, though he once was

under the necessity of laying hold of one; and indeed he was so kind to them, that some of his men said he took more care of the Turks than of them, to which he answered that they were strangers, and they must treat them well.

They continued hovering for several days, being unwilling to put into any port in Spain, but at length concluded to steer for the Barbary coast, which they reached in a few days. The next consideration was how the Turks should be landed. After several suggestions, the mate, who had been the agent thus far, concluded to take the ship's boat and put them ashore. This proposal, attended as the undertaking manifestly was, with much risk, drew tears from both the master and the mate, but the latter, taking courage said, that he believed the Lord would preserve him, for he had nothing but good will in venturing his life, and that he had not the least fear, but that all would be well. The master having consented, the mate called up the Turks, and going with two men and a boy into the boat, took them all in, loose and unbound, but in order to prevent a sudden rising, he placed their captain in the stern of the boat, then one in his lap, and one on each side, and one in each of their laps, and so on, till they were all seated. He himself sat in the bow of the boat, and with a boat-hook in his hand, having next him one of the sailors, and the other two rowing, one of them having an adze, and the other a cooper's heading-knife, which were the only arms they had except those belonging to the Turks. Thus the boat stood for the shore: but as they came near it, one of the sailors becoming alarmed, cried out, there were Turks in the bushes; and the pirates perceiving their fright, took advantage of it, and all rose up at once. The situation of the English sailors was at that instant truly appalling; but the mate, preserving his presence of mind, and perceiving that the alarm was unfounded, turned the boat-hook in his hand, and gave the Algerine captain a proof that he was still subject to his orders, by striking him a pretty severe blow, and bidding him sit down, which he did instantly, and the rest followed his example. When the boat had arrived so near the shore that the Turks could easily wade, he ordered them to get out, having first supplied them with sufficient provisions, till they could reach a neighboring town.

The Turks would have persuaded the mate and his men to accompany them, promising to treat them with wine, etc. But although he trusted in Divine Providence, and felt but little fear that they would ill-treat them, yet he prudently declined their invitation, remembering the Scripture command: "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Being unwilling to retain anything belonging to them, they then put the boat in nearer the shore, and threw them all their arms. The Turks then waved their caps, and so joyfully took their last farewell.

Upon the arrival of the vessel at London, the king, with the duke of York and several lords, being at Greenwich, they were told that a Quaker's ship was coming up the river which had been taken by pirates, and redeemed without fighting; upon which the king came in his barge alongside, and holding the entering rope in his hand, was told the case as it had occurred. When he heard that they had suffered the Turks to go free, he said to the master: "You have done like a fool, for you might have had good gain by them," and to the mate: "You should have brought them to me." To which Thomas Lurting answered: "I thought it better for them to be in their own country." At which the king and his company smiled, thinking the master had done foolishly, but he and his mate were of another mind, and they made it appear that they did practically approve the command of our Saviour: "Love your enemies, and do good to them that hate you."

That wise man and noble Christian, Edward Burrough, in an epistle to Friends in 1660, thus unfolds the position of the true Christian as respects war:

As for all confusions, and distractions, and rumors of wars, what are they to us? What have we to do with them? Wherein are we concerned in these things? Is not our kingdom of another world, even that of peace and righteousness? Hath not the Lord called us, and chosen us into the possession of that inheritance, wherein strife and enmity dwell not? Yea, He hath broken down that part in us that is related thereunto, and being dead in that nature of strife, bloodshed, and wars, how can we live in strife and contention in the world, or have fellowship with any therein. Our kingdom is inward, and our

weapons are spiritual, and our victory and peace are not of this world. Our war is against souls' enemies, and against the powers of darkness, even by the sword of the spirit, which God hath given us, and called us to war therewith, to convert people from sin and death, and from the very occasion of wars and contentions about the things that are earthly. This is our calling and work at this day; and these things all the children of the Lord are to mind, and to keep over the spirit of this world in all people, which all this enmity, strife and confusion that is up amongst men, lodgeth in, and ariseth out of it. These things are the fruits of the spirit of this evil and sinful world, and the fruits of the spirit of God are of another nature, even peace and meekness towards all, and not enmity towards any. In this spirit let us live and walk, admonishing all hereunto, and praying for our enemies, and not hating them, but doing good for evil, and not rendering evil for evil; but being meek and humble, merciful and patient towards all.

When John Richardson visited the Island of Barbadoes in the year 1702, he had an interview with the governor, when the following conversation occurred:

I want to know the reasons why you as a people do not assist the king and country with men and arms, for their and your own defence and safety, against all that may attempt your hurt. I replied, the most convincing reasons I have to offer to the governor are: we have neither precept nor example from Christ or his apostles, to use the sword to hurt one another with. No! said he, what then means that saying of our Saviour, when He bade him that had no sword, sell his cloak or coat and buy one? I replied, one of his disciples answered and said, Lord here are two; Christ said, it is enough. Now how two swords can be enough to answer for a general precept, I leave the governor and all these men to judge. So after a little pause he said, in case you were assaulted by robbers, that would break your house and take what they could get from you; or upon the highway, and would take your purse or horse, what would you do in that case? I replied, I could not directly answer what I should do in such a case, because through the Lord's mercy I was never yet so assaulted; but it

appears most likely, that I should endeavor to keep my house from being broken up, and yet withal be tender of men's lives; and as to the other assault, inasmuch as it is well known I do not provide any outward weapon for my own defence, neither sword, pistol, nor any such like weapon, therefore I must rely upon the Lord for protection and help, who is able to rescue me out of the hands of all such ungodly men; or if He does not, I must endeavor to bear what the Lord suffers such to do to me. The governor said, You say well, for inasmuch as you have not provided anything for your own defence, you have nothing to fly to but the Lord; you say very well; and said he hoped what he had offered had not given any offence. I replied, it was so far from that, we were glad he was so free with us.

In the support of their testimony against war, Friends in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, etc., were brought under much concern near the middle of the eighteenth century by the outbreak of hostilities with the Indians and French, and the growth of a military spirit among the people who then far outnumbered our members. The minutes of the Meeting for Sufferings in 1757, contain the following remarkable statement:

"There are some yet living in this country, who are witnesses, that so long as the people lived in the fear of God, walked in humility before Him, and kept his holy laws and commandments, it went well with them and with their children; the land rejoiced, the blessing of the Most High was known, and his powerful, protecting providence, remarkably conspicuous; for though we had no outward barrier, the sword was not permitted to enter within our borders, but the salvation of the Lord was a defence round about; but now blood has been spilt, and the land is polluted therewith, and the sound of war is heard."

A few years after these troubles had passed away, the attempt of the British government to impose a tax on the col-

onies, awakened a strong feeling of resistance, which eventually brought about the war of the Revolution, and necessarily caused much anxious solicltude for the preservation of our members in the peaceable spirit of the Gospel. In 1769 the Meeting for Sufferings of Philadelphia, issued an epistle of advice and caution: "To our Friends and brethren in these and the adjacent provinces," earnestly exhorting them "to guard against promoting or joining in any measure proposed for the support of our civil liberties, which on mature consideration, may appear not to be dictated by the wisdom from above, which is pure, peaceable and gentle."

As the unsettlement and political stir continued and increased, the Meeting for Sufferings in 1774, extended a fresh caution to our members, to keep as much as possible from mixing with the people in their human policy and contrivance, and to forbear meeting in their public consultations. "It being a season in which it is abundantly needful to seek best wisdom to guide and to preserve in safety and consistency of conduct with our religious profession and principles."

The continued efforts of Friends to preserve their members from being drawn into any violation of their peaceable principles, naturally brought upon them much ill-will and censure from those who were fanning the flames of war. The odium thus excited led to much unjust, illegal, and harsh treatment of individual Friends in many places; and in Philadelphia caused the banishment from their homes of a considerable number of prominent Friends.

The war of the Revolution had been going on about two years, when, in the Eighth Month of 1777, a large portion of the British army stationed at New York was embarked on board the fleet, and proceeding along the coast, entered Chesapeake Bay, and finally was landed near its head, within the State of Maryland, whence they marched northward, and after

defeating the American forces at the battle of Brandywine, entered and held possession of the city of Philadelphia.

Immediately upon the receipt of intelligence that the British army had landed at the head of Chesapeake Bay, Congress, anticipating their march through Pennsylvania with the intention of occupying its capital, passed a resolution recommending the executive officers of the States of Delaware and Pennsylvania to cause all persons within those States notoriously disaffected, to be forthwith disarmed and secured, until such time as they might be released without injury to the common cause; and also recommending that the Supreme Executive Council of the State of Pennsylvania cause search to be made in the houses of the citizens of Philadelphia who had not manifested their attachment to the American cause, for swords, fire-arms, bayonets, etc.

As it was known by all that Friends never armed themselves or used any warlike weapons in self-defence, it is apparent that upon any fair construction, this resolution was not applicable to them. But the community was in a ferment, and the fears of the people excited by the prospect of being speedily visited by a hostile army; and there were not wanting those who gladly embraced the occasion to call into action the popular suspicion of and partisan hatred against Friends. To increase these passions, Congress, at this juncture, received a dispatch from general Sullivan, containing a paper, said to have been found among some baggage captured on Staten Island, which paper purported to have been prepared in and by a Yearly Meeting of Friends, held at Spanktown, near Rahway, N. J., on the nineteenth of the Eighth Month, 1777. It professed to give information respecting the position of the army under general Washington, and the detachment under command of general Sullivan, and was otherwise so worded as to create an impression or belief that Friends were engaged in obtaining informa-

tion for, and transmitting it to, the British, and thus betraying the cause of their country.

Who the author of this clumsy forgery was has never been discovered, but it seems marvellous how any one with common sense could have been imposed upon by it. It was incredible that a Society would be engaged in a proceeding which, if proved upon them, would subject its members to capital punishment, and so date and certify the evidence of their guilt, that if their dispatch should chance to fall into the hands of those they were betraying, there could be no difficulty in identifying the authors. Beside this, the date of the paper and that of some of the occurrences it mentioned showed it to be a forgery. It was dated the nineteenth of the Eighth Month, and yet it gave information of the landing of the British army in Maryland, which did not take place until the twenty-second, the news of it not reaching Philadelphia until the twenty-third, and could not have arrived at Spanktown before the twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth. It, however, served the purpose no doubt intended by its wicked author.

Between the first and the fourth of the Ninth Month, seventeen members of our religious Society—men of unimpeachable character, and exemplary in all the relations of life—were suddenly taken into custody by a military force, at their own homes or places of business, and without knowing the offence with which they were charged, without a hearing before any tribunal, they were placed in strict confinement, with a guard set over them. It was decided to send these persons to Winchester, Va.

The prisoners felt it to be their duty to present a remonstrance to the council against the course pursued towards them, in which they claim the rights of freemen, point out the gross infraction of law and equity in the several acts committed upon them, and appeal to the humanity and sense of

justice in the members, to induce them to grant them a hearing, and allow them to defend themselves from whatever charges might be brought against them. Their remonstrance concludes as follows: "But if, regardless of every sacred obligation by which men are bound to each other in society, and of that Constitution by which you profess to govern, which you have so loudly magnified for the free spirit it breathes, you are still determined to proceed, be our appeal then to the righteous Judge of all the earth, for the integrity of our hearts and the unparalleled tyranny of your measures."

They were continued in exile nearly eight months, and their plain and earnest statements of the injustice of so treating men against whom no crime was charged, and who had been taken from their homes on mere suspicion of what they might do, must have been very galling to those who represented themselves as contending for liberty. Two of their number died in exile, the others were restored to their families and homes.

During the period of the Revolutionary war, Friends were not only exposed to suffering from exile and imprisonment, but by military distraints and in other ways, lost greatly in property. Henry Hull, in his Memoirs, says: "They were stripped of nearly all their personal property." This confirms the statement sent up to Philadelphia Meeting for Sufferings in 1779, that the amount of property taken from Friends in five of the quarters (the other three not reporting) was nine thousand five hundred and fifty-one pounds, eighteen shillings and four pence.

That the sufferings which Friends in America faithfully endured, were not without producing their legitimate fruits, is indicated in an epistle received from London Yearly Meeting in 1779, which says: "We think we perceive in your account the evident traces of Divine regard and mercy to the churches amongst you. The zeal with which many Friends

from distant places and through many dangers, attend your solemnities. The love and harmony that prevails among you, the sacred unction that is apparent in the conduct of your affairs, evidently betoken that the refining Hand has not been at work in vain."

Amid the popular excitement that prevailed, it is not a matter of surprise that some of our members deserted our testimony against war. Wishing to retain other peculiarities of the Society, they organized a body called "The Free Quakers," and applied to the Monthly Meetings in Philadelphia to appropriate one of the meeting-houses for their use. This request being refused, they presented a petition for the same object to the legislature of Pennsylvania. In this they state that many of them had been disowned for bearing arms and otherwise participating in the late struggle, and they ask leave to bring in a bill which shall recognize their right to a share in the property of the Society, notwithstanding their disownment.

Friends, in reply to this petition, assert the right of every religious society to determine the requirements of membership, and to separate from their communion those who refuse to comply therewith. This effort to procure legislative aid having failed, the Free Quakers erected a meeting-house at the cor. of Fifth and Arch Sts., Phila., by public subscription. The number of their members gradually dwindled, and for many years the house was used by the Apprentices' Library Company.

Timothy Davis, a minister among Friends at Dartmouth, Massachusetts, separated from the Society on the same ground as the Free Quakers, but he afterwards made an acknowledgment, condemning his conduct, and was reinstated in membership.

The situation of John Clibborn in the time of the civil wars in Ireland, in the reign of James II., was peculiarly perilous,

being only a few miles from Athlone, where the Irish army had established one of their principal garrisons, from whence issued parties which distressed the country.

John Clibborn and his friends continued for some time, at great hazard, to keep up the meeting at his house, where, succoring many, and endued with Christian patience and courage, he remained till he was dragged in the night, by the hair of his head, from that house which had afforded an asylum to the distressed, but which was now the spoil of the plunderer and of the flames. His life was attempted three times by those bloodthirsty men, who, at length, desperate in their wickedness, laid his head on a block, and, raising the hatchet, prepared to strike the fatal blow. He requested a little time. His request was granted. The pious man knelt down, and in the words of the martyr Stephen, prayed that this sin might not be laid to their charge. With a prospect of a better world before him, he prayed not for his own life. Just then another party arrived, and inquiring, "Who have you got there?" were answered, "Clibborn." "Clibborn," re-echoed they; "a hair of his head shall not be touched." Thus escaping with his life, though stripped almost naked, he wrapped a blanket about him, and presenting himself before the commanding officer at Athlone, informed him of the treatment he had met with. The officer desired John to point out the men who had committed this outrage, and they should be hanged before his hall door. This he refused to do, declaring that, owing them no ill-will, he desired not to do them the smallest injury, and that all he wanted was, that his neighbors and himself might be allowed to live unmolested.

This good man saw tranquillity restored to the land, and thankfully enjoyed that blessing which those who have witnessed its interruption can best appreciate. He was diligent in attention to religious duties, preserved in unity with his

Friends, and in love to all mankind to the end of his long life, which closed in 1705, at his house at Moate Grenoge.

War is a dreadful and wicked business, wholly at variance with the meek, lowly and loving spirit of the unresisting Lamb of God; and the closer his disciples walk with Him, doing his will, the further are they removed from those cruel lusts and passions in which it is conducted.

Those who have entirely renounced it, and faithfully upheld the non-resisting peace principles of the Gospel, have often experienced remarkable preservation in imminent danger, and had cause to admire the gracious interference of Divine Providence in their behalf. The Irish rebellion, in 1798, furnished many memorable instances of this kind, and illustrated forcibly the benefits of a steady adherence to the principles of Friends in times of great danger. A manuscript account, drawn up by Joseph Haughton, of Ferns, in Leinster, relates scenes of which he was an eye-witness.

The writer says: Having often meditated on the merciful preservation which I, with others of the Society of Friends, experienced during the awful commotions that prevailed in this land, in and about the year 1798, I have been desirous that they may not pass away as matters of only common occurrence. I write this memorial that succeeding generations may see how much "better it is to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes;" and that to keep faithful to the Truth, as revealed to us, is a far more sure defence than all the efforts human policy can make or procure.

In the year 1795, the Quarterly Meeting of Leinster Province, and afterwards the Yearly Meeting of Ireland, were concerned that all Friends who had guns in their houses for domestic purposes, or any other weapons, might destroy them, in order to prevent their being taken and used for the injury of any of our fellow-creatures, it being then a frequent practice for parties of men to assail houses in search of arms. In unison with this concern, our Monthly Meeting for the county

of Wexford, appointed a committee to go from family to family among its members, and endeavor to prevail on them to comply with the concern of the Society. I was with this committee, feeling my mind nearly interested in the engagement; but seeing the necessity of first clearing my own hands, I took a fowling-piece I had in my possession, and broke it up in the street opposite my house, which was matter of wonder amongst my neighbors.

It was a time of serious thoughtfulness, and in many families the committee had little more to do than to communicate their business; for the concern of the superior meetings had made its way in most minds, who, being convinced of its propriety, had destroyed all such instruments, and others gave full expectation of having it speedily done. There were a few who could not be prevailed upon to make this sacrifice, but the conduct of most of them, in other respects, was such as to occasion their disownment.

A short time after, the government ordered all arms to be given up to the magistrates, and it was then a very comfortable reflection that, in general, Friends were found clear of having any such thing in their possession. Some of the neighboring magistrates, with the clergyman, came to my house, and, I being from home, expostulated with my wife on the supposed impropriety of my destroying my gun, instead of delivering it to the government for the purpose of defending the royalists against the fomenters of rebellion, and for the preservation of myself and family; to which the clergyman voluntarily replied that "he believed I put my trust in a higher power." This man was afterward murdered at Enniscorthy, on the day that town was burned, and his body, with those of many others, exposed in the streets, until some Friends were emboldened to go and bury them. One of the above magistrates, named Turner, was also murdered, and his house burned over him.

The state of things becoming more alarming, a part of the militia was stationed in Ferns. The earl of Mount Norris came to me and desired I would give up part of my house, then used as a store, for a guard-house for the soldiers. The requisition was sudden, and I was put to a stand, considering what to an-

swer. Although I might have refused him on account of its being used as a store, yet I knew this inconvenience might be obviated, and therefore declined offering so mean a reason for refusal. Considering this an opportunity afforded me to lift up the standard of peace, and of bearing my testimony against war, I told him the apartment was occupied as a store, but that the purpose he wanted it for was such as I could not unite with, having a conscientious scruple against war and everything connected therewith.

He grew very angry, and desired the soldiers to afford me no protection in case any disturbance should arise; to which I replied that "I hoped I would neither apply for nor trust to any military protection." He went away greatly displeased, marking me out as a disaffected person; so that I did not know how soon a prison might be my lot, especially as one of the militia, who was quartered at my house, propagated such false reports of me with respect to political matters, that it increased the peril of my situation. I was well compensated, however, for this little act of faithfulness, by the incomes of peace, which filled my heart to that degree that I was made willing to suffer the hardships of a prison, if this should be allotted me.

Some months after this, the militia began to act with great vigor against such as were suspected to be United Irishmen (or rebels), burning their houses and stacks of corn, and fastening pitched caps on their heads. They were preparing to burn a house of this description in our village. I felt much pity for the man's wife and children, who would thereby be deprived of a habitation; and I undertook to intercede for them with the commanding officer. I remarked to him that I did not come to meddle between him and the suspected person; but, pitying his poor wife and children, thought it would be hard to bereave them of a shelter and the means of subsistence, when he had the man fully in his power; that if he was guilty, probably they were innocent of his crime. The officer got very warm in his temper, and charged the Quakers with meddling in cases, while they would give no assistance to government. A little time after this, when the rebel party got dominion here, I rendered this officer some services, and had the satisfaction of believ-

ing that his prejudices were removed, from the grateful acknowledgments and thanks he expressed for my friendship.

About this time the military were preparing to hang some suspected persons for not delivering up their weapons, and to fasten pitched caps on the heads of others. I was fearful of being applied to for ropes, which I kept for sale, but which I could not be easy to sell for that purpose, and yet a refusal might involve me in danger. Martial law being proclaimed, I was at a loss to know what to do; but when some of the military came to buy, I refused to sell ropes, and also linen [probably to make the pitched caps], intended to torment and destroy my fellow-creatures. They took them by force, offering me payment, which I refused to accept. This was but a day or two before the general rising of the United Irishmen in this county, and was, I believe, through the direction of Divine Providence, made instrumental to the preservation of myself and family.

The next day a melancholy silence prevailed. I inquired of a person if anything more than usual was in prospect. I was told the country people were collecting in large bodies. A cloud of darkness overspread my mind in such an awful manner that it is not possible to describe it. Like Egyptian darkness, it could be felt, and the feeling was exceedingly grievous. At midnight all was alarm. Guards were placed in different parts of the town, and the Protestants were in continual terror. I got my family to bed, but we could not rest, yet endeavored after a state of quietude and retirement of mind, not knowing how soon our lives might be taken by the hands of violent men.

Early in the morning, being in much anxiety as to the event, a person, whom I supposed to be one of the United Irishmen, came in and said: "Let who will be killed, the Quakers will be spared." I considered this like the intimation given to Gideon, in the camp of the Midianites, while listening to the soldier's dream, and which tended to dispel his fears and fix his confidence. I felt encouraged to hope our lives might be spared. The scenes that morning were exceedingly awful. The houses and stacks of grain were in flames in every direction around us, some set on fire by the yeomanry, and some

by their enemies; so that, between the two, total devastation seemed at hand. The Protestant inhabitants were running into the towns and villages for safety; the military guards all under arms; and, in every direction, persons flying for protection, escaping wounded from the hands of murderers in the country, and bringing news that others were slain. Property was then of little account; every one's care was to escape with life.

Being informed that some of the fugitive Protestants were much in want of something to eat, I got victuals prepared and sent to invite such to partake, but none came. In the evening the military left and marched to Enniscorthy, and with them the Protestants, and all who came in for safety, as well as those who lived in our village. We knew not of their going away until the place seemed almost depopulated; and we were favored to have a little time of peaceful quiet from the alarms of war.

We remained in doubtful suspense of what would follow until next morning, when the town and neighborhood were filled with an undisciplined and ungovernable crowd, consisting of many thousands of the United Irish (the rebels), following the army to Enniscorthy, and demolishing the houses of the Loyalists, Orangemen, etc., for the inhabitants of them had fled.

My house was soon filled with them; when, to our astonishment and humble admiration, instead of the massacre we dreaded, we were met with marks of friendship. They declared that they intended us no injury, but would fight for us; adding that they required nothing from us but some provisions. They appeared in extreme want, and the food which had been prepared for those they called enemies was now ready for them.

Having eaten the food offered them, they proceeded on their road to Enniscorthy, where, in a little time after, we could see the columns of smoke arising from the burning houses, six miles distant. In the evening some of them returned with tidings that Enniscorthy was in their hands, and their camp fixed on Vinegar Hill, over the town.

Next day, a man with a malicious countenance came to me, with a long spit in his hand, and threatened to kill me for some offence which he said I had done him. "I have killed Tur-

ner," said he, "and burned him in his own house, and now I will rack you as I please." [This Turner was probably the magistrate mentioned in the preceding part of the narrative, who came to J. Haughton's about his destroying his gun]. I endeavored to convince him of his mistake (in supposing he had offended him), and being joined by the persuasions of a neighbor, he was with difficulty prevailed upon to be quiet, and at length we parted in friendship.

Most of the horses being taken from Friends of our Particular Meeting, we had generally to walk to our meetings; and the first time we did so, some of us met a man who was very terrible, having killed one of my neighbors a day or two before; but he was very friendly to us, and offered to have us carried to the meeting. We acknowledged his civility, but did not accept his offer, pursuing our journey on foot six miles.

Parties of these people would often meet us going to or coming from meeting, and sometimes would be very inquisitive where we came from, and whither we were going; but none of them offered us any molestation, except at one time, when several Friends were passing through Camolin, a neighboring village, on their way to meeting, having a horse belonging to one Friend and a car belonging to another; and a large number of the United Irishmen being in the street conversing about us, one of them said it was the last time we should ever go that way; and, after we had passed them a gun was fired, apparently to frighten us. The horse took fright and broke the harness, which we endeavored to set right, and went to our meeting place. Before the next time for our going to meeting there, the power of those people was overthrown.

The day after the battle of Enniscorthy, several of the poor, distressed Protestants, mostly women, returned homeward. Two female servants of the bishop of Ferns, and a woman whose husband was killed the day before, with her children, came to my door as persons that had no dwelling-place. They stood looking about in all the eloquence of silent distress. My house was small, but my heart and my house were both open to the afflicted; and we endeavored to keep the house

open for as many as we could accommodate, notwithstanding the severe threatenings we met with from the then ruling party. Such of the United Irishmen as staid in the town, would come at night to my house to lodge with their wives and families, as many as we could take; supposing they might be more safe than in their own homes, and this was also the case at the houses of other Friends.

The laws were now suspended, and the rule was for every man to act according to his own will. I recoil at the prospect of the wickedness of man, unrestrained by law or religion! Well indeed did Young say;

> "Heaven from all eyes conceals, but from his own
> That hideous sight, a naked human heart."

And it is so in great mercy—but now, for a little space, the bosom became as it were transparent, and the depravity of the heart seemed fully displayed in action. I forbear to mention many scenes witnessed which I wish to be buried in oblivion, and that are not so properly connected with the intent of these lines.

Previous to the breaking out of the rebellion, the military had destroyed the habitation of a neighboring farmer, who with his family, sought refuge at the house of Joseph Wright, a Friend near Ferns. Joseph provided them one of his out-houses to live in, until they could better their condition; but when their party [the rebels] got the ascendancy, these persons took possession of his dwelling, and showed their determination to turn out him and his family; the short duration of the rebel control prevented them from carrying out this ungrateful intention.

Friends' houses appeared to be marked out as places for entertainment, and were almost always full, day and night, so that it was wonderful their provisions held out to the end. Friends, and also some of the oppressed party, would sometimes convey provisions to one another privately; and the United Irishmen would occasionally offer us of their stock; but knowing it to be plunder, or, as they called it, the spoils of war, we always declined accepting any of it. Our refusal was generally considered as an offence, and it went hardly

with them that they could not, in any degree, get us to unite with them.

When the usual time for holding our Monthly Meeting at Enniscorthy came round, I went there in company with William and Martha Wright, who were on horseback. We got on without much interruption until we reached about half way; when their horses were taken from them by some of the patrol from the camp at Vinegar Hill. We walked into Enniscorthy, not knowing whither to go except to the meeting house. There we met with several Friends of the town, some from Cooladine Particular Meeting, but none from Ross, as that town was in a state of siege; nor from Forrest, which was near Scullabogue barn, where so many persons were burned alive.

During our meeting for worship we were a good deal interrupted by persons walking about and making a noise in an adjoining gallery, who, after a while went away. It appeared that they came with an evil intent, which they were not permitted to fulfil. I observed they had broken a large hole in the ceiling, which we were afterwards told was for the purpose of more readily setting it on fire and burning it, but that some of their own party stopped them from carrying out their design. After the meeting for worship was over, our attention was turned to the transaction of the business of the Monthly Meeting, but as only a part of the members could assemble, it was adjourned.

Afterward we had the opportunity of sympathizing with our friends in their distress. Oh, what a humbling scene it was! Some had to pass by their own homes, lately the abodes of peace and comfort; now, partly destroyed by fire, some wholly so, and all plundered to desolation. We repaired to the house of Thomas and Nathaniel Thompson, a new building, till then unoccupied, their own particular homes, together with a large timber-yard adjoining, having all been burned to the ground. Here we had an opportunity of hearing each other's narratives of distress, and condoling with the afflicted. A Protestant clergyman of sober moral character, with his wife, lodged in the house of Joseph Thompson. When he saw the danger in consequence of the approach of the rebel army, he requested that the clothing of a Quaker might be given him, expecting

in this disguise to find preservation, or at least to make his escape. He was told that it would be of no avail to him, and he then hid himself in the Friend's garden by the river side, where the insurgents found and murdered him.

A woman, living within a few doors of Joseph and Martha Thompson, came to their house, and, while making great professions of friendship and sympathy, plundered the house and shop before their faces, having brought horses and cars to take their goods away with her. In order to compel the family to leave, she set the house on fire; which, when the owners saw, they withdrew, and went to Thomas Thompson's at Cooladine, being assisted in removing by an old and faithful servant, and by others also of the United Irishmen, who offered to help them on their way.

Thomas Thompson, the elder, and his son, remained at Enniscorthy in the new house afore-mentioned; and it fell to their lot, in conjunction with another Friend, Thomas Mason, to bury the dead bodies, which were lying promiscuously and offensively about the streets, some torn by the swine.

Samuel Woodcock, Jacob Martin, and John Hancock, of Ulster Province, being in the neighborhood of Enniscorthy, were all made prisoners and taken to the rebel camp on Vinegar Hill. Here they underwent a sort of trial, but no charge being brought against them, they were set at liberty; which was indeed a mark of Divine protection, for many other persons against whom nothing was alleged were put to death.

Previous to this, Samuel Woodcock was made prisoner at his own house, by a number of pikemen, and taken to the house of a popish priest, with whom he was intimately acquainted. The priest told him he must become a Roman Catholic and be christened, for that no other profession of religion was now to be allowed. Samuel was much surprised, and told him he had a better opinion of him than to suppose he would make men profess what was contrary to their consciences. The priest said there was no alternative but to turn Roman Catholic or to be put to death. Samuel replied that by so doing they would only be making hypocrites of such as complied; and for his part he would rather suffer death than violate his conscience; adding, that if any crime was laid to his charge, he

was willing to be tried for it; but on that ground he was not afraid to look any of them in the face.

The priest, who had made every preparation for baptizing him according to their mode, seemed much disappointed at Samuel's constancy, and brought him out to the pikemen to be taken to Vinegar Hill. Samuel expostulated with him and them together, saying again that if anything worthy of death was laid to his charge he was willing to undergo a trial. Although the pikemen were much displeased that he would not become a papist, yet they acknowledged the justness of his proposal, and he was taken to the rebel camp as before stated. After their remarkable liberation, the three Friends returned to their families at Clonmel, where they were joyfully and thankfully received by their relatives and friends; who, when parting from them, feared they should never meet again.

During the Revolutionary war, the inhabitants of Nantucket were placed in a very trying position. The revolted colonies had no fleet to protect them; and, if they declined to obey the order of Congress, might be refused permission to trade with the main land, on which they were dependent for food and fire-wood. Many of the inhabitants were Friends, who could not, consistently with their principles, take any part in military operations.

William Rotch, who was a prominent citizen of the island, has left an interesting account of their experiences during that trying period. He says:

When the Revolutionary war broke out in 1775, I saw clearly that the only line of conduct to be pursued by us, the inhabitants of the island of Nantucket, was to take no part in the contest, and to endeavor to give no occasion of offence to either of the contending parties.

A great portion of the inhabitants were of the denomination of Friends, and a large number of the considerate of other societies united in the opinion, that our safety was to be found in a state of neutrality, as far as it could be obtained, although we had no doubt that suffering would be our lot, and which

we afterwards experienced from both parties. Our situation was rendered more difficult by having among us a few restless spirits who had nothing to lose, and who were often thwarting our pacific plan and subjecting us to dangers, not caring what confusion they brought upon us, if they could gain something. My own troubles began soon after the war broke out. In 1764 I had taken the goods of a merchant in Boston, deceased, and insolvent, who was deeply indebted to me. Among these were a number of muskets, some with, others without bayonets. The Straits of Belle Isle opened a new field for the whale fishery. There wild fowl were abundant, and our muskets met with a ready sale, but whenever guns with bayonets were chosen I invariably took that instrument of war from them. The purchaser would insist on having it, but I as strenuously resisted, and I laid them all by. Many years afterwards I removed to another store, having much rubbish in the one I had left. Amongst the rubbish were those bayonets, neglected and forgotten, until the war commenced, when to my surprise they were brought into view by an application for them by a person from the continent.

The time had now come to support our testimony against war, or forever abandon it, as this very instrument was a severe test. I would not hesitate, and therefore promptly denied the applicant. My reason for not furnishing the bayonets was demanded, to which I readily answered: "As this instrument is purposely made and used for the destruction of mankind; and I cannot put into one man's hand to destroy another [with] that which I cannot use myself in the same way, I refuse to comply with thy demands." The person left me much dissatisfied. Others came and received the same denial. It made a great noise in the country, and my life was threatened. I would gladly have beaten them into "pruning hooks." As it was, I took an early opportunity of throwing them into the sea.

A short time after, he was called before a committee appointed by the court then held at Watertown, near Boston, and questioned among other things, respecting these bayonets,

to whom he gave a candid account of his proceedings. He adds:

I passed through no small trial on account of my bayonets, and the clamor long continued against me.

From the year 1775 to the end of the war, we were in continual embarrassments. Our vessels were captured by the English; and our small vessels and boats, sent to the continent for provisions, denied, and sent back empty, under pretence that we supplied the British, which was without the least foundation. Prohibitory laws were often made in consequence of these reports, unfounded as they were. By this inhuman conduct we were sometimes in danger of being starved. One of these laws was founded on information from governor Trumbull of Connecticut, who had been imposed upon respecting our conduct in supplying the British. I wrote to the governor on the subject, and laid our distress very home to him, at the same time that I assured him that nothing of that kind had taken place. He was convinced of his error, and was ever after very kind in assisting us within his jurisdiction. But there were so many petty officers, as committees of safety, inspection, etc., in all parts, . . that we were sorely tried and afflicted. It was about the year 1778, when the current was very strong against us at Nantucket. The vessels we sent after provisions were sent back empty, and great suffering for want of food was likely to take place; [so] that the people (not Friends) who thought we ought to have joined in the war, began to chide and murmur against me.

The difficulty to which the Friends of Nantucket were subjected in procuring the necessaries of life, on account of the faithful maintenance of their testimony against war, is further shown by the following extracts from letters of William Rotch, to his friends John and James Pemberton, of Philadelphia, viz:

Eleventh Month 24th, 1775.—The article of flour we are almost entirely destitute of, but are now sending to different parts for, which, if we are denied, will be exceedingly pinch-

ing to us. What we send for, is only for the use of the inhabitants, and not for trade, but the continent is so much against us, that I fear it will be withheld from us. . . . But after we have discharged our duty, in endeavoring to get the necessaries of life, if they are denied us, I hope we shall submit to that just Hand that suffers the nation to afflict us, which I know is but our due and duty to acknowledge, has been long suffering to us-ward.

Second Month 22nd, 1776.—Notwithstanding the detention of our two vessels at Baltimore for flour, which are yet absent, we obtained sufficient for a little time forward of this: the resolve of our court, on the ninth of Twelfth Month, suspending a further supply from us, not spreading through the Provinces in time to cut us off; which providential favor ought ever to be remembered with gratitude by us. It is a time of great exercise to many, in the prospect of approaching calamities; but we have great cause to trust in that Arm of strength that has hitherto sustained us, and has not given us up to the rage of those that are seeking occasion against us. The resolve, before mentioned, is now taken off for the present, and I hope we shall be able to get provisions necessary for the ensuing summer, for which we are now sending vessels. We have several times had very gloomy prospects, and came near to be in great want of bread kind, but have hitherto been wonderfully favored with some opening to obtain it, before the pinching time came. But to be so dependent on the will of men in these things, especially in a country abounding therewith, is a trial to faith and patience; and I heartily wish it may have a proper effect upon us, and convince us where our sole dependence ought to be. Was that the case, we need not fear what the rage of man could do; whose limits would be "thus far shalt thou come, but no further;" but unless those favors that we so often witness operate rightly in us, what can we expect but to be delivered into the hands of such. While I am thinking of our own difficulties, I cannot but sympathize with Friends in your parts, who, as thou expresses, I believe will not be without their trials; indeed, it is likely that Friends in all places will be brought under deep sufferings, and a great separation be made between the chaff and the wheat.

While the resolution of the people of Nantucket to maintain a non-resistant and neutral attitude thus exposed them to sufferings from the Americans, they were also frequently despoiled by marauding parties of the British, and that class of Americans called "refugees," who had joined them. In 1778, seven armed vessels, and transports with troops, visited Nantucket, and plundered the inhabitants of much property. Shortly after their departure, information was received that another formidable expedition was being fitted out against them. The town was convened to consult upon the measures to be taken in this emergency, which resulted in the appointment of a committee, consisting of Dr. Benjamin Tucker, Samuel Starbuck and William Rotch, to proceed to Newport, and thence, if necessary, to New York, to represent their case to the commanders of the British forces, whose headquarters were then in that city. The feeling at Newport against the people of Nantucket was, at that time, so strong that the deputation was, at first, not permitted to land, and ordered to depart. This, however, they declined to do, preferring rather to suffer imprisonment and the loss of their vessel, than to miss the opportunity of using their influence to stop the progress of the expedition. They finally were allowed to go on shore, and succeeded in obtaining an interview with several of the British officers. In reference to this visit to general Prescott, then in command, William Rotch remarks, in his autobiographical account:

I got on shore in the afternoon, and found that I must wait on general Prescott. Knowing his brittle temper, and it being in the afternoon, I almost dreaded to appear in his presence. However, let my treatment be what it would, I desired this meeting over, and accordingly went. I was introduced by one of his aids. He received me very cordially, and said: "Mr. Rotch, will you have some dinner? I can give you good bread,

though the rebels say we have none." I thanked him, saying we had dined. "Well," said he, "will you have a glass of wine?" I answered: "I have no objection, if thou canst put up with my plain way." My glass was filled with his own and those of the officers at the table. As a stranger introduced, they all drank to me before I put the glass to my lips. I then observed: "General, as I mentioned before, if thou couldst put up with my plain way, I was willing to take wine with thee; but as we, as a Society, disuse these ceremonies, and I have always found it best to keep to my profession, let me be in what company I may, therefore I hope my not making a like return will not be accepted as a mark of disrespect, for I assure thee it is not the case." His answer was: "Oh, no; if a Quaker will but be a Quaker, it is all I want of him; but ——, he is no Quaker" (naming one of our profession, and I was sorry for the cause of this remark).

The interviews with general Prescott and others in authority at Newport, resulted in obtaining permission for the committee to visit New York, in order to lay before the commander-in-chief a statement of their condition, with a promise that the proposed expedition to Nantucket would be deferred until the result of this visit was known. William Rotch and his companions then proceeded to New York, and applied to commodore Collier, of the navy, and general Clinton, of the army; the latter of whom intimated that he would direct those in his department not to molest them. William Rotch states:

In representing our case to sir George Collier, he readily gave us an order forbidding any British armed vessel to take anything out of our harbor. This was a great relief. I then laid before him the state of our captured seamen; that all the exchanges of prisoners were partial; that as "we" made no prisoners we had none to exchange, consequently ours remained in prison-ships until they mostly died. On his understanding the reasonableness of our request, he ordered that all our men should be released who were not taken in armed vessels (for such we had no right to apply), and promised that it should not be so in future, so long as he held the command.

While thus exposed to robbery on land, these islanders were also in danger of losing a great portion of their property by privateers and other armed vessels at sea. As the fishery was their chief resource, it became necessary to solicit permits to protect the vessels from capture by British cruisers. Such permits, to the number of about fifteen, were granted by admiral Arbuthnot, who had succeeded admiral Collier, upon the application of Timothy Folger, of Nantucket, and the immunity thus granted proved very valuable. The possession of such permits, however, rendered the vessels carrying them liable to seizure by the Americans, and great care was accordingly exercised to avoid them.

In 1780, Arbuthnot was succeeded by admiral Digby, and a fresh application against the predatory visits of the British, became necessary. A committee of three, of whom William Rotch was one, was appointed to go to New York on this errand. He was at this time recovering from severe illness, and wished to decline this journey, but the others refused to go, unless he would accompany them.

This, he says, brought a great strait upon my mind. To go, I thought, I could not, and to omit it seemed almost inevitable destruction. At last I consented, under great apprehension that I should not live to return. We accordingly set sail, and when we were off Rhode Island, I was obliged to have them go to the east side of the island, and lie there several days, for my pain was so great that I could not bear the motion of the vessel; but we got safely to New York in a few days after it abated.

On making application for protection against three British cruisers then in the harbor of Nantucket, and some permits for the fishery, they found that reports had been circulated to their disadvantage, and the officer to whom they applied for assistance, had been led to believe that they had betrayed the confidence placed in them, by giving the permits to a greater

number of vessels than was originally intended. William Rotch, however, was able to satisfy him that this report was incorrect, stating—

"These permits were put into my hands; I delivered them, taking receipts for each, to be returned to me at the end of the voyage, and an obligation that no transfer should be made or copies given. I received back all the permits, except two, before I left home, and should, probably, have received those two on the day I sailed. Now, if any duplicity has been practised, I am the person who is accountable, and I am now here to take the punishment such duplicity demands." He immediately became placid, and said: "You deserve favor. I am now going to the admiral. Do you go there in an hour." We attended punctually. He introduced us to the admiral, and informed him that his predecessor, admiral Arbuthnot, granted the people of Nantucket a few permits for the fishery last year, adding: "I can assure your excellency they have made no bad use of them." Thus, after a storm came a pleasant calm. We obtained an order, as heretofore, respecting property in our harbor, and twenty-four permits for the fishery; and I returned home much improved in health. It was necessary to secrete the documents from the American cruisers; but such was the difficulty of distinguishing them, that two were presented to American armed vessels, who immediately took the vessels as prizes.

The difficulty they experienced from the Americans, finally made it necessary to obtain permits from both the contending parties, and in order to procure them from Congress, then sitting at Philadelphia, William Rotch and Samuel Starbuck were sent to that city in the winter of 1782-3. After several interviews with prominent members, in which the value of the whale fishery to this country was urged, and some of the prejudices which had been entertained towards the people of Nantucket appeared to be removed, a memorial representing their condition, was presented to that body. This resulted in the

grant of thirty-five permits for carrying on the fishery. The privileges thus obtained were, however, no longer required. News that a provisional treaty of peace with Great Britain had been signed, was soon after received, and protection of this kind became unnecessary.

Some time after their return home from their visit to New York, about the year 1781, the peaceful community in Nantucket was again threatened with a hostile invasion. William Rotch says:

We were now brought into the most imminent danger, which no human effort could check, much less prevent. Nothing short of the interposition of Divine Providence preserved us from apparent ruin. Several sloops of war and a number of transports, intended paying us a destructive visit. They were in sight of us, in the daytime, three days, near Cape Poge (Martha's Vineyard). They got under weigh three mornings successively, and stood for the island with a fair wind, which each morning came round against them, and the tide, too, came round against them, which obliged them to [go to] their anchorage, still in view of us. Before they could make the fourth attempt, orders came for their return to New York for some other expedition. Thus we were mercifully preserved for that time, after more fearful apprehensions than any we had before witnessed. Messengers were arriving, one after another, and twice I was called up in the night, with the disagreeable information that they were at hand. A solemn time it was, indeed, and can never be obliterated from my memory while life and reason are vouchsafed.

The following account of preservation from great personal danger is given in his own words: "I was, with two men and two women Friends, captured in going to our Quarterly Meeting, at Sandwich [Massachusetts], by a British privateer from New York. They had just before taken a cedar boat and ordered us to depart in it immediately, having first plundered us of what money we possessed, but they took neither baggage nor provisions from us. The vessel was mine, and I pleaded earnestly for her, and sometimes nearly obtained a majority

to give her to us; but another can of grog would be stirred up by those who would not consent to release her, and this never failed to gain several on their side.

"They repeatedly ordered us to begone, but we refused, still pleading for our vessel, until the captain called to the prize-master to know why he did not send us away. He replied: 'They will not go.' He then sent a furious fellow to drive us away. Samuel Starbuck and I were standing together. He approached us with an uplifted cutlass and a violent countenance, saying: 'Begone into your boat, or I'll cut your heads off.' I looked him earnestly in the face, eye to eye, and, with a pretty stern accent, said: 'I am not afraid of thy cutting my head off. We are prisoners; treat us as such, but do not talk of cutting our heads off.' He dropped his arm, and seemed struck at my boldness. There were now two vessels coming rapidly in pursuit, and we thought it time to be off. They soon retook our vessel, and pursued the privateer and took her, but her men left her in their boats, and got on shore in the Vineyard. Our vessel being taken, I recovered her by paying salvage, as did a young man most of his money, who had two hundred dollars taken from him."

The preliminary treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States, was signed Eleventh Month 30th, 1782, and in the Ninth Month, 1783, a definitive treaty was concluded, which established the relations between the two countries. The alteration in commercial affairs resulting from the separation from Great Britain, proved destructive, for a time, to the successful pursuit of the whale fishery at Nantucket; and as this was then the chief occupation of its people, its prosperity declined, and it became necessary for at least a portion of its inhabitants, to remove. Samuel Starbuck and others, went to Nova Scotia, where they were assisted by a grant of fifteen hundred pounds from the government, in erecting buildings, etc., near Halifax, for the purpose of carrying on the fishery; while William Rotch concluded to proceed to England, in order to ascertain whether sufficient encouragement could

be obtained for the prosecution of the business from thence. He remarks:

The happy return of peace was now enjoyed in the United States, but poor Nantucket, whose distresses did not end with the war, though rejoiced at the event, still seemed doomed, for a time, to ruin. Separated from Great Britain, the only market of consequence for sperm oil, we were brought under the alien duty of eighteen pounds sterling per ton, a duty laid upon aliens to encourage British subjects. Such we then were, and this duty had its full effect upon us. Sperm oil was sold at Nantucket after the peace, for seventeen pounds sterling per ton, which before we were separated, was worth thirty pounds sterling. Twenty-five pounds was necessary to cover expenses, and leave a very moderate profit to the owners. Thus a loss of nearly eight pounds sterling per ton attended the business. We continued for years at a certain loss, in hopes that some favorable turn might take place, but no prospect appearing, and the loss I had sustained by the Revolutionary war had so reduced my property, that I found it necessary to seek some new expedient to prevent the loss of all. I found no probable alternative, but to proceed to England, and endeavor to pursue the fishery from there. I accordingly took passage in my ship Maria, accompanied by my son Benjamin, and sailed from Nantucket on the fourth of Seventh Month, 1785. We had a fine passage of twenty-three days. . . . Our first journey was to the west of England, in which we had the valuable company of my friend James Phillips. We visited the coast from Southampton to Falmouth, in search of a good place for the whale fishery, if we should conclude to form our establishment in the island. We found several ports suitable to the purpose, but none that we preferred to Falmouth. In that large harbor, there are several smaller that would do well for the business. I had very favorable offers of divers places, but I was only on a discovery, and did not wish to entangle myself. After viewing the coast, and spending some days in Plymouth, we took a circuitous route, and returned to London.

My next object was to know what encouragement we could obtain from the British Government. My friend, Robert Bar-

clay, perceiving what my business was; spoke to Harry Beaufoy, a member of parliament, who introduced me to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the great William Pitt, then about twenty-seven years of age. He received me politely and heard me patiently. I laid before him our ruinous situation, saying: "When the war commenced, we declared against taking any part in it, and strenuously adhered to this determination, thus placing ourselves as a neutral island. Nevertheless, you have taken from us about two hundred sail of vessels, valued at two hundred thousand pounds sterling, unjustly and illegally. Had the war been founded on a general declaration against America, we should have been included, but it was predicated on a rebellion; consequently, none could have been included in it, but such as were in arms, or those that were aiding such. We have done neither. As a proof of our being without the reach of your declaration; you sent commissioners to restore peace to America, in which any province, county, or town, that should make submission and receive pardon, should be reinstated in its former situation. As we had not offended, we had no submission to make or pardon to ask, and certainly it is very hard if we do not stand on better ground than those who have offended; consequently, we remained a part of your dominions until separated by the peace." This last sentence I pressed very closely, whenever I could with propriety introduce it, knowing it was a material point.

After I had done he paused some time, and then answered: "Undoubtedly you are right, sir. Now, what can be done for you?" I told him, that in the present situation of things the principal part of our inhabitants must leave the island. Some would go into the country. "A part," continued I, "wish to continue the whale fishery, wherever it can be pursued to advantage. Therefore, my chief business is, to lay our distressed situation before this nation, and to ascertain if the fishery is an object worth giving such encouragement to, for a removal to England, as the subject deserves." Thus our conversation ended, and I withdrew with my friend, Harry Beaufoy.

The negotiations with the English Government received lit-

tle attention from that body, and finally, William Rotch concluded to address the French Government, who acceded to his proposals, and granted him free enjoyment of their religion and freedom from all military requisitions. This opened the way for the establishment of their fishery at Dunkirk. It proved so profitable, that in 1793, no less than forty ships sailed from Dunkirk to pursue the whale fishery in distant quarters of the globe.

In 1791, William Rotch and his son, attended the National Assembly, the governing body of the French nation, to petition for certain privileges and exemptions. These were that they might conform to their principle, that forbid them to take up arms; that the register which Friends make, should be sufficient to legalize their marriages and births, and authenticate their deaths; and that they might be exempted from all oaths.

William Rotch remarks in reference to the presentation of the Address. "The object of our petition was of little consequence compared with the opportunity we now had of somewhat spreading a knowledge of our principles;—above all, that of the inward light or spirit of God in every man as a primary rule of faith and practice."

We met with a number of serious persons who were in a great measure convinced of the rectitude of our faith, and they gathered about us at our hotel, one evening after another, one inviting others to come, until those social meetings in our apartments became exceedingly interesting. The conversation almost wholly turned on religious subjects, and they always appeared well satisfied with the hours thus spent. It was then a turbulent time in Paris, and much more so afterwards. Several of these valuable persons fell in the reign of terror, and others are beyond my knowledge; but the remembrance of those evenings, and the feeling of Divine influence that attended them, will, I believe, never pass away.

In the period of war which soon followed, Friends at Dunkirk were several times exposed to great danger from their refusal to illuminate their houses on account of victories gained by the French armies. But on their informing the magistrates, that as they could take no part in war, they could not join in rejoicing for victory, measures were taken for their protection.

The breaking out of war between England and France led to the withdrawal of a part of this colony of Friends, but meetings appear to have been kept up by those that remained at Dunkirk, for several years.

Joseph Hoag on War and Fighting.

In the year 1812, whilst Joseph Hoag was travelling in Tennessee, he says: We stopped on our way at Knoxville, to take breakfast; the Indians having made an invasion on the frontiers of the white inhabitants, it was a time of great alarm while I was there. Being taken into the room where the general was with his officers, the sergeants made their returns to the general, that they had warned every man that the law required to do military duty, Quakers, and all, and there had not one Quaker appeared on the ground. In the meantime the general looked sharply at me, as I was walking the room, and said: "Well, we have lost a number of our frontier inhabitants, and some of our soldiers, and a people who would not defend the frontier inhabitants when the savages were destroying and scalping them, could not be considered friends to their country, and should have no favor from him." He then said: "How do you like this doctrine, stranger?" I said: "It is no doctrine for me; I have little or no opinion of it." He asked: "Why?" I said: "The people with whom I commune, who are sound in their principles, are all King's men, and are remarkably attached to their King, and our King told Pontius Pilate that his kingdom was not of this world, for if it was, then would his servants fight, that He should not be delivered to the Jews; that his kingdom was not from hence, and that his kingdom was our kingdom; that He had nothing to fight for

in this world, neither have we; and you warriors are fighting for riches, honor, and glory of this world, and when you have got them, you cannot stay with them. We choose to lay up our riches, and have our treasures where the rust cannot mar them, nor thieves nor warriors get them from us." The general sat down, but soon rose with these words: "I am not going to give up the argument so; I see by the look in your eye that you are no coward; you are a soldier, and if an Indian was to come into your house to kill your wife and children, you would fight." I answered: "As for cowardice, I ever despised it, but," pointing towards the guns standing in the house with bayonets on them, "General, it would take twelve such men as thou art—and then you would not do it—to make me take hold of a gun or pistol, to take the life of a fellow creature," and looked him full in the face. He said: "I see you do not deny the sword." I replied: "No, I profess to be a swordsman, that is the weapon I go into the field with—a sword that never was beaten in the field nor foiled in battle." He turned and sat down, but not long, and said: "I will bring you to the point. If an Indian was to come into your house with his knife and tomahawk, and you knew he would kill you, your wife and children, and you knew you could kill him and save all your lives, you would kill him; if you did not you would be guilty of the death of the whole." I thought it time to come to look for a close, and proposed a standard to bring the argument to, that should decide it, but he declined. I asked him if he professed to be a Christian, a Jew, or a Mahometan? He declined awhile. I then added, if he were a Jew, he was not prepared to fight; his men were not circumcised, he had not burnt a sin offering, nor a peace offering. He exclaimed: "I profess to be a Christian, I am not a Jew or a Turk." I asked him if he believed Jesus Christ was the author of the Christian dispensation. He said: "Yes." I asked him if he believed Him sufficiently equal to the work as God himself, as he received all the works of God to do. He said: "He did." I then told him I should keep him to the Christian platform or creed, laid down by Jesus Christ; and that he would not deny that a Christian was fit to live or die. I then told him I would give the subject a fair statement, and he might judge. I pro-

ceeded thus: "I shall state, that myself and wife are true Christians, and our children are in the minority, and thou knowest it is natural for children to believe what their parents teach them, and therefore we are all true Christians as far as our several capacities enabled us to be; and now the question lies here; which is most like the precepts and example of our King—the author of the Christian religion—to lay down our lives, and all go to heaven together; or kill that wicked Indian and send him to hell; for he must be in as wicked a state as he can be, to kill a family that would not hurt him. General, it is a serious thing to send wicked folks to hell; they have no chance to come back and mend their ways; and thou dost not know but that if that wicked Indian was spared, he might feel remorse enough to make him repent, so as to find forgiveness, and go to heaven. I really believe I should feel much better to see him come there, than to send him to hell; and that is not all, general; when I killed that wicked Indian, and sent him to hell, I imbrued my hands in human blood; before they were clean; but now they are stained deep in the crimson gore, canst thou make thyself believe that I stand as good a chance to get to heaven, as to die when my hands were clean, and I innocent of human blood? And besides, our King who was Lord of all, had disciples and many women who looked up to Him for protection, as much as a wife to a husband, or children to their father. Did He, when the wicked Jews came out with staves to take Him, cut off those wicked creatures, and send them to hell, when He could have the command of twelve legions of angels? He did not act without reason; He knew if He cut them off they would go to hell; and He knew if He laid down his life, He was going to heaven; and neither thou nor I knows but some of the poor creatures repented of their conduct, and found forgiveness and are now in heaven, glorifying his name for sparing them. Now general, was He guilty of suicide? Thou wilt answer; He came into the world for this purpose; I reply that we are brought into the world to obey his commands, and to follow his example, and do likewise if called on; and general, we find He had one soldier among his followers who drew his sword and fought like a valiant for his Lord. But what then said his

Lord? did He say, thou art a good fellow, I will promote thee for this? or, did He not say, put up thy sword into its sheath, for they that use the sword shall perish with the sword. General, thou wilt do well to remember that saying; it is the word of a King. The general made no answer, but sat and hung his head for some time, one of the company at length replied: "Well stranger, if all the world was of your mind, I would turn and follow after." I replied: "So then thou hast a mind to be the last man in the world to be good; I have a mind to be one of the first, and set the rest the example." This made the general smile. He got up and went out at the door, and ordered his officers to let me go where I pleased, and not to interfere; then turned and came in, I was then walking the floor, and after a little discourse, the general said: "Well stranger, there are a great many of your sort of people in this State." I answered: "Yes, and I hope thou finds them an honest, industrious, peaceable people; good inhabitants to populate and clear up a new country, and make it valuable." He said: "Yes, they are an industrious, harmless people." We were both on our feet, I turned, and looked him full in the face, and spoke with some emphasis: "General, canst thou say that an honest, industrious people, who will harm nobody, are enemies to their country?" He paused awhile, and said: "No, and they shall have my protection, and you have the word of a general for it." I then felt easy that all was done that could be done. I had the same man's word who had said: "No favor should be shown the Quakers," now pledge his honor to protect them.

In a short sketch of the life of John Bringhurst, of Philadelphia, who deceased in the year 1750, there is embraced a copy of a testimony of disownment, prepared by a committee of which he was a member, issued against a Friend who had joined in fitting out a vessel of war. It is an interesting illustration of the care observed by Friends of that day to preserve the members in consistency with their profession:

Whereas, ------, of this city, merchant, hath many years made profession among us, the people called Quakers, and by

his conduct, for some time after his residence in this city, gave us cause to hope that he had received the principles of Truth in true love and sincerity, and would, by obedience thereto, be induced to maintain the Christian testimony we esteem it our duty to bear against the many corruptions which prevailed among the professors of Christianity during the apostacy from the primitive purity of the church of Christ. But with concern we have observed in him a gradual declension from the humility and circumspection incumbent on every member of our religious Society; and that, as he hath attained to worldly honors and preferments, his regard to the unity of his friends hath decreased, so that he hath, on several occasions, given us cause to treat with him; which we have done in brotherly love, but without the satisfaction of finding our care and regard had the desired effect of bringing him to a nearer union and fellowship with us. He hath lately so far deviated from our known principles and discipline, as to join with others in a contribution to the fitting out a ship of war. For this he hath been dealt with by several Friends, who were concerned to show him the inconsistency of his conduct with the profession he makes, and to advise him to an acknowledgment of his error. But, both by word and writing, persisting in a vindication of his conduct, and having, by other instances, manifested a determination to contradict this part of our Christian testimony, we think it our duty, to prevent others under our religious profession from being misled by his example, and lest any should think we approve his conduct, to declare that we disown him, the said ———, to be a member of our religious Society, until he becomes sensible of his errors, and, being willing to acknowledge them, is desirous of being restored to the unity of his friends.

Hugh Davids—Soldier and Quaker.

At the period of the American Revolution, Hugh Davids was a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting of Friends for the Northern District. He favored the royalist cause, and when the British occupied Philadelphia, manifested a disposition to enter the military service on that side. Against this he was

repeatedly cautioned and warned by Friends, but he finally accepted a commission in the British army, and when the king's troops evacuated the city, in 1778, he went with them. For his deviation from our religious and well-known peaceable principles, he was disowned on the thirtieth of the Sixth Month of that year.

Thirteen years afterwards, Hugh Davids attended the Monthly Meeting, and offered a paper condemning his course in joining in arms with one of the contending parties in the then late war, and expressing his great concern and anxiety for what he had done. His offering was received with much love and tenderness by Friends, and a committee was appointed to visit him.

The following month the committee reported that the case was one of more than usual weight, and that they believed his offering proceeded from a just sense of his deviations, and a sincere desire for future preservation in the strait and narrow way which leads to peace. The meeting fully united in accepting the acknowledgment, and records that it was not doubted that, as he was preserved in steady attention to the manifestation of the Divine will, his peace would be increased.

It also appears that he had filed with the king's counsel a document by which he surrendered his commission and pay. This paper was as follows:

I, Hugh Davids, the subscriber, having for some years past held a commission as cornet of horse under the king of Great Britain, and being now favored, through the Lord's mercy, to see the inconsistency of war with the Christian religion, have believed it to be required of me, as a religious duty, to give up and surrender the commission I received of the king unto him again; and also all the arrearages of my pay which may remain due to me at the war office in London; and likewise some money which I have heretofore received on account of my pay, which I now have in hand, finding I cannot make use

of it with peace in my own mind. I do, therefore, by these presents, after due consideration, voluntarily, and from conscientious motives, freely give up and surrender to the king of Great Britain all my right and interest in the said commission above mentioned, and likewise all my claim or right in the arrearages of wages which may appear due to me thereon. And I have also paid into the hands of Phineas Bond, the king's consul in this city, one hundred and sixty-five Spanish dollars, which I heretofore received on account of my pay, to be remitted to the proper office from which I received it. I may further certify that I have not acted in this matter from political or disrespectful motives, but from those of a religious and conscientious nature only.

The following extracts from the diary of John Pemberton, one of the Friends who was arbitrarily sent into exile in Virginia, are interesting, as showing the Christian spirit which animated the sufferers:

On the Second-day of Ninth Month, 1777, about two o'clock, P. M., three persons came to my house, and informed me they had orders from the Supreme Executive Council to take me as a prisoner. I inquired, for what? and demanded their authority. One of them pulled a packet out of his pocket, and read a few lines of a long writing, the amount of which was, that I was suspected of being inimical to the cause of America. I pleaded with them for a considerable time, on the injustice and oppression of imprisoning a man, unless some crime was alleged against him. They replied, they had orders, and must obey them. I represented that I was an innocent man, and had not done anything I was ashamed of, or to the injury of America. They pretended that it was very disagreeable to them to execute such orders; whereupon my dear wife told them, that Pilate washed his hands and said he was clear; yet he was not so in the Divine sight. Many serious remarks were made, but without effect, though there appeared some tenderness in one of them. Another said I should have a hearing when I came to the lodge, whither they had orders to take me. They presented to me a paper, called a parole, and urged me to sign it, to make my own house my prison, and be ready at the

call of the council; not to correspond with the enemy, as it was expressed; nor to do any act or thing, by word or writing, prejudicial to the cause of America. Knowing my innocence, and that my religious principles would restrain me from doing anything to promote the shedding of blood, or to injure my country, I told them I could not sign such a paper, as it would imply guilt, which I was free from. They still urged my going with them; but I told them, that as they had nothing justly to lay to my charge, and as my house was my own, and I was a free man, I could not consent to comply with their unreasonable demand, and could not leave my house without being forced. When they saw I was resolute, endeavors were used to prevail on my wife to urge my going quietly with them; but she was staunch and upright. One of them then went and brought a guard of about ten men, whom they had left in the street; and again urged my going with them. But I still maintained my right as a free man and a Christian. He then took me by the arm, and said he would force me to go; but I would not move from my seat. The men he had brought into the house seemed averse to meddling with me; but this man insisted that they should do their duty; so I was lifted by two of them off my seat and led to the door. My wife insisted on going with me; so my friend John Parrish, taking her by one arm, and myself by the other, we supported her; and with these soldiers we were conducted to the mason's lodge. Though I believe she had not walked so far, at once, for two years, and was very poorly, yet she was sustained, both in mind and body. The people seemed generally serious, and many affected, when we came to the lodge and were conducted up stairs. Before we were put into a room, the person who brought the guard into my house, demanded the keys of my desk. I told him I thought he had no right to make such a demand, and I would give him none. He then asked my wife, and she also denied him. He then said he would break the desk open; and so returned to my house, guarded by the same men; they broke open my desk, and took out the rough minutes of the Meeting for Sufferings for seven or eight months past; and in other places which they searched, they found some other meeting papers, and two bundles of manumissions for the freedom of

slaves, which they took away. But in all their searching, they could not find anything to their purpose; and though they condemned Friends for publishing epistles, especially the last Christian exhortation from the Meeting for Sufferings, yet they now republished it themselves, at a time more critical than any heretofore.

On my coming to the lodge, I met there my brother James, and divers other Friends. We were favored with support in our persecution; though that evening and night was to me a season of trial of spirit, and I had little sleep. Yet in the morning my heart was tendered, and from that time to the time when we were removed from the city, I was preserved in a steady resigned state of mind.

Fifth-day, 4th.—Brother Israel, John Hunt and Samuel Pleasants, were brought as prisoners, so that our number was twenty-three. Previous to brother Israel's coming, he and John Hunt and Samuel Pleasants had presented a remonstrance to the council, and demanded a hearing as their right, but they were not admitted, and informed that they could have no hearing, and so were conveyed to the place of confinement. Afterward we also prepared and sent remonstrances to the council and Congress, but could not obtain a hearing.

First-day, 7th.—Having had much company for several days past, the inhabitants being affected with the unjust conduct pursued towards us, we requested that we might be more retired; and had a favored opportunity in humbly waiting upon Almighty God, so that the hearts of many were tendered, especially in time of solemn prayer and supplication, for the support and preservation of ourselves and our families.

On Third-day, we sent for some of the persons who were instrumental in our being taken, and demanded of them whose prisoners we were? One of them said that none of us were his prisoners; and the other did not own any except my brother Israel, John Hunt, Samuel Pleasants and Phineas Bond. In the afternoon an order from council appeared, for our removal to Staunton, in Virginia; upon which we wrote another remonstrance against their proceedings. Next day we were permitted to go home to prepare for our journey, and on the following morning I had a solid opportunity in quiet retire-

ment with my family, and parted with my beloved wife in tender affection. We were supported in this close trial beyond expectation, the saying of the apostle being verified in my mind, "None of these things moved me;" being enabled to resign my life and my all to the disposal of Divine Providence. About eight o'clock I returned to my prison and continued until afternoon, when two men came and informed us they were appointed to conduct us to Reading. We demanded a sight of their orders, which they refused. At length, after much altercation, one of them read a paper, but another paper containing further orders, he absolutely refused to read, or to give us a copy of it. We entered a protest, and called in several inhabitants to witness it: they were also informed that messengers were despatched to the chief justice, for writs of habeas corpus; but they paid no regard to that. The wagons, etc., being before our prison, we were at length forced out. Many hundreds of people were ranged along the alley, some of them much affected; and many poor blacks, as well as others, after I was in the wagon, shook me by the hand, being affected with our hard treatment.

How Friends in France became known to their English Brethren.

Joseph Fox, of Falmouth, (the first who became a surgeon) had a share in two cutters with other owners, who, outvoting his objection, at the commencement of hostilities with France in 1778, armed these vessels as letters of marque in order to capture French merchantmen. The enterprise (adds Burke in his "History of the Commoners") was successful, and some valuable ships were taken. His partners then endeavored to keep him from his share in the profits; but he insisted upon it and lodged the amounts in the British funds, keeping the circumstance an entire secret even from his family, and in fact dealing with the treasure like one who felt it was not his own. His object was to restore it as soon as possible to those whom he considered to be, and who really were,

the rightful owners. In 1783, on the restoration of peace, the opportunity occurred, and he then commissioned his son, Dr. E. L. Fox (afterwards of Brislington), to proceed to Paris, where he first communicated the matter to him by letter. Much difficulty and delay intervened, trying faith and principle, and giving a good excuse had he desired one, to abandon the attempt as hopeless. While it was yet in progress, Joseph Fox died. But his son had received the duty as a solemn trust and charge which he was not to quit until the restitution was made. He had a notice printed in the "Gazette de France" of Second Month, 1785, in consequence whereof applications were quickly made which led to about fourteen hundred and seventy pounds being restored. The sufferers thus reimbursed, made an acknowledgment in the Eighth Month "Gazette," which need not be quoted. A small sum still remained in Dr. Fox's hands which he could not assign, especially as the Revolutionary war broke out. In 1818, when it had reached six hundred pounds, he could venture abroad once more, and going again to Paris enquired how he could best appropriate it, and ultimately placed it in the treasury of the "Invalid Seamen of France" for the relief of the non-combatants of the merchant service. The advertisement above noticed drew forth an address from a body of Protestants whom we have since been glad to own in fellowship and belief, for they were rejoiced to learn that any one was in existence who like them testified against iniquity and war; and thus they came to the knowledge of the Society.

CHAPTER XIV.

DIVINE PROTECTION.

In an account of the experiences of their family in the Irish Rebellion of 1798, written by Dinah Goff, a member of the Society of Friends, she says:

It was about the middle of the Fifth Month, 1798, that the county of Wexford, in Ireland, became a scene of open rebellion, headed by B—— H——, a Protestant, and two Roman Catholic priests, John Murphy and Philip Roche. The aims of the insurgents were various; some were more cruelly disposed than others; all determined to liberate themselves by force of arms from the unequal yoke, as they believed it, of the British government, and to become a free people; some to bring all Ireland to Catholicism, etc.

About ten days before the rebellion broke out, a Roman Catholic, who resided near, called on my father, and desired to speak to him in private. He then informed him that the county would, in the course of a few days, be in a state of general insurrection. My father replied that he could not credit it, for that he had frequently heard such rumors. The person assured him that he knew certainly it would be so, and that he had procured a vessel, now lying at Duncannon, to convey himself and family to Wales, and that as a friend, he gladly offered accommodation to our household. My father thanked him for this act of friendship, but said that it felt to him a matter of great importance to remove from the position allotted him by Providence, yet that he would consider of it, and consult his wife. After having endeavored to seek best wisdom, my dear parents concluded that it was right for them to remain at home, placing their dependence and confidence in Him who alone can protect, and who has promised to preserve those that put their trust in Him.

The estate and spacious mansion, called Horetown, occupied by my parents, Jacob and Elizabeth Goff, and the family, were situated about ten miles from each of the towns of Wexford

and New Ross. The rebels formed two camps, at Carrickburn and Corbett Hill, one on each side of the house, at distances of two and five miles from it. This central position caused a constant demand on us for provisions, with which the insurgents were daily supplied, and they often said that they spared the lives of the family for that purpose.

A day or two after the commencement of the rebellion, two carts were brought to our door, and the cellars emptied of all the salt provisions, beer, cider, etc., which were taken off to the camp. Fourteen beautiful horses were turned out of my father's stables, and mounted in the yard by two or more of the rebels on each. Some, which had not been trained, resisted by plunging; but their riders soon subdued them, running their pikes into them, and otherwise using great cruelty. Much of our cattle they also took off, and orders were sent each week from the camp at Carrickburn, to have a cow and some sheep killed, which were sent for at stated times.

A party, who assumed the rank of officers in the rebel army, came to our house one day, and directed to have dinner prepared immediately. On my mother's requesting the servant to lay the tables in the hall, they indignantly asked: "Is it there you are going to give us our dinner? Show us into the best parlor in the house." But on my mother assuring them that she had seen noblemen sitting in that hall, they became calm and satisfied. They then asked for spirits and wine, saying they would have some; and when my mother told them that there were none in the house, they were greatly irritated still saying they must have some. On being spoken to by my mother in the singular number, they desired her not to say thee and thou to them, as if she were speaking to a dog; and on her again saying thou to one of them, he flourished his sword over her head, and said, haughtily: "No more of your theeing and thouing to me." They ate their dinner, however, and went off peaceably.

We were now informed that orders had been given to take my dear father's life, and my mother was most particular in keeping us all close together around him, saying that if it were permitted that our lives should be taken, we might be enabled to support and encourage each other, or else all go together.

One day, about noon, a large company appeared on the lawn, carrying a black flag, which we well knew to be the signal for death. My dear father advanced to meet them as usual, with his open, benevolent countenance, and my mother, turning to me, said, with her sweet, placid smile: "Perhaps my stiff stays may prevent my dying easily." On which the Roman Catholic who had taken refuge with us, said: "Have faith in God, madam; I hope they will not hurt you." She quickly pushed forward and joined my dear father, who was surrounded by a large party. He observed to them, he feared they might injure each other, as their muskets were prepared for firing; when one of them replied: "Let those who are afraid keep out of the way." My mother distinctly heard one of them say: "Why don't you begin?" and each seemed looking to the other to commence the work of death. Some of them presently muttered: "We cannot." At this critical moment, some women came in great agitation through the crowd, clinging to their husbands, and dragging them away. Thus a higher Power evidently appeared to frustrate the intentions of the murderers, and my beloved father was again graciously delivered. One man said there was "No use in taking Mr. Goff's life," but his two sons, if there, should soon be killed, and then the estate would be theirs.

One morning a most outrageous party advanced towards the house, yelling and roaring like savages, evidently with some wicked design; but two young men who looked serious again interposed in our behalf, and would not allow them to enter. Thus were the words of David fulfilled: "The wrath of man shall praise thee; the remainder of wrath thou wilt restrain."

A young man who, with his mother, kept a neighboring public-house, used at that time often to walk into our drawing-room, lay his sword on the table, and amuse me and my young cousin by giving us his finely-decorated hat to admire. One afternoon he tried to prevail on us two to go with him to the camp, saying it was an interesting sight, such as we might never have an opportunity again to see. We were then sixteen and fourteen years of age, and on my saying I did not think my mother would permit us to go, he desired us not to tell her, and promised to bring us safely back. My mother, ever

watchful, was at this moment crossing the hall, and seeing us together, she came forward and inquired what he was saying. When we told her, she asked him how he dared to request the children to go to such a place? She then reasoned with us on the impropriety of listening to such invitations, saying she should never have expected to see us again if we had once gone.

Three or four hundred English troops, accompanied by Hompesch's German hussars, at length landed at Duncannon Fort. This was announced by the firing of cannon early in the morning, On my mother's entering my room, I expressed much pleasure at the intelligence, when she replied: "My dear, we must rejoice with trembling, having much to dread from their being strangers, and we know not what may be permitted. We have only to place our trust and confidence in Him who hath hitherto preserved us!" This little army formed an encampment on my late uncle Cæsar Sutton's lawn at Longgrague, about two miles from us. The next day, whilst we were sitting at dinner, one of the servants said the rebel forces were coming from Wexford in thousands, intending to surround the English encampment. The royal troops, commanded by general Moore, having had previous information, were, however, on the alert, and met them on the road, near our house. We counted twenty-four pieces of cannon, belonging to the rebels, which passed our entrance. A dreadful scene, partly in our view, was now enacted, and lasted for three hours. The firing was awful! Having closed the doors and windows in the lower part of the house as much as possible, we all retired to an upper room, and there remained in a state of fearful suspense. It was a terrible sight, and deeply affected us, the cannon-balls falling thickly about the house. On one of my sisters raising the window to look out, a ball whizzed by her head, and this, with many others, we afterwards found. At length, seeing the poor, deluded people running in all directions, we learned that they were routed.

Two soon came to the house to have their wounds dressed, which my sister Arabella did as well as she could; one had a ball in the cap of his knee, and both bled profusely; they expressed much thankfulness, and hoped they might soon be able

again to fight for their freedom. A fine young man coming, who had received a severe wound in his side and shoulder, my dear mother used means to relieve him, and dressed him comfortably in clean linen, while he frequently exclaimed: "Do, ma'am, try to stop the blood. I don't mind the pain, so that I may but fight for my liberty." Observing him in danger from the great injury, she spoke to him in a very serious strain, and also recommended his going to the Wexford Infirmary. We heard afterwards that he died on the way, a few hours after he left us. This battle was at Goff's Bridge, on the twentieth of Sixth Month. Several hundreds of the insurgents were killed, but not many of the military.

Soon after the firing had ceased, we observed two of the cavalry moving slowly and suspiciously up our avenue; on which my father went down to the hall door, and advanced with a smiling countenance and extended arms to meet them. One, who was a German, at once embraced him, saying, in broken English: "You be Friend—no enemy, no enemy;" and gave him the kiss of peace, adding: "We have Friends in Germany." We got them eggs, milk, bread, etc., to refresh them, after the excessive fatigue and excitement which it was obvious they had suffered.

The evening before this engagement, one of my sisters, passing through the servants' hall, observed the coachman leaning on his arm, apparently much distressed. When she requested to know the cause, he hesitated and said he could not tell her; but on her entreating him, and adding that she should like to know the worst, he said that he had heard it planned at the camp that, if they conquered the royalists, we were all to be murdered, and the generals were to take possession of our house. He then added, weeping: "Oh, our plans are too wicked for the Lord to prosper them!" My sister remarked that we trusted in a Power stronger than man, and able to protect us in the midst of danger; or to that effect.

During the night following this battle, our house was surrounded by Hompesch's cavalry, who slept on the lawn, wrapped up in their grey coats. The next morning twenty or thirty of the officers breakfasted with us, and told us that we had had a marvellous escape on the previous day, the cannon having

been placed on the bridge, and pointed against the house to batter it down; even the match was lighted, when a gentleman who knew my father and us, came forward and told them the house was "inhabited by a loyal Quaker and his family." They had previously supposed it must be a rendezvous of rebels, and feared, from its commanding position, that they themselves might have been fired upon from it. Some of the officers, being refreshed by their meal, even shed tears when they reflected on the danger we had been in.

My cousins, Richard and Ann Goff, of Hopefield, near Horetown, had been observed by "the United Men" to persevere in walking to Forrest meeting whilst the country was in a state of rebellion, and were apprised that, if they continued this practice, and refused to unite in the Roman Catholic forms of worship, they should be put to death, and their house burned. This threat brought them under deep mental exercise, accompaned with fervent prayers that they might be enabled to come to a right decision; and collecting their large family together, in humble confidence that best direction might be mercifully afforded, after a season of solemn retirement, they laid the matter before their children. On this memorable occasion, the noble and intrepid language of Fade Goff, their eldest son, then about seventeen years of age, is worthy of being recorded. "Father," said he, "rejoice that we are found worthy to suffer." His parents were deeply affected, and their minds became so much strengthened that, next morning, rising before daybreak, they all proceeded to the meeting, and were enabled to continue to attend Divine worship without molestation, expressing thankfulness in thus being permitted to accomplish what they considered their religious duty.

David Sands and his companion attended that meeting, and returning to Horetown, were joyfully received by us, my dear mother saying that his visit reminded her of the good Samaritan pouring oil into our wounded minds. The three families now occupying our house all assembled with him on this solemn occasion, and his communication was truly impressive and consoling, inducing tenderness in all present. He first alluded to the deep trials we had suffered; then to the infinite mercy which had brought the family through them; and afterwards

offered a solemn tribute of thanksgiving and praise to the great Preserver of men, whose power had been so remarkably displayed for our protection, when surrounded by danger on every hand. It was indeed a memorable visit, for which thankfulness prevailed to Him from whom all consolation is derived. The Roman Catholic family had never before heard these plain truths so declared, nor witnessed anything of the kind; but they all united in prayer on their knees, and the mother said: "I never heard such a minister as that gentleman; he must be an angel from heaven sent to you!"

During the dreadful scenes that were enacted in Ireland during the rebellion of 1798, the members of the Society of Friends, who refused military protection, and relied on the protecting care of the Almighty, were remarkably preserved amid surrounding dangers, and had their lives given to them for a prey. After the main strength of the rebels was broken, many of their number, who were outlawed, found places of concealment in woods and caves, and issued forth by night to plunder those within their reach. Dinah Goff describes two such visits paid to her father's house, who had been urged to accept the nightly services of a guard, but had positively refused. She says:

On the first night, having all retired to rest, we were aroused by the terrific knocking with muskets at the hall door. My dear father raised his chamber window, and requested them to wait a few minutes, and he would open the door; but they continued knocking still louder, and swearing most awfully until he went down. On his opening the door, they seized him, and instantly rushed up to his room, breaking a mahogany desk and book-case to pieces with their muskets, and demanding money. My father handed them twenty guineas, which was all he had in the house; but they persisted in asking for more, and swore, in a most profane manner, that if he did not give them more they would take his life. I slept with a little niece, in a room inside his, and we were entreated by my sister A. not to rise, as we should be of no use. I endeavored to com-

ply with her request, and remain quiet, till I heard a dreadful scuffle, and my father's voice, exclaiming: "Don't murder me!" I could then no longer keep still, but opened the door, and saw one of the men, dressed in scarlet regimentals, with full uniform, epaulettes, etc., rushing towards my father with a drawn sword in his hand. My sister intercepted it by throwing her arms round my father's neck, when the point of the sword touched her side, but not so as to injure her. In the struggle the candle went out, and they called most violently for light. The horror which I felt at this awful moment can scarcely be expressed. My sister went down towards the kitchen, and found a man standing at the foot of the first flight of stairs; she asked him to light the candle, when he said she might go down, and he would stand guard and not allow any one to pass. This he performed faithfully, and she returned in safety. I could not, after this, leave the party, but followed them through the house. The dreadful language they used, some of which was addressed to my sisters, impresses me with horror to this day. Money seemed the sole object of their visit that night, as they repeatedly said: "Give me more money, I tell you;" assuring my father that, if he did not give them more, they would murder him. They even said, from minute to minute, while they held a pistol to his forehead: "Now you're just gone." They then forced him to kneel down, repeating the same words, and presenting the pistol. Seeing his situation, I threw myself on my knees on the floor, and clung with my arms round him, when the ruffians pushed me away, saying: "You'll be killed if you stop there." But my father drew me towards him more closely, saying: "She would rather be hurt if I am." They snapped the pistol several times, which, perhaps, was not charged, as it did not go off. When they found there was no more money they desisted, asking for watches, which were given them, and at length they went away, after eating and drinking all they could obtain, and charging my father to have more money for them the next time, or they declared they would have his life. So saying, one of them, who appeared in a great rage, and had a cavalry sword in his hand, cut at the hand-rail of the hall stairs, the mark of which still remains.

About a fortnight afterwards, before the family withdrew to rest, my father had a presentiment that the robbers might come again that night, and sat up later than usual. About midnight they arrived, knocking furiously, as before, and fully prepared to plunder the house. They soon emptied the drawers, and took all the wearing apparel they could get that did not betray the costume of Friends, so that we were deprived of nearly all our clothes. On perceiving that they were taking all, my mother begged one shirt and one pair of stockings for my father, which they threw at her face in the rudest manner, using dreadful language. They behaved most violently; and, spreading quilts and sheets on the floor, filled them with all sorts of clothing they could get; they then called for victuals to eat and drink, desiring my sister to drink their health; putting the cup of small beer to her lips, and bidding her "Wish long life and success to the babes of the wood," as they called themselves. This she steadfastly refused. They then declared they would come again in two weeks, and take us all to live with them in the wood, "and to cut bread and butter for the babes." Their behavior was so insulting, and my dear parents were so fearful of these threats being realized, that they determined on sending us young females to my cousins, Goff and Neville, who were then merchants in Ross; and there we remained for some weeks, until tranquillity was restored to the county.

After the robbers had finished their repast, they threatened to take my father's life, behaving very outrageously, and saying they must take him to their main guard, at a little distance, and murder him there, as they did not like to do it in his own house. They then led him out, and we all attempted to follow; but they pushed my mother back, saying that she should not come—it would be too painful a sight for her to see her husband murdered, which they certainly would do. It was very dark; but my sister Arabella positively refused to leave her father, and they allowed her to accompany him. Whilst crossing the lawn, the root of a beech tree projecting above the path caused him to stumble; he then sat down and said, if they were determined to take his life, they might as well do it there. My dear sister stood by in a state of awful suspense. They

rudely asked him if he had anything to say, telling him his time was come. On hearing this, he remained quite silent, and they, not understanding it, hurried him to speak; when he said he prayed that the Almighty might be merciful to him, and be pleased to forgive him his trespasses and sins, and also to forgive them, as he did sincerely. They said that was a good wish, and inquired if he had anything more to say. He requested them to be tender towards his wife and children; on which they said: "Good-night, Mr. Goff; we only wanted to rattle the mocuses out of you"—meaning guineas.

When they took my father forcibly out of the house, my mother, though much distressed, was favored with her usual quietude and composure of mind, trusting in the Lord, who had been pleased to support her through many deep trials, and then forsook her not. So strong was her confidence, that she even called to the servant for some warm water to prepare a little negus for my dear father against his return; when I said: "It is not likely we shall ever see my father again alive, for they are going to murder him;" on which she replied, with firmness: "I have faith to believe they will never be permitted to take his life." In about a quarter of an hour my valued and tender parent returned, pale and exhausted; and, throwing himself on the sofa, said: "This work will finish me; I cannot hold out much longer;" which proved to be the case.

Remarkable also was the protecting care vouchsafed to my uncle Joshua Wilson (my mother's brother), whose residence at Mount Prospect, near Rathangan, was forcibly entered by a party of rebels. One night, after the family had retired to rest, they were aroused by a tremendous volley of musketry, which at once shattered the hall door; and a loud cry was raised of "Arms, money, or life!" with most awful swearing. My uncle went hastily down in his dressing-gown, followed by his wife, who heard them exclaim: "You are a dead man;" and seeing one of the men present a pistol at my uncle's head, she rushed between him and the ruffian, exclaiming: "Thou shalt not, and darest not, take my husband's life, or touch him; for the arm of the Almighty is stronger than thou art." The

man appeared confounded, and let the pistol drop from his powerless hand; it was very remarkable that the whole party left the house soon after, without doing any further injury.

When George Dillwyn was in England, he related an interesting incident, illustrating the safety of depending on the Lord for protection.

It occurred in one of the back settlements, when the Indians had been employed to burn the dwellings of the settlers, and cruelly to murder the people.

One of those solitary habitations was in the possession of a Friend's family. They lived in such secure simplicity, that they had hitherto had no apprehension of danger, and used neither bar nor bolt to their door, having no other means of securing their dwelling from intruders than by drawing in the leathern thong by which the wooden latch inside was lifted from without. The Indians had committed frightful ravages all around, burning and murdering without mercy. Every evening brought forth tidings of horror, and every night the unhappy settlers surrounded themselves with such defences as they could muster—even then for dread, scarcely being able to sleep. The Friend and his family who had hitherto put no trust in the arm of flesh, but had left all in the keeping of God, believing that man often ran in his own strength to his own injury, had used so little precaution, that they slept without even withdrawing the string, and were as yet uninjured. Alarmed however, at length by the fears of others, and by the dreadful rumors that surrounded them, they yielded to their fears on one particular night, and before retiring to rest drew in the string, and thus secured themselves as well as they were able. In the dead of the night, the Friend who had not been able to sleep, asked his wife if she slept? and she replied that she could not, for her mind was uneasy. Upon this he confessed that the same was his case, and that he believed that it would be the safest for him to rise and put out the string of the latch as usual.

On her approving of this, it was done, and the two lay down again, commending themselves to the keeping of God. This

had not occurred above ten minutes, when the dismal sound of the war-whoop echoed through the forest, filling every heart with dread, and almost immediately afterward, they counted the footsteps of seven men pass the window of their chamber, which was on the ground floor, and the next moment the door string was pulled, the latch lifted, and the door opened. A debate of a few minutes took place, the purport of which, as it was spoken in the Indian language, was unintelligible to the inhabitants; but that it was favorable to them, was proved by the door being again closed, and the Indians retiring without having crossed the threshold. The next morning they saw the smoke rising from burning habitations all around them; parents were weeping for their children who were carried off, and children lamenting over their parents who had been cruelly slain.

Some years afterward, when peace was restored, and the colonists had occasion to hold conferences with the Indians, this Friend was appointed as one for that purpose, and speaking in favor of the Indians, he related the above incident; in reply to which, an Indian observed, that by the simple circumstance of putting out the latch string, which proved confidence rather than fear, their lives and their property had been saved—for that he himself was one of that marauding party, and that on finding the door open, it was said: "These people shall live. They will do us no harm, for they put their trust in the Great Spirit." During the whole American revolution, indeed, the Indians, though incited by the whites to kill and scalp the enemy, never molested the Friends, as the people of Father Onas, or William Penn, and as the avowed opponents of all violence.

During the war between the Northern and Southern States, from 1861 to 1865, many of the members of the Society of Friends were exposed to much suffering on account of their testimony against war; one, who resided in Ohio, relates the following experiences of being drafted for military service in the United States army:

In the year 1864 I was drafted, according to the laws of the

land, and one day, while pleasantly enjoying the company of some intimate friends at my house, also surrounded by my own dear family, a stranger abruptly entered, inquiring if I lived here. I replied. Then he, without further ceremony, drew from his pocket an order from the provost marshal of that district, and read nearly as follows: "You are legally drafted into the militia of the United States for the term of three years, and you are required to present yourself at my office, at Alliance, —— day of ——, in order to be mustered into service. Failing to comply with this, you will be treated as a deserter, and subject to be punished to the utmost extent of the law. Given forth under my hand. J. F. Oliver, provost marshal."

I repaired at an early date, or previous to the time specified, and had an opportunity to lay before the officers assembled there the reasons why I could not comply with the order; that I was conscientious against taking the life of my fellowmen, or in any way taking part in the war spirit, believing it to be in direct opposition to the command of our Lord, "Thou shalt not kill," and therefore I did not expect to report myself at the time proposed. I returned to my home; but in a few days an officer or deputy called at my shop, and commanded me to get ready in a few minutes, as he desired to return by train time to Columbiana station, in order to go to Alliance immediately.

Thus, in a few minutes I had to part with my family, not knowing how long I should be detained from home, or whether I should ever be permitted to see them again. On nearing the station, he asked me what he should do with me while he drove out nearly a mile to bring in William Nicholas. I told him I should not put him to any trouble; that wherever he left me, there he would find me, He soon returned, and in a short time we were pushing on to Alliance. After arriving, and being conducted to the marshal's office, they took our height, complexion, etc., so that we could be easily identified, or picked up if we ran away. They then wanted us to dress in soldiers' clothes; this we could not do, therefore they took my friend into another room.

Notwithstanding my dismal forebodings of the future, I could not avoid smiling when my friend came out and told me that

when he was being dressed he said to the officer: "This is the first time I have been dressed since my mother dressed me, having had uninterrupted good health." Then came my turn, and I discovered the officer found it a heavy job, for he often sighed deeply, and I was handled as carefully as if I had just recovered from a spell of sickness. He was about adding haversack, canteen, etc. I told him I did not expect to use them, so he let me go without. Through their persuasion, I so far consented as to take pen in hand, and was just in the act of signing my name to what proved to be the muster roll, thinking that, notwithstanding these clothes were forced on us against our will, it would thus do to sign my name to certify I had received them. While reflecting, William came (he having been in another part of town, and felt an impression to come immediately to the office), and accosted me thus: "What is thee doing?"

I replied: "I have just been considering whether I should sign my name to this."

He answered: "I would do no such thing."

I requested an hour to consider it. Having privilege to walk about town, we retired to a wood near by; endeavoring, in silent retirement, to draw near unto the Lord, that we might be kept from doing wrong by attending to that which He might instruct us to do or leave undone.

We soon returned, and as I entered the office strength seemed given me to stand firm. The language ran through my mind: "Let them do their worst." I told them I could not sign it. They still urged, by persuasion and threats, but without avail. Some of the officers spoke in an undertone to each other, in an adjoining room, saying: "We will send them to the rendezvous, at Columbus, then they will make them squirm."

We were consigned to the care of a young man to guard us over night, who took us to a large warehouse where many of his comrades, with himself, were making merry over what seemed to them our calamity. When they ceased their loud talking, I fell asleep and slept sweetly, but aroused up in the night, at first somewhat tried with my situation. I was, nevertheless, favored with a precious covering of Divine regard, and refreshed in having brought to my remembrance, as though

[illegible] be of good cheer, Paul: thou hast testified of me at Jerusalem, so shalt also bear witness of me at Rome." The names of Lazarus and Columbus standing for Jerusalem and Rome. I soon fell asleep, and when I awoke the sun was creeping forth in the east, and in a few minutes we were hurried out to take the earliest train to Columbus: the young man taking the precaution to buckle on a belt in which he wore a revolver. I told him he need not carry this on our account, as we would not run away or put him to trouble. [illegible] he sat close by us in the car, and in changing cars seemed to urge us to get quickly on the train leading to Columbus. On nearing this place, being seated in the smoking-car—as it would not do for such persons as us to occupy or sit in a first-class car among the finely-dressed and travelling public—I was favored with such a tide of the water of life flowing into my soul that there was not room to receive it; and it flowed back to our ever-present and glorious Shepherd in a song of praise; and as the whistle blew and the cars came to a stand, words ceased to flow, and I was ushered into a tranquil, quiet, trusting adoration of Him to whom alone praise is due.

When nearing the barracks, the sight of the guards, with their bayonets glistening in the morning sunlight, produced no fear, the fear of man being taken away. Being handed over to the officer in charge, we were soon inside, the massive doors shutting out the world of beauty; but in fond memory I was back again mingling with dear friends and loved ones at home.

After our names were taken, we were consigned to certain quarters. I soon found that we were in the hands of unprincipled men, with a board fence twelve feet high, encircling, perhaps, eight acres, with sentinels but a few rods apart, inside and outside, walking their beats. Inside this fence were many large, two-story buildings, all fronting a tall flag-staff in the center.

Soon after rising in the morning, we were called into line by the tap of the drum, and were expected to answer to our names, and march in with ten or twelve hundred men to breakfast; this we did not feel free to do, nor to join in the ranks to drill, so we were reported by the officer of our barracks up to the major general. When we came before him, we found a man

tremulous with rage. After he had spent himself in railing out against us, my friend was about to reply, when he forbade him, saying: "Not a word out of your mouth! Your stubbornness may even be the means of causing a mutiny among my men; but you are not to have your way;" and closing with "Now go back to your quarters, and when you are commanded to drill, drill! You will have to do it, even if we have to place two bayonets before and two behind you, or if we have to run them into you." Then we returned to our quarters, and that afternoon all were desired to come out and range themselves in front of the barracks; this we could not do, feeling that it was contrary to the commands and precepts of our Saviour, and especially we feared to do despite to the spirit of grace made manifest in the heart.

In the afternoon we were nearly alone, while almost agonizing I was made willing, or drawn to bow in great prostration of soul, to put up my cries and tears to Israel's unslumbering Shepherd, craving with much earnest entreaty that He, who preserved Daniel in the lion's den, and the three Hebrew children in the midst of the burning fiery furnace, would arise for our deliverance; for I felt as though I would rather lay down my life than dishonor his name. I then experienced a calm in the midst of seeming danger. That evening we were conducted to the guard-house as a punishment, and as the officer handed us over to the corporal of the guard-house, he said: "These are Quakers, whose principles do not allow them to attend roll-call, or to drill, but not sent on account of any misdemeanor." This prison was a foul place, near the stabling—a place to be dreaded. Here we were confined with about fifteen persons, some of whom were the most depraved, I think, I ever saw. Our guard said to us: "Men, I do pity you, as it is such a filthy place, and such hard cases to be your company; but I do like to see men live up to their principles." I said: "Perhaps thou hast felt condemnation for wrong-doing; or a glow of satisfaction when thou doest well." He replied he had. "Well, now," said I, "live up to this, and thou mayest be brought into as tight a place as we are." He said: "I want to do so;" and, giving us a cordial shake of the hand, bid us farewell.

Our new abode consisted of a building some thirty by sixty

feet, with an open partition, so that the guards, sitting or lying in the other end of the building, could prevent the escape of any of its inmates. There was a padlock on the door, with iron gratings to the windows, and lamps were kept burning all night. Notwithstanding these circumstances, I trust I shall remember, until my dying day, the happy night my friend and I passed, with nothing but a blanket between us and the plank floor. Soon after being thus incarcerated, a tall man, with sword dangling by his side, and epaulets on his shoulders, calling us by name, commanded us to come out there. The large door was unlocked and we led out, where were gathered a few soldiers, and an under officer, who was disposed to terrify us to drill, ordered us to stand erect, with the heels close together.

My friend rehearsed the Scripture: "Thou shalt not kill." "Now whether is it right to obey God rather than man, judge ye." I also replied to them that, "If you force us along, we will have to go; but, as I do not expect to kill any one, I do not wish to learn the trade." Then we were conducted back to prison. We were soon visited by some of our friends, who took us before an officer to get us to accept positions as nurses, urging "That, although we were conscientious against fighting, it was acting the part of the Samaritan to nurse or heal."

I believe words were given me to reply that "This is only a part and parcel of the dreadful demon, war."

We were repeatedly visited by a cousin of the secretary of war, Stanton. He, being a wise and humane man, took us before a notary public, and had me give my views as to my conscientious scruples against war, signing his name as a witness, then allowed me to write, which I did, stating that I would endeavor to bear whatever sufferings were permitted to befall me, until Providence made way for my deliverance. This instrument of writing was sent to Washington, and probably occasioned my discharge.

About this time William Nicholas was taken to camp Chase, he needing the aid of a physician; this deprived me of his company.

The corporal, finding the Quakers were to be trusted, said to us one day he would like us to help him remove some wood and pile it up in another place. I had noticed a large amount

of filth and offal there. I told him I would help him if he would allow me to clean up this, so as to make it more healthy in our prison, which he did. I was also allowed to go to the post-office, near by, without being guarded.

Soon a demand came from the war department for more men in Shenandoah Valley, as it was in a defenceless condition, and I was told my name was taken to go. One day, as I was pacing the room with my mind much turned to the Lord, all at once I seemed to see a helpless infant lying on the floor. My heart seemed drawn out in sympathy for the child, lest it should be crushed under the feet of the guards. Just then some hand seemed to snatch it up. This assured me, beyond a doubt, that I was under the care of Providence, therefore I need fear no evil. I wrote to my wife that "The day of my deliverance draweth nigh." On inquiry, the officer said my name was not taken, and I beheld many hundreds provided with all the implements of war; drilled and marched out at the large gates, and sent away to Virginia. Poor fellows; my heart yearned for them, as it seemed doubtful whether they would ever see their families again; and, more than all, if they were launched into a never-ending eternity, could I hope their end would be peace!

In a few days an order came from the secretary of war, ordering the officer to release me from the prison, and from being confined at Todd barracks. Thus was I relieved from the hands of unprincipled men, and restored to the bosom of my family, with a reward of peace. All praise to Him that enabled me to endure the cross and despise the shame, to his glory.

The sufferings of Friends in the Southern States, especially in North Carolina, during the war brought on by the slaveholders, far exceeded those of their fellow professors in the North. The officers of the Confederate government were less favorably disposed to them, and were more determined and unrelenting in their purpose to force those who were conscripted into the ranks of the army. The experiences of Friends in those trying times, in supporting their testimony against war, furnish interesting illustrations of the conscientious faith-

fulness of the sufferers, and of the preserving power of the Lord extended for the help of his obedient followers. Friends of North Carolina published an account of the suffering inflicted on their members, from which the following narratives are extracted:

S. F., who had become a member with us after the passage of the exemption act, and could not avail himself of it, was arrested in the Twelfth Month, 1864, and taken to Salisbury. On refusing to take a gun, he was subjected for two hours to the brutal punishment known as bucking; in which the person is placed in a stooping position, the wrists firmly tied and brought in front of the knees, with a pole thrust between the elbows and the knees, thus keeping the body in a painful and totally helpless position. After this he was made to carry a pole for two or three hours, and then tied during the night. The next morning he was tied up by the hands for two hours. The same afternoon a gun was tied to his right arm and a piece of timber to his neck. Unable longer to endure the weight of it, he sat down in order to support the end of it upon the ground when he was pierced by a bayonet. They then bucked him down again, and gagged him with a bayonet for the remainder of the day. Enraged at the meekness with which these cruelties and indignities were borne, the captain began to swear at him, telling him it was useless to contend further, he must now take a gun or die. As the captain proceeded to tie the gun upon his arm, S. F. answered quietly: "If it is thy duty to inflict this punishment upon me, do it cheerfully—don't get angry about it." The captain then left him, saying to his men: "If any of you can make him fight, do it—I cannot." Two young men now appeared with their guns, telling him they were going to take him off and shoot him. They, however, took him to the colonel of the regiment, who, more inclined to mercy, advised him to consult a lawyer and procure exemption, if possible, but assured him that if not so released he must take his gun or die. Two days after his gun was tied to his arm with great severity, and a strap passed around his neck, by which he was dragged around nearly the entire day. The next day the bucking was resorted to. A Friend, who

visited the camp at this time, remonstrating against such cruelty it was given up; though he was still retained as a prisoner till the surrender of Salisbury not long after restored him to his family.

J. B., of Chatham County, N. C., was, at the commencement of the war, a Baptist and colonel of the militia. He threw himself eagerly into the southern cause and began to raise volunteer companies. The refusal of some Friends to join in a parade, led him to examine the ground which they held. The result was, that he first hesitated to order the captains of the different companies to enroll the Friends, and soon after, in the fall of 1861, he resigned his own commission, under a full persuasion that "It was not right to slay his fellow-men." Starting on a dark night not long after to attend a political meeting, to be held near him, he lost his way, and wandering in no small distress of mind, he reached at last the public road, and the steps of a building which proved to be the Friends' meeting-house. While seated there alone, in solemn meditation, he became satisfied that it was his duty to unite himself with the people who worshipped there. Delaying a little to perform the vow which he had at that time made, on the sixth of Third Month, 1862, he was drafted. He evaded the search made for him by escaping into another county. Venturing to return in the Eighth Month he was for some time unmolested. He was received into membership with Friends in the First Month, 1863. He soon after paid the exemption tax. But the enmity which followed his decided course, and hitherto singularly held in check, now had its way. Early in the next year his exemption was revoked by a sub-officer, and he was sent under guard to Camp Holmes, near Raleigh, and then to Wilmington, where for four weeks he suffered much abuse. But his spirit was so far changed that he was able to endure it meekly, and even literally when smitten on the one cheek turned the other also. A petition for his release from his friends, proving ineffectual, he resolved to escape. After a perilous journey, on foot, of two hundred miles, he reached his home only to be recaptured the next morning, and was soon again at Wilmington under still more cruel treatment. Believing he had erred in his hasty escape,

he now became resigned to whatever they might be able to inflict. An alarming illness, which brought him to the brink of the grave, led to his discharge. Upon his recovery he was again ordered to camp, and put in jail for a week. Passed on again as a prisoner from camp to camp, he had in each place to bear his testimony amid sneers and taunts and cruel threats. He was finally released by the surrender of Johnston's army.

E. P. H., who has since become a member of our Society, became strongly convinced of the principles of peace. He was ordered to Salisbury to guard government stores, but refusing to participate in any way in the work of war, a gun was fastened to his back, and he was tied to a guard-post. In writing of this to a friend, he spoke of it as "The first punishment he had had the blessed privilege of enduring for Christ's sake." Often the curious crowds gathered around him to witness what in their eyes, as naturally in his own, stamped him as a coward and despicable. But instead of yielding to such an imputation, he fearlessly explained the conviction that led to his singular position; thus sometimes opening the eyes of others, and compelling the respect of nearly all to a courage far beyond their own. Strikingly were the words of the Apostle Peter verified in his experience: "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye;" and "If any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed, but let him glorify God on this behalf."

The surrender restored him to his family, and the life thus ennobled by patient endurance, has since been earnestly devoted to the relief of the suffering around him and the highest welfare of his fellow-men.

G. M. was arrested and removed from one guard-house to another, till reaching Richmond, he was sent on to join the army of general Lee, then in the valley of Virginia. Refusing to fight, he was ordered to the rear to cook. He explained that while willing to do his own cooking, he could take no part in any of a soldier's duties. For this refusal he was bucked down for some hours. The next day the army was obliged to retreat, and on the way he was offered a gun. He replied that he had no use for it, as he could not fight. The general in command of his division then threatened him with immediate

hanging, and he was marched towards some trees selected for the purpose. But arriving there he was allowed to go on with the retreating army. Refusing to accept any occupation that was military, even to carrying the baggage of the officers, after varied abuses (among which were much knocking and kicking), he was put in close custody at Petersburg, where his hardships were great; water to wash with being refused him for three weeks. But the surrender of Lee's army at Appomattox Court House followed, and he was discharged, after bearing his testimony, for conscience' sake, through seven months of great trial and suffering.

Other members of this same family were called upon to lay down even their lives for a testimony.

J. M., who had recently become a member, and had obtained employment in some iron works, in order, if possible, to keep from the army, was arrested and hurried away, without being permitted to see his wife and family—first to Raleigh, and then in a few days to the army in the valley of Virginia. He was forced into the battle at Winchester, and in the retreat, finding the balls flying thick about him, he lay down upon the ground for safety. Being taken prisoner, he was carried to Point Lookout, where, in a few days, he died. It was believed by his family that his death was hastened by the mental suffering which he endured, both in his separation from them and in witnessing such scenes of carnage, in which he could take no part, and from which the natural tenderness of his soul recoiled.

A. M., another brother of this family, had received a Christian training, and being fully convinced, both from the Scriptures and his own experience, that he should not resist evil, and that he was bound, so far as possible, to live peaceably with all men, he sought admission to the Society of Friends. He had obtained a discharge from the army, which was disregarded. The sergeant who was ordered to arrest him was an old schoolmate, who, while endeavoring to procure his release, also protected him from abuse. From the first he had a strong impression that his days were now numbered, and while still in health he wrote to his father, giving his last messages to his brothers and sisters, and also his wishes respecting his own

burial. He was taken to Richmond, refused to fight, and was put under guard. The rations given him consisted only of meal made from cane-seed. This unwholesome diet led quickly to severe illness, and in one of the hospitals at Richmond, he laid down his life for the Gospel of Peace, a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and earlier permitted a happier discharge and a more glorious reward than any of earthly giving.

S. W. L., of Randolph County, N. C., was another of the number who proved faithful unto death. He had been a member of our religious Society but a few months, when he was arrested as a conscript and sent to the camp near Petersburg, Va. Upon his arrival he was ordered to take up arms. This he refused to do, and as a punishment was kept from sleep for thirty-six hours. As this did not move him, for about a week after he was daily bucked down for some length of time, and then suspended by the thumbs for an hour and a half. Being still firm in his refusal to fight, he was court-martialed and ordered to be shot. A little scaffold was prepared, on which he was placed, and the men were drawn up in line ready to execute the sentence, when he prayed: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Upon hearing this, they lowered their guns, and he was thrust into prison. Not long after he was sent to Winder Hospital, at Richmond, Va., where, after a long and suffering illness, the end came in his peaceful release for a mansion in heaven. A few lines from an officer in the regiment to which he had been assigned closed the suspense of an afflicted family, when his widow and his seven children were left with little other legacy than the like precious faith. "It is my painful duty to inform you that S. W. L. died in Winder Hospital, at Richmond, on the eighth of December, 1864. He died as he had lived, a true, humble and devoted Christian, true to his faith and religion. . . . We pitied him and sympathized with him . . . but he is rewarded for his fidelity and is at rest."

J. M. J., A. J. and D. J. were three brothers who joined Friends after the passage of the Exemption Act. After their names were placed upon the list of conscripts in 1863, they still remained quietly at home, not even hiding in the woods. Their protest against bearing arms was unheeded, and they

were sent on to the army at Orange Court House, Va. There they were ordered into the ranks, but on refusing to obey, J. M. J. was knocked down with a gun, and a long gash cut in his head. On attempting to rise, the blow was repeated, this time nearly cutting off a portion of his ear. This was done a third time, and he was sent to prison. His brother A. was at the same time undergoing his trial, being pierced with a bayonet to the depth of nearly an inch. The third brother, though severely tried, suffered less in person. They were soon after sent to the Rapidan, to general Scale's command, where new trials awaited them. The American officers, finding all their efforts to fail in subduing them, turned them over to a German officer, who boasted that he could make soldiers of them. Various punishments and abusive, threatening language were used in vain. He then ordered them to be kept in close confinement for three days and nights, without food or drink, making it a court-martial offence for any one to relieve them. A Kentucky soldier, in the darkness of the night, nobly risked his safety, and passed in to them a little water, to their great relief. The end of this trial found them still unwavering. They were then all bucked down for three or four hours. This cruel punishment, following so closely upon the others, proved too much for the mind of the youngest, which became, for a time, deranged. He was allowed medical treatment in a hospital until his recovery, when he was again sent back to camp. This severe treatment had now been continued for four or five weeks, when a Friend, who was searching for them, obtained first, the suspension of this cruelty, and soon after, by application to Richmond, their release.

In the Spring of 1862, two brothers, H. M. H. and J. D. H. were drafted, arrested and taken to Raleigh. Being allowed to return home for ten days they faithfully reappeared. They were soon sent to Weldon, where they were required to drill, and were warned of their liability to be shot if they proved refractory. They were, however, only kept in close custody in the guard-house, and the next month were discharged and sent home. About a year after this, they were included in

the conscription. They were assigned to an artillery company at Kinston, and after various threats, were sent to general R——, who declared that his orders should be carried out at all hazards. They were now confined in an upper room without food or drink. Various persons were allowed to converse with them, and, as day after day passed on, so far from sinking under the suffering, they used their little remaining strength gladly in explaining their testimony, and telling of their inward consolation. They felt that, in this time of fiery trial, this did indeed turn to them for a testimony, and that they knew the promise fulfilled, "It shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak." Their sufferings from thirst were the most acute. On the third night the brothers were awakened from a peaceful sleep by the sound of rain. A little cup had been left in the room, and from the open window they could soon have refreshed themselves. The first thought of each was to do so. They were in nowise bound to concur in this inhuman punishment. Yet an impression was clearly made upon their minds, before consulting each other, that they must withhold, and they scarcely felt the copious showers tempt them. The next morning several officers entered the room and questioned them closely. They claimed it to be impossible for them to retain so much strength without any food, and charged them with having secretly obtained it. They then, in much simplicity, told them of their not feeling easy to take even the rain that fell. This evidently touched the hearts of the officers. Soon after the end of four and a half day's abstinence, a little water was allowed, and about the end of five days their rations were furnished again. This remarkable circumstance was widely spread, and they had constant opportunities of bearing an open testimony to Christ, and not a few of those who crowded around, appeared to be persuaded of the truth which they held. Even ministers of different

denominations came and encouraged them to be faithful. J. D. H. was next taken before general D——, who said he would not require him to bear arms, but would set him in the front of the battle, and use him to stop bullets. On declining to work on the streets as a part of the soldier's duty, he had a log of wood tied on his shoulders and was marched around until quite exhausted. He was next sent to a guard-house, then placed in a dungeon for a day—then in a prison cell. His persecutors seemed at their wits' end, but they finally devised a rude and barbarous punishment. A forked pole was thrust round his neck, and upon the prongs, as they projected behind it, a heavy block of wood was fastened. This they blasphemously called the Cross of Christ. The soldiers and town's people were looking on, while he was thus "made a gazing stock by reproaches and afflictions." No sooner had the captain fairly completed this work than in a rage he pulled it off again, and tied another log upon his shoulder, and marched him about till exhausted, when he was sent back to jail.

Meantime his brother H. had been enduring a different punishment. At three different times he was suspended by his thumbs, with his feet barely touching the ground upon the toes, and kept in this excruciating position for nearly two hours each time. They next tried the bayonet. Their orders were, they said, to thrust them in four inches deep; but, though much scarred and pierced, it was not so severely done as they had threatened. One of the men, after thus wounding him, came back to entreat his forgiveness. In the various changes of the next four months, some kindness was occasionally shown to them, but mingled with much cruelty. It was not till seven months had been passed in these fiery ordeals, that their release was obtained—another Friend thinking it right to pay their exemption money for them. The value of this tax, at that time, was only equal to a little more than a barrel of flour

—a small sum indeed, could they have felt themselves easy to avail themselves of this provision. It was no small addition to their sufferings that their families at home were sharing in it. In the extreme scarcity of labor, their wives were compelled to toil hard in the fields to raise the food for the coming winter, and this proved not merely a passing hardship, but left one of them in greatly enfeebled health.

Another brother of the same family, W. B. H., was arrested on the eighth of Sixth Month, 1863. The officers to whose division he was assigned, were unusually rough and severe. Finally, after a full explanation of his views and the necessity he was under of refusing all military duties whatsoever, the colonel said he should be shot, and the only favor allowed should be the choice of time—that night or the next morning. After a little pause, W. H. replied, that if it was his Heavenly Father's will that he should lay down his life, he would far rather do it than disobey one of his commands. But if it was not his will, none of them could take his life from him; however they might give the order to do so. He then spoke of the three men who were cast into the burning fiery furnace, and of Daniel in the lions' den, who all trusted in God, and He delivered them. As to the time of his death, he could make no choice. The officer seemed greatly at a loss, and sent him to the wagon yard for the night. The next morning he was ordered out with a foraging party. He explained that he had two objections to this. It was, in the first place, military work, and besides, it was taking the property of others. The colonel, now greatly excited, came forward and had him laid on the ground, while a gun was tied to his back. He refused to rise with it on. The men were then ordered to run their bayonets into him, but they continued only to pierce his clothes. A squad of men was then drawn up in readiness to fire; but as the order was about being given W. H. raised his arms and

said: "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Not a gun was fired, and some of the men were heard saying, "They could not shoot such a man." The enraged officer struck at his head, but missed his aim. He then spurred his horse repeatedly to ride over him, but the horse sprang aside at each attempt, and he remained unharmed. The officer then left, saying, he was not yet done with him—but was himself killed the same or next day in the battle of Gettysburg. As W. H. was sick at the time of this battle, no attempt was made to force him into it. He found in the retreat, with which he was unable to keep up, a shelter and kind care at a farm house, but was soon taken prisoner by the Union cavalry and sent to fort Delaware, as a rebel prisoner. He had been ill there a week before a message could reach Philadelphia. Application was at once made at Washington, and a telegram was promptly dispatched from the war office, ordering his release upon taking an affirmation of allegiance to the United States. But loyal as he had ever been, he could not promise "to support, protect and defend" the constitution and government. He had already suffered too much and been too marvellously preserved to flinch now from bearing any portion of his testimony. He was told while thus apparently upon the eve of his release, that there were two alternatives—this affirmation or imprisonment until the close of the war. But upon a fuller explanation of the nature of his scruples, an alteration was promptly made in the form of an affirmation. He was released, and like many others, found a home in the West till the close of the war allowed him to return to his beloved family. The God whom he served had indeed been able to deliver him.

At the same time that W. B. H. was arrested, four others, having a birth-right membership with us, and opposed to the payment of the tax, were taken by force from their homes in Randolph County, C. and A. B., brothers, and T. and J. H.,

also brothers, and cousins of the former. Although detained in the army for nine months, they suffered comparatively little from the cruelty of officers; yet the uncertainty of their lot, and the painful surroundings of camp life kept them in constant dependence upon the care and loving kindness of their Lord. On their passage from Weldon to Camp French, near Blackwater, Va., the conscripts were packed standing so closely in a car, that they could only rest themselves by leaning on each other's knees, and were kept in this way, without water, and with only the little food a few chanced to have with them, for nearly twenty-four hours. They were assigned to the fifty-second North Carolina regiment. On declining to drill, they were entreated to pay the commutation tax, and were assured that their money should be only used for civil purposes. They steadily urged that liberty of conscience ought not to be purchased in any way. The colonel then assigned them to captain K——, and from him and his company their quiet and consistent course won unexpected favor. The lieutenant, however, for a time was very harsh, and ordered his men to compel them with guns and bayonets to aid in clearing ground for a camp. He was just ordering two men to press steadily upon them with their bayonets, until they moved, an order which they contrived to evade for a few moments, injuring them but slightly—when captain K. appeared, and reproving the lieutenant, told them they might remain quiet for that time. As they trusted in the Lord, He often turned the hearts of their commanders, so that even this same lieutenant became kind and considerate. All sorts of work were offered to them, cooking, waiting on the sick, etc. But though willing to do the work itself, they could not accept such labor as military service. At one time they were ordered to help bring in some fodder. On refusing, they were first fastened together and then tied behind a cart, so as to force them to run or be dragged

three or four miles and back, through mud and water, upon a very cold day. If they still refused to load the fodder, the order was to pitch them into the river—but such orders were more easily given than executed. Even the wagon master, who at first seemed fierce, relented, and after watching them pass through this humiliating trial, declared he could not help respecting men who stood up to their principles in that way. Their presence in the army became more and more perplexing. The wish was expressed that they would run away, but this they would not do. Furloughs were often given, and a written endorsement on one of these assigned as a reason for it, that "They were of no manner of use in the army." At the battle of Gettysburg, their prayers were heard, and though often ordered to the front, they were never forced to go. They shared the same lot as their friend W. B. H., and were released from Fort Delaware by the same order.

Among all those who steadily refused to bear arms, and of whom many were imprisoned, not one suffered a violent death, which must surely be traced to the overruling providence of Him by whom "Even the very hairs of our head are all numbered."

The pecuniary loss sustained by Friends of North Carolina was not small. As they could not fight, and as they were charged with favoring the cause of the Union, they were frequently marked out for special plunder. In the few small meetings in Tennessee, included in the limits of this Yearly Meeting, the loss (in gold) was thirty-five thousand dollars. In the vicinity of Goldsboro', in a Quarterly Meeting of about forty families, the whole loss of property was estimated in official returns at ninety-eight thousand two hundred and twenty dollars (in gold.) This resulted, in part, from the army being quartered upon them at various times during the four years' struggle, but chiefly from the desolating march of general Sherman in

the spring of 1865. In not a few cases Friends were pointed out as very obstinate secessionists and deserving no mercy. Their homes were stripped of almost every comfort. Much of the bedding and clothing, furniture and food, which they could not carry off, was wantonly destroyed. Their stock was generally swept away, and scarcely a living animal, even to a chicken, remained. The sick were taken from their beds, that the soldiers might search for gold. So extreme was the destitution that followed, that those who had lived in plenty were now seen upon the track of the army—searching for fragments of food to sustain life. A few old bones were counted a welcome treasure, and when this resource failed, and rations were distributed in Goldsboro', delicate women and children had often to walk ten or fifteen miles to procure a few days scanty food. The seed placed in the ground had been mostly destroyed and they could obtain no more.

The fellowship between members of other Christian denominations had been sundered by the war, whilst Friends had maintained their Christian love and brotherly confidence unbroken during these years of separation and trial. And no sooner had the tidings of this great suffering reached Friends of Baltimore, than the most prompt and generous measures were taken for their relief. Funds were also freely contributed by Friends elsewhere; clothing and various little comforts, such as love only could suggest, were prepared, and shipments of food went forward immediately; the secretary of war promptly giving passes to those who were the bearers of this relief, the first we believe sent after the surrender. Though personally strangers, they were welcomed with tears of joy and gratitude by Friends; and even others who still felt alienated from fellow professors, and even kindred at the North, looked on in wonder at this exhibition of love unfeigned.

Meantime the Friends living in the counties of Alamance,

Chatham, Randolph and Guilford, and comprising by far the largest portion of those in the State, were placed in most imminent peril. After the fall of Richmond and the surrender of general Lee, the army of general Johnston was still near Greensboro, while the army of general Sherman moved on from Goldsboro to the other side of Raleigh, and with a day or two's march between, demanded the surrender of the Confederate forces. While awaiting the answer, President Lincoln was assassinated. Roused by this to a still more determined spirit, the army of Sherman seemed prepared for the most utter devastation. Between the two opposing forces, and indeed partially surrounded by them, lay their peaceful homes, with an apparently almost certain destruction hanging over them. They had neither weapon nor shield, save their prayers and their trust in the arm of the Lord. But these were all that were needed. The threatening cloud of battle rolled away and the surrender of the last of the southern armies was effected without bloodshed in their very midst. Through four years of danger and distress on every hand, the Lord had been increasing the faith of his people, and now they were left to rejoice in safety over their last, crowning and signal deliverance.

Joshua Evans, a minister in the Society of Friends, mentions that, about the year 1706 war was being waged between the English and French. He says:

On a certain occasion a number of our young men were drafted to go as soldiers on an expedition, but some of the inhabitants concluded on opening a subscription to hire volunteers in their stead. This seeming plausible, even to some under our profession, a number were taken therewith; but when it was proposed or demanded of me, I felt a scruple, and told them if, on considering the matter, I could be free to pay money for such a purpose, I could hand it forward. I had none to confer with on this occasion, but it was opened clear to me that, to hire men to do what, for conscience' sake,



I could not do myself, would be very inconsistent. This led me in deep humility to seek for wisdom to guide me rightly, whereupon I found it best for me to refuse paying demands laid on my estate, which went to pay the expenses of war; and although my part might appear but as a drop in the ocean, yet the ocean, I considered, was made up of many drops. Thus I had to pass through reproach because I had enlisted under his banner who declared his kingdom was not of this world, or else his servants would fight. When my goods were taken to answer demands of a military nature (which I was not free to pay voluntarily), and sold, perhaps, much under their value, some would pity me, supposing it likely that I should be ruined; others would term it stubbornness in me, or contrary to the doctrine of Christ concerning that of rendering to Cæsar his due. But endeavoring to keep my mind in a state of humble quietude, I was favored to see through such groundless arguments; as there is not anything on the subject of war to be found in that text; and I have been willing to pay my money for the use of civil government when legally called for, though restrained by a conscientious motive from paying towards the killing of men, women and children, or laying towns and countries waste. Through each of my trials in these cases, my wife encouraged me to be faithful, saying: "If we suffer in a right spirit, we shall obtain that peace which the world can neither give nor take away." I found when closely attentive to the pointings of the true light, I was at times enabled to pray for my opposers and persecutors, and to magnify the name and power of my God. So let all be encouraged to hold on their way who are given up to serve Him in sincerity. In this situation, no weapon formed against you shall prosper.

After the tribulations I have last mentioned, some of my greatest opposers came to own my testimony, and great was my peace in attending to my tender scruples. I passed through many baptizing seasons, and have not seen how to reconcile war, in any shape or color, with the mild spirit of Christianity, nor that devouring disposition with the peaceable, lamb-like nature of our blessed Saviour. It seems to me we might as well suppose that theft and murder do not contradict his royal law, which enjoins the doing unto others as we *would have* them do unto us.

Faithful Testimony Against War.

During the war of the American Revolution, a young man named Moses Sleeper, who resided in Maine, was ordered to join a militia company on a certain day. He believed that war was wrong, and on this account refused to obey the order. For so doing, he says:

I was taken by an officer and file of men to fort Halifax, eighteen miles up the river, and there shut up in a loathsome fish-room in an old block-house, with a bunch of straw thrown on the floor to sleep on, the room being entirely dark, except what light shone through a chink of the door and window-shutters. After lying there a few days, I was taken to the headquarters in that section. Here a court-martial was called, consisting of six or seven officers, and I was examined. At the end of the trial, I was delivered to the care of a sentinel, who placed me a few rods under the side of a barn, within a few paces of the skirt of a wood. The court were not long in making up their judgment—when they went to the commander's quarters for him to approve the sentence. Soon after, I being under the care of the same sentinel, and in view of every part of the encampment, one of the captains came up to me, and the following interview took place aside from the sentinel:

Captain.—"Moses, I can inform you that the court have made up their minds upon the several charges exhibited against you, and though it is against martial rules for a court to divulge their verdict until it is declared publicly, yet I can inform you that they have found you guilty of several crimes; such as non-compliance with orders, absenting yourself at roll-call, which is termed desertion, and for which they have pronounced sentence of punishment; and I have been soliciting the commander to have the punishment taken off, knowing it is in his power so to do, but cannot prevail; but if you will take my advice you may evade punishment."

Prisoner.—"Captain, thou tells me that I am to receive a punishment, and that thou canst put me in a way to evade it. Thou wilt be so good as to point out a way by which I can es-

cape a punishment, though justifiable by martial law, yet unjust in the sight of God. If I can with peace of mind, I will naturally accept thy proposal."

Captain.—"The way I propose is this: The wood you see is but a few paces off. Do you step out into those woods, which are very thick, continue there secreted until dark. You may then retire to the barn, if you please, till to-morrow morning, then your time is out and they cannot touch you." (It was then about three o'clock, P. M.)

Prisoner.—"It is with feelings of gratitude, captain, that I have noticed thy kindness to me during my confinement, and more especially in these thy efforts to get me released from punishment to be inflicted by martial law, but how am I to get to these woods?"

Captain.—"I will call off the sentinel."

Prisoner.—"Thou canst not do that without thyself becoming responsible."

Captain.—"Moses, if you will consult your own safety, you will take my advice. I will call off the sentinel, and risk the consequences."

Prisoner.—"Captain, I thank thee heartily for thy kindness to me in this affair, but cannot with clearness accept thy proposal." (Upon which he shook his head, turned and went direct to the colonel's quarters, and in about twenty minutes came back to me again.)

In the second interview, Moses told the captain: "It is from the pure conviction that war and bloodshed are contrary to the Gospel dispensation, that I have thus far encountered the privations and sufferings attendant through my present state of confinement. But through the mercy and goodness of Him who hath called me thus to suffer, I have been preserved in an unshaken faith that the cause for which I had contended was his; that the testimonies for which I suffer are testimonies of Jesus. And now, captain, thou proposest making my escape easy; but only consider for a moment, my so escaping would by the public be considered desertion and fleeing from justice; and though I am not a member of the Society of Friends, yet I am one with them in profession, and by my acquaintances am considered as one of their number, that in so escaping I

should bring disgrace upon that body, a stigma upon my relations, and everlasting infamy on myself—I should act that for which I should never expect to be forgiven. But as I have now acted my part conformably to the dictates of conscience and the law of my God, my mind is perfectly tranquil. Therefore, as I have not the least doubt of the purity of thy motives, yet let the sentence of the court be what it may, whether the severest punishment, or even death, I most cheerfully submit, not without a hope and belief that thou, my dear captain, wilt have thy reward for thy kind interference."

With a tear of regret, he again turned from me, saying; "Moses, you wound me to the heart—farewell!" He went directly to the commander's quarters, and in less than an hour after, the drums beat, the regiment formed a semi-circle on the green, and the sentinel was ordered to bring me into the circle—when one of the clerks read the doings of the court, with the sentence to receive forty-five lashes on the naked back. And after a pause read—"and the above punishment is taken off, and the said Moses Sleeper is therefore discharged."

I have, since the above transaction, been informed that when the president of the court-martial presented their verdict to the commander, he confirmed the sentence, refused to grant a pardon, and ordered the adjutant (then present) to see that the punishment was inflicted; but that the adjutant utterly refused, telling the commander it was his opinion the young man acted from real scruples of conscience; and rather than be accessory in inflicting a punishment in such a case, he should give up his commission. Upon which the commander and the other officers present formed the plan of sending the captain to use his influence to get me to absent myself, and not prevailing, the commander thought best to take the punishment off as related.

In the early part of last century, some Friends, bound on a religious visit to the West India Islands, were captured by a French privateer. The boarding party having made the crew and all the passengers, except the two Friends, go on board the privateer, they, expecting to be sent also, went to the side of the vessel, but were turned back. It was then the dusk of

the evening, and the Friends felt comforted under a sense of the notice of Providence, which they did believe was manifested in their being kept together on board the vessel. Had they been carried on board the privateer, with the rest, they would, in great probability, have been separated from each other. Having secured the captured vessel, the privateer stood for Martinico, a French island, and the prize slowly followed. The voyage was long, and the master of the prize found the time so tedious, and their progress so slow, that he declared the hand of the great God was against them. He sometimes threatened—his unreasonable impatience with the elements spreading to all around him—to throw the Bibles overboard which he found the Friends often engaged in reading. He probably thought that the baffling winds and little headway of the vessel were somehow or other connected with those Bibles, and, perhaps, was affronted at the quiet resignation of the prisoners, who could enjoy their reading at such a time.

At the end of a fifteen days' run, they found themselves at Martinico. An officer of the port came on board and showed a singular trust and confidence in the prisoners, leaving all in the vessel under their care that day and the night following. On the next day the officer returned, with several persons who appeared to be people of consequence on the island. On examining the Friends, they looked at their certificates, which one of the company, who understood English, translated to the rest. Of the testimony to their good lives and godly conversation given in the certificates, they do not appear to have taken any notice; but when they came to the passage in which the meeting expressed its desire that Richard Gove might be preserved "from the hands of unreasonable men," one of the company cried out: "See, now, the Spirit has deceived you; for you are not preserved as they would have it!" To this one of the Friends answered: "The Spirit has not deceived us.

That mentioned is only the desire of our friends; and it is possible that there may be some service for us here also." Upon this the islanders, who were all Roman Catholics, cried out: "See, now, they are come to convert the fathers! We will have you together, and you shall dispute it out." None of the Popish ecclesiastics, however, came near them, except an Irish priest, who had previously visited the Protestant prisoners often to endeavor to "bring them over" to his faith. He was allowed, it was said, forty shillings for every convert, and he found little difficulty in inducing some of the sailors to conform through the convincing argument of good food to hungry stomachs. He knew how potent this kind of reasoning was to unsanctified men, who held religion only in profession, and therefore seldom came without bringing food with him. Although the other prisoners wished him to dispute on religious subjects with the Quakers, he manifested no disposition to engage them. At last, however, urged on by the continued entreaties of the other prisoners, he determined to try them. He commenced with John Estaugh, and finding that he could make no headway with him, he closed the argument with him by calling him a heretic. He then turned to Richard Gove, who stood by with his Bible in his hand. It would appear that Richard did not wait for him to say anything, but read out of his Bible the passage in Matthew: "Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheeps' clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves," etc. Not relishing the pointed application of the text, the priest seized hold of the Bible and endeavored to take it by force out of the prisoner's hands. Richard, however, did not yield it up, but it long bore the marks of the violence used in the attempt to force it away. The other prisoners, seeing he had left off attempting to reason, and was using physical arguments, told him, with a shout, that he was not able to dispute with the Quakers.

Among the prisoners were some who had long been in captivity. One of them was a major of the English army, who, although not a strictly religious man, yet had been in the habit of reading prayers two or three times a week for the benefit of those confined. After Richard and John came, they were in the habit of holding meetings in the prison, sitting down in silence, and ministering, as ability was, from time to time, received. The prisoners soon began to attend their meetings, whilst the prayer readings of the major grew smaller and smaller. At this he grew angry, and undertook to reprimand some of them sharply for going to Quaker meetings. He was told by some of the most sober of them, "They had heard prayers long, and swearing and other ill conduct followed after they were over, which was very disagreeable, and rather worse than if there had been none." The major's audience continuing to decrease, he made a violent attack on Richard and John, with high charges against the Quakers. John was the principal spokesman in reply, and he managed his cause so unanswerably, and spoke with such firmness and freedom, that his antagonist was enraged, and told him, if he spoke another word, he would dash his teeth down his throat. John was not dismayed at the threatened outrage, but feeling a concern for the benefit of those who were by, he continued his argument. As he proceeded, he was so cool and calm that at length the major was ashamed, and endeavored to moderate his passion, and to pursue the argument in a proper temper. The quotations from the Bible adduced by John were so contrary to the major's mind that he declared the Quaker's Bible was not the same as his. Yet, after persuasion, being induced to look in his own, and finding the passages alike, he said: "I profess, I did not think there had been such a place." Finding all the places he examined similar in both, he became more friendly,

and the disputants parted in mutual good will. From that he was kind and loving to the Friends.

A cartel for the exchange of prisoners having been agreed on between the English and French, it was found that the French had excepted from its benefit all the prisoners who were either bound to or from Barbadoes. This would have continued our Friends' imprisonment; but Providence, who had a labor for them to perform for his service in Barbadoes, made a way for their release. Colonel Byham, who was going as English commissioner from Antigua to Martinico to superintend the exchange of prisoners, was desired by Jonas Langford, a valuable Friend, and influential citizen of the former island, to inquire if there were any Friends there among the prisoners not included in the cartel, and if so, to use his influence to get them released. He promised to do so, and on inquiry found Richard and John. On this he went to the governor of Martinico, and asked him as a private favor that the two Quakers, although bound to Barbadoes, might be liberated, and go with him to Antigua. The governor said: "What! the two apostles?"—for such was the name they bore on the island—and forthwith gave his consent. They had been two months on the island, and although brought there without their will, yet in the ordering of Providence so many openings for religious services had occurred, that they thought in no part of their travels had there been more evidence of their being in their proper allotment, although at the island of Antigua, where they were next carried, two persons were "thoroughly convinced" by their labors. So not only were they preserved from unreasonable men, but through the wicked acts of fierce privateersmen they were carried to perform their Master's service in a place which would have been closed to them if they had not come as prisoners.

It sometimes pleases the Lord to bring his servants into

situations where they may bear a testimony to his name and cause, although it was not in their own planning. William Reckitt, a minister in the Society of Friends, felt a concern to pay a religious visit in America, but in a few days after leaving England, the vessel was taken by a French privateer. Although his original purpose seemed to be thus frustrated, yet from his narrative of his experiences it is evident that he was made instrumental in proclaiming the Truth to many persons who had no other opportunity of hearing it.

The disappointment of our friend in not being permitted to reach the place of his religious service, being thrown among blood-thirsty men, and the probable confinement and suffering he would undergo, must have been very trying to him. He says, respecting it:

When I looked at my present situation, and what was likely to be the consequence, fearing I might be a stumbling-block in the way of many, and bring dishonor to Truth, I was much cast down, and did often cry, "Lord, if I had been worthy, thou wouldst have preserved me out of the hands of such unreasonable men." But the good Shepherd of Israel did cast his mantle of love over me, and still my crying, so that I was in a good degree made willing to submit to what he should see meet to suffer to come upon me.

He was favored with stillness and sweet composure, which fortified him against the assaults of the enemy. He ate little food for several days, till he could take it with freedom of mind, and a good appetite, which had been quite gone. The men grew milder towards him, and except in one instance did not offer him any harm, and that man was prevented from hurting him. One of them, inquiring of a man-of-war's captain they had taken in a vessel, respecting his religious principles, he told him Friends were a strange people, denying baptism and the supper. This gave him the opportunity of explaining the doctrine of Friends on those points, which they

heard patiently, and made no objections. As they came near the shore, they were chased by an English man-of-war, who came so fast upon them, the men expected they should be released from their captivity; and every one prepared for removing, but they were so near the rocks, the ship durst not follow them, and firing a shot which went over them, sheered off, much to the disappointment of the prisoners. In a few hours; having been on board eleven days, they came into a small harbor near a town called Roscoff. While they lay on board the last night, William Reckitt underwent much distress on account of a project which three of the Englishmen entertained of cutting the vessel out of the harbor. He remonstrated earnestly against it. He thought it could not be done without bloodshedding, if at all, and thought his liberty was dear to him as any one's was, he should be very sorry to see anything of that kind.

About midnight the men came up on deck, thinking it time to go to work, and seemed in high spirits to make the attempt. William was in a great strait how to act, but thought it best to keep peace, if he could. He sat down by the principal, intending to lay hold of him if he offered to take up a weapon which was at hand. Great struggles were in the man's mind, as he afterwards confessed, and he was often upon the point of carrying out his design; but the Lord in great mercy interposed. William became calm, all fear was taken away, and looking at him, he saw the man's countenance was more composed; and asking him if he would go to bed, he said he would; and the men who had been walking the deck, perceiving that nothing would be done, also went to their beds. Seeing them retired for sleep, William lay down on a bulkhead, there being nothing better in the cabin, and his mind being released from the exercise, he fell asleep also, and though stiff when he awoke, did not take cold. He says:

The Lord was pleased to preserve me, though I often said in my mind, I did not think myself worthy, especially because he had suffered this great exercise to come upon me, which I was several times sensible it would have been a light matter with him to hinder, if he had seen meet. I often cried to Him in the secret of my heart, that if there was iniquity lodging in me, He would be pleased to take it away; and if my going was not consistent with his will, that He would be pleased to show me wherein I had missed my way, that I might not bring a reproach upon the Truth, and trouble upon his people.

When breakfast was over, they searched the prisoners to see what they could get from them; and took what they found, yet giving William Reckitt his clothes. Many people came to them on entering Roscoff—two of them priests, who wished to know his religion, but he did not choose to converse with them. A person of note said he was sorry to see him there, and wished him safe again in England, and procured an eating place for him and three others. A woman in the house showed much concern about their walking to Morlaix that night, and desired the soldiers to procure horses for them to ride, and she would pay the charge. They were brought before the commissary at Morlaix, and such as could not give bail must go to prison. The thoughts of a prison did not terrify him, and he did not ask any one to be bail for him, but a person volunteered, who in a little time showed his deceit in declining it. A merchant hearing of this, said he would be bound for him as freely as he would for his own brother. He was examined in the admiralty office, and something being said about an oath, he told them he could not take it, being against his principles. Finding him scrupulous on this point, they put many questions touching his condition at home; whether he was a minister; what he was intending to do in Pennsylvania—whether sent by the Quakers; whether they would fight, etc., to which he made reply or not, as he thought

proper. "About this time," he says: "I suffered much in spirit; the reason is best known to the Lord. I was much afraid lest I should bring dishonor to Truth through unfaithfulness, or some slip I might make, for want of care in that strange land, separated from my brethren, and deprived of all outward comfort and help. But this to me was a profitable season; for I found the fear of the Lord, which was in my heart, did preserve me from evil, and from falling into temptation." Though such company was unpleasant, and he thought himself unfit for conversation, yet when honest persons asked questions concerning our faith, he was helped in the openings of Truth, to give them an answer concerning the hope that was in him.

Charles Sermanson, who often invited him to his house, asked why he went abroad in such troublous times; to which he replied: "I believed it to be my duty; nothing else would have induced me to leave all that were near to me in this world, as wife and children, but a sense of duty to God, and obedience to what I believed He required of me; for as to outward gain or advantage, I had nothing of that in my view; for such as have freely received must freely give." When his wife understood I had left wife and children at home, she said that could not be consistent with the will of God. William reminded her that Christ saith, "He that loveth father or mother, wife or children, houses or lands, more than me, is not worthy of me." He took the liberty of reproving her husband for taking the sacred Name in vain; which, he supposed made an alteration in his countenance, as she asked what he said. When Charles told her, she said he had done well, for that was his great weakness, and she hoped he would take notice of it. William remarked: "By turning our minds to the light of Christ in our hearts, which reproveth for sin, as we came to yield obedience to it, we should be helped to overcome our

weaknesses." She said I was a saint, and had overcome the temptations of the world. I said, what I am, it is by grace. I have nothing to boast of, and by grace I am saved out of many temptations of the world; yet was a man of like passions, and liable to many weaknesses, as they were; and was no longer safe than whilst I kept upon my watch. My mind was opened to point out to them the way of salvation; Scripture being brought to confirm the sufficiency, work and operation of the grace of God upon the hearts of the children of men, with the saving help there is in it, as obedience is yielded, unto it. He had his quarters in a tavern at Morlaix in France for several days, subjected to much company of divers sorts. Appearing singular to them, they wished to know what he was, and those who could speak English, would ask questions, to which he gave answers as he found freedom. As he was sitting in a room, one of the company asked why Quakers would not fight? "I told him," said William, "the weapons of the primitive believers were not carnal, but spiritual, and mighty through God, to the pulling down of sin and the strongholds of satan; and such as now come under the peaceable government of the great King of kings, who said if his kingdom had been of this world, then his servants would have fought, cannot fight with carnal weapons, though there should seem as great a necessity as there was when our Lord was like to be delivered to the Jews, I had to open several passages of Scripture, which set forth the peaceable government of Christ, who came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them; and that it was not the lamb's nature to tear and devour, but the wolf's. This opportunity was seasonable; the people were very still and attentive. He that asked this question, had often been with me, and had asked many questions, but was now silent, and seemed to go away satisfied; for the power of God was over them at that time."

W. Reckitt was ordered with other prisoners into the country, about thirty miles, to a town called Carhaix. Charles Sermanson supplied him with money, and recommended him to a friend of his there, John Grace, a counsellor at law, who, during his stay, showed several tokens of his regard and hearty friendship, after they became acquainted.

The counsellor became very loving, and frequently had our Friend at his house, with whom he conversed on religious subjects. He said he understood Friends did not baptize with water. William replied:

The apostle saith: "There is one Lord, one faith and one baptism;" and water, how, or by whomsoever administered, is only sufficient to put away the filth of the flesh, but not able to wash away the sin of the soul. The same apostle also said, he was not sent to baptize, (he there must be understood with water,) but to preach the Gospel, which is the power that baptizeth into the one spirit. He was not a whit behind the chiefest of the apostles, yet he thanks God he had baptized no more than the few he recites, which he would not have done, if baptism with water had been the one baptism essential to salvation. He said he thought there ought to be something done to children by the minister to initiate them into the church. I said as to our not being in the practice of sprinkling children with water, or signing them with the sign of the cross, as it was not scriptural, we could not be justly blamed for the disuse of it. He then said, if he at first had put on the priest's gown instead of that he then wore, he should have thought it his business to search more into the Scriptures. I told him I took him to be a man of such understanding, as very well to know it ought to be every one's business to search into the things that belong to their own peace. He said it was true, but they had men who were learned, whom they paid, and he looked upon these to be his teachers; as for him, he was but a hearer, and if they deceived him, it would be the worse for themselves—they could not deceive God. I said it was true, they could not; but as the salvation of the soul is a thing of great moment, we should not place our dependence upon others;

and as to teachers, we might know them by their fruits; for, according to Christ's own words, "Men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles." He further saith to his ministers: "Freely ye have received, freely give."

Hearing that the commissary had uttered some bitter expressions against the Quakers, and him in particular, for not putting off his hat when they met in the street, he inclined to visit him, and took with him a young man to interpret for him. The commissary took them into a room, and before William could say anything to him, asked why he did not put off his hat. He replied, uncovering our heads was what we did when we prayed and addressed the Almighty; but to do it to our fellow-creatures was against our consciences. The answer, though short, appeared to satisfy him, for his haughty countenance fell, and he then spoke mildly, and said he had heard we did not baptize our children. "I said we did not use water baptism. 'What do you then,' said he 'instead of water?' I said the one baptism, which we believe to be essential to salvation, is spiritual—that of fire and the Holy Ghost; and as to little children, they are heirs of the kingdom of heaven without water, or the help of any mortal man. I told him I had heard he said something against me, but I came in good will to pay him a friendly visit, for I had a mind to speak with him by myself. He then took me by the hand, saying he would not do me any hurt, but all the service that lay in his power. I took my leave of him with thankfulness that Truth had thus far prevailed; and ever after when I met him, he looked pleasantly, and I believe never any more took offence at my hat."

About the middle of the eighteenth century, Friends of Pennsylvania were brought into much difficulty and mental distress by the breaking up of the peaceful relations that had always before existed between that colony and the Indian natives.

The visit of Samuel Fothergill to Friends in Pennsylvania, *occurred* at a time when his fervent labors and weighty coun-

sels were peculiarly acceptable and serviceable to the right-minded. Although he was in America but about twenty months, yet, during this comparatively short period, a series of events occurred which produced a crisis in the affairs of this province, followed by an entire change in its administration and policy. Soon after his arrival, in 1754, as stated by Ellen Evans in a letter to his sister, Samuel Fothergill was led to deliver to a large auditory in Philadelphia, a "close prophetic warning of approaching trials," at a time "when not so much as an handbreadth of cloud appeared over our land." These trials soon appeared in the outbreak of a protracted war with the French, in which the martial spirit was fanned into a blaze throughout the community; the maintenance of the testimony of the Society against all wars was brought into great jeopardy through the unfaithfulness of many of its members; destruction and bloodshed spread upon the frontier of the province, and the powers of the government passed under the control of men and measures totally at variance with those pacific principles and that trust in the protecting Arm upon which it had been originally settled.

The same Almighty power which, in great mercy, had condescended to warn the people, and prepare his servants for approaching trials, did not forsake them in the time of danger and of conflict. Though through much open opposition and reproach, both from within and without the professing church, a body of true Friends was preserved faithful to their religious principles and testimonies. The writings of many of the Friends of that period which have been preserved to us, bear ample evidences of the exercises which befell them and the Society in this storm, which threatened to unsettle the foundations of the government itself.

The public affairs which led to this change in the condition of the province, may be briefly stated: Shortly after the treaty

of Aix-la-Chapelle, in which the boundaries of the British and French possessions in America were left unsettled, the French began to erect a chain of forts along the western limits of the colonies, with the intention of connecting Canada with their settlements on the Mississippi. Fort du Quesne, on the present site of Pittsburg, and other military posts in Western Pennsylvania, were established in 1753 and 1754, in pursuance of this policy, and under a claim made by the French to that region. This claim was disputed by Virginia in the interest of her Ohio Land Company, and in 1754 an engagement took place, near the Monongahela, between the French and a body of provincial soldiers under Washington, in which the latter were obliged to withdraw.

The British government, upon learning of these movements, entered into negotiations with the court of Versailles, meanwhile secretly despatching an armed force, consisting of several thousand men, under general Braddock, to Virginia. The appointment of Braddock as generalissimo of the British forces in North America was made on the twenty-fourth of Ninth Month, 1754, the day upon which Samuel Fothergill arrived in Philadelphia.

The main body of Braddock's forces landed in Virginia in the Third Month, 1755, and were joined by others from different parts of the colonies. The first foreign military that ever entered Philadelphia were connected with this expedition. Catharine Payton, who was then in that city, remarks in her Journal, in reference to the entry of these soldiers: "I said a cloud of darkness came with them. The Lord had settled this colony by peaceable means; He hath hitherto protected it by his own Almighty arm, and it prospered greatly, but henceforward disunion and disturbance prevailed and increased in it. Our friend Samuel Fothergill, as well as we, were strongly and affectionately engaged to promote peace, and guard them against

the event which he feared would ensue, and which, in time, followed."

The alarm produced by the unexpected defeat of Braddock's army, in the Seventh Month, 1755, was extreme; and upon its retreat the country was left open to the incursions of an enraged enemy. The general alarm was increased by the defection, at this time, of many of the Shawnees and Delaware Indians, whose early feelings of friendship towards the inhabitants of Pennsylvania had become alienated by acts of injustice, and who were now induced by the French to take up arms against the English.

Although open hostility had thus been shown by bands of the Shawnees and Delawares, it was yet hoped that, through the well-known influence of the Six Nations with these Indians, a stop might be put to their devastations, and their friendship regained. With a view of promoting such a reconciliation, Friends addressed an earnest remonstrance to the governor to withhold a formal declaration of war against them, until "Whatever remains possible to be done to prevent so fatal and lamentable an extremity, may be strictly and impartially reviewed and considered," and "that the governor's care to guard against involving the innocent with the guilty may carry so clear demonstration of Christian tenderness, and aversion to shedding blood, that an evidence may be given to the minds of the other neighboring Indians, which may engage them heartily and sincerely to assist in the desirable work of restoring peace and tranquillity, towards which all the measures hitherto taken seem to have contributed little good effect."

This appeal, however, was unavailing. In the spring of 1756 governor Morris, with the advice of his council, issued his proclamation, coupled with the inhuman promise of reward for the scalps of the enemy.

Friends were earnest in their efforts to effect a restoration

of peace, and to put a stop to the war and bloodshed. To promote these objects, many of their prominent members joined in organizing "The Friendly Association for Regaining and Preserving Peace with the Indians by Pacific Measures." They raised large sums of money, which were expended principally in the purchase of clothing, given as presents to the Indians. They early took measures to examine into the justice of the claims of the Indians, and attended the different conferences held with them by the government. Difficulties were put in their way, owing to the jealousy with which their proceedings were viewed by the government, but the confidence placed in them by the Indians, rendered their labors very serviceable in the restoration of peace at the treaty held at Easton, in 1756, with Tedyuscung, king of the Delawares.

The influence of Divine Grace upon some of the Indians present at the treaty is referred to in an interesting manner by the committee, in a report made on their return to Philadelphia. Under date of Eleventh Month 17th, they say:

Tedyuscung and most of his people came down to the ferry-house and dined with us; before parting with I. Zane and I. Pemberton, he took them aside and told them [that] in conversation after dinner, a few days before, he found what was said to him went to his heart, and that he now found his heart affected; and, his speaking being interrupted by a flood of tears, after retiring a little, he told them that, in the course of this business, he had endeavored to [be] turned in his mind, and look up to God for direction; that when he was alone in the woods, and destitute of any other counsellor, he found by doing so he had the best direction; that he hoped God would bless our endeavors, and desired to be remembered by his friends. He followed to the boat, and was so much affected he could only by tears express his respect, which, as it appeared to be the effect of a Divine visitation to a savage barbarian, was a humbling scene, and excited reverent and thankful sentiments in the minds of those immediately observing it.

CHAPTER XV.

SLAVERY.

The evil system of slavery was early introduced into the American colonies; and as, at that time, the public attention had not been awakened to its inherent injustice and iniquity, and as the need for labor to bring the land into cultivation was much felt, it spread rapidly. One of the first legislative enactments opposed to the system was passed by the legislature of Massachusetts, in 1641, and similar acts were subsequently passed by other of the New England colonies. While these enactments no doubt had an effect in discouraging the system, yet it long continued in existence, and it was only after much exercise and labor that a conviction that freedom was the inalienable right of man until forfeited by his own wrong-doing, so permeated the minds of the community as to erect a substantial barrier to the spread of slavery. The earliest and most interesting of the protests against the system was that which originated with a colony of German Friends, settled at Germantown, near Philadelphia, who formed a branch of Dublin Monthly Meeting, and this document is still preserved among the papers of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, and is as follows:

GERMANTOWN FRIENDS' PROTEST AGAINST SLAVERY, 1688.

This is to ye Monthly Meeting held at Richard Worrell's.

These are the reasons why we are against the traffick of men-body, as followeth. Is there any that would be done or handled at this manner? viz., to be sold or made a slave for all the time of his life? How fearful and faint-hearted are many on sea, when they see a strange vessel,—being afraid it should be a Turk, and they should be taken, and sold for slaves into Turkey. Now what is this better done, as Turks doe? Yea, rather it is worse for them, which say they are Christians;

for we hear that ye most part of such negers are brought hither against their will and consent, and that many of them are stolen. Now, tho they are black, we can not conceive there is more liberty to have them slaves, as it is to have other white ones. There is a saying that we shall doe to all men like as we will be done ourselves; making no difference of what generation, descent or colour they are. And those who steal or robb men, and those who buy or purchase them, are they not all alike? Here is liberty of conscience wch is right and reasonable; here ought to be likewise liberty of ye body, except of evil-doers, wch is an other case. But to bring men hither, or to rob and sell them against their will, we stand against. In Europe there are many oppressed for conscience sake; and here there are those oppressed wh are of a black colour. And we who know that men must not comitt adultery,—some do committ adultery, in others, separating wives from their husbands and giving them to others; and some sell the children of these poor creatures to other men. Ah! doe consider well this thing, you who doe it, if you would be done at this manner? and if it is done according to Christianity? You surpass Holland and Germany in this thing. This makes an ill report in all those countries of Europe, where they hear of, that ye Quakers doe here handel men as they handel there ye cattle. And for that reason some have no mind or inclination to come hither. And who shall maintain this your cause, or pleid for it. Truly we can not do so, except you shall inform us better hereof, viz., that Christians have liberty to practise these things. Pray, what thing in the world can be done worse towards us, than if men should rob or steal us away, and sell us for slaves to strange countries; separating husbands from their wives and children. Being now this is not done in the manner we would be done at therefore we contradict and are against this traffic of men-body. And we who profess that it is not lawful to steal, must, likewise, avoid to purchase such things as are stolen, but rather help to stop this robbing and stealing if possible. And such men ought to be delivered out of ye hands of ye robbers, and set free as well as in Europe. Then is Pennsylvania to have a good report, instead it hath now a bad one for this sake in other countries. Especially whereas ye Euro-

peans are desirous to know in what manner ye Quakers doe rule in their province;—and most of them doe look upon us with an envious eye. But if this is done well, what shall we say is done evil?

If once these slaves (wch they say are so wicked and stubbern men) should join themselves,—fight for their freedom,—and handel their masters and mastrisses as they did handel them before; will these masters and mastrisses take the sword at hand and warr against these poor slaves, licke, we are able to believe, some will not refuse to doe; or have these negers not as much right to fight for their freedom, as you have to keep them slaves?

Now consider well this thing, if it is good or bad? And in case you find it to be good to handel these blacks at that manner, we desire and require you hereby lovingly, that you may inform us herein, which at this time never was done, viz., that Christians have such a liberty to do so. To the end we shall be satisfied in this point, and satisfie likewise our good friends and acquaintances in our natif country, to whose it is a terror, or fairful thing, that men should be handeld so in Pennsylvania.

This is from our meeting at Germantown, held ye 18 of the 2 month, 1688, to be delivered to the Monthly Meeting at Richard Worrell's.

Garret henderich
derick up de graeff
Francis daniell Pastorius
Abraham up Den graef.

At our Monthly Meeting at Dublin, ye 30—2 mo., 1688, we have inspected ye matter, above mentioned, and considered of it, we find it so weighty that we think it not expedient for us to meddle with it here, but do rather commit it to ye consideration of ye Quarterly Meeting; ye tenor of it being nearly related to ye Truth. On behalf of ye Monthly Meeting,

Signed, P. Jo. HART.

This, above mentioned, was read in our Quarterly Meeting at Philadelphia, the 4 of ye 4th mo. '88, and was from thence recommended to the Yearly Meeting, and the above said Der-

ick, and the other two mentioned therein, to present the same to y^e above said meeting, it being a thing of too great a weight for this meeting to determine.

Signed by order of y^e meeting,

ANTHONY MORRIS.

YEARLY MEETING MINUTE ON THE ABOVE PROTEST.

At a Yearly Meeting held at Burlington the 5th day of the 7th month, 1688.

A Paper being here presented by some German Friends Concerning the Lawfulness and Unlawfulness of Buying and keeping Negroes, It was adjudged not to be so proper for this Meeting to give a Positive Judgment in the case, It having so General a Relation to many other Parts, and therefore at present they forbear It.

Although this strong appeal failed to elicit immediate action from the Yearly Meeting, yet there is reason to believe it was productive of good fruits; and from this time onward, testimonies against slavery continued to be borne by meetings and individuals. One of the most effective of these laborers was John Woolman, who labored in public and in private for the extinction of slavery, but was favored to keep his zeal within the limitations of the spirit of Christ, and thus to avoid much of the opposition which an intemperate zeal might have awakened. He was a minister among Friends, and for about twenty years from 1746 he travelled much in the Middle and Southern States. In these journeys he bore a testimony against slavery, both by words and by practice. In speaking of one of these journeys, he says:

Two things were remarkable to me in this journey—first in regard to my entertainment; when I eat, drank and lodged free cost with people who lived in ease on the hard labor of their slaves, I felt uneasy; and as my mind was inward to the Lord, I found, from place to place, this uneasiness return upon me at times, through the whole visit. Where the masters bore a

good share of the burthen, and lived frugally, so that their servants were well provided for, and their labor moderate, I felt more easy; but where they lived in a costly way and laid heavy burthens on their slaves, my exercise was often great, and I frequently had conversation with them in private concerning it. Secondly, the trade of importing slaves from their native country being much encouraged amongst them, and the white people and their children so generally living without much labor, were frequently the subject of my serious thoughts, and I saw in these Southern provinces so many vices and corruptions, increased by this trade and this way of life, that it appeared to me as a dark gloominess hanging over the land; and though now many willingly run into it, yet in future the consequences will be grievous to posterity. I express it as it hath appeared to me, not at once or twice, but as a matter fixed on my mind.

The men of this generation who have seen the bitter calamities brought on our country by the late civil war, which was one of the fruits of the system of slavery, will be ready to believe, that when John Woolman predicted that "the consequences would be grievous to posterity," he was a true prophet —one whose eyes had been anointed to see future events.

As the convictions of our members as to the sinfulness of slavery strengthened, the advices and conclusions of the Yearly Meeting became more and more decided; and in the year 1758, the Yearly Meeting was prepared to direct that, if any one should vindicate slavery, or be concerned in importing, selling or purchasing slaves, they should be considered no longer in unity, and should be prevented from sitting in meetings for discipline, and from subscribing to the funds of the Society. After the Yearly Meeting, which took place in the Ninth Month, was over, a friend of Benjamin Lay's visited him, and told him of the conclusion Friends had came to. On hearing it, the heart of the weak and feeble old man was filled with pious gratitude and joy. He rose from his chair, and exclaimed:

"Thanksgiving and praise be rendered unto the Lord God!" He added, after a pause: "I can now die in peace."

A number of Friends still held slaves, and the Yearly Meeting encouraged those who felt concerned on this account, to labor with such. One who was engaged in this service says:

With other exercised brethren, I became engaged to plead for liberty to the black people who were held in the bonds of slavery, amongst our fellow-members, and from house to house we visited those who held such, particularly in the parts near us. This business, at that time, went hard with some, who thought it would cause uneasiness between them and their black servants, so would scarcely permit us to perform the visit. I saw it was the Lord's work, and that in performing it we had need be as "wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." Truth opened our way to proceed much in this manner, viz: To sit down in silence with the whole family; not to let our communications give the blacks any knowledge of our business with those who held them, but when the other parts of a family withdrew, we pleaded with the master and mistress; the Truth favoring us to do it in a way that gave general satisfaction. I thought I never felt a greater reward than in pleading the cause of those poor, injured, captive people.

This subject continued to claim the attention of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting until reports were made from the subordinate meetings that they were all clear from this evil. Having washed its own hands, the Society was ready to appear before the world as advocates of liberty, and it has now for a long time been known as an uncompromising enemy of slavery. The strong language used in a minute of the Yearly Meeting in 1798, shows the earnestness of the Friends of that day. The minute speaks of "The enormous iniquity of enslaving and trading in the persons of men, which crying abomination, renewedly impressing the minds of many Friends with very painful sensations, under the awful prospect of Divine judgments manifest in the earth, it is desired we may individually labor

for qualification to offer up effectual, fervent prayers for the removal of this unspeakable wickedness from our land."

The description of slavery and its attendant evils given by that warm-hearted minister, Jacob Lindley, of Chester County, Pa., is equally earnest:

When I view the dreadful scenes of barbarity attendant on the African slave trade, and its train of concurrent circumstances, my soul is almost overwhelmed with discouragement. Judgment is the Lord's, and He will surely repay. Have the Indians burned houses, murdered men, women and children, betrayed their friends, carried away into captivity and bondage old and young, male and female, and cruelly burned and tortured others, lurked privily for prey, shot down men at their ploughs and travellers on the road? Yea, they have, until the rehearsal of many of their horrid scenes of barbarity, has agitated, shocked, and almost convulsed every nerve. But what shall I say? How are my feelings wounded on being constrained to compare these reproaches to humanity, with the conduct of civilized, professing Christian nations! In which I lament, our own government, in most respects superlatively excellent, takes a share. Vessels fitted out, commanded by men with hearts callous to the feelings of humanity, and deaf to her cries, repair to the African coast, stir up a war, burn towns, kill, catch and carry captive indiscriminately these poor, and to them unoffending people—bring them to distant and different cities and towns—ringing with [calls] to worship, sounding with hymns and psalms from stately temples, where they offer their devotion to the Universal Parent, who hath revealed his will in the language: "Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God," professing to believe in the Divine Lawgiver, whose statute is: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." Instead of [doing this, these negroes] are sold [by them] like beasts at market; separated husband from wife, children from parents, without regard to the tenderest ties of natural affection; often put under unfeeling whippers, and cruel task-masters, where they are frequently starved or whipped to death; and if they run away and are caught, they have been hung with-

out trial or jury. Some who had [taken] their liberty have been hunted with horses and dogs, and shot down. While such enormities are in the land, and winked at by the rulers, shall we not lay our mouths in the dust, with this language impressed on our minds: "O Lord! just and true, and righteous are thy judgments." I cannot omit remarking the joy we feel, at the escape of a captive white from among the Indians; yet, what a stir when a negro attempts his liberty! Advertisements printed, and rewards offered to take him alive or dead!

Henry Hull mentions in his Journal having a meeting at Crooked Run in Virginia, in 1799. "At this meeting," he says:

I was led to expose the iniquity of the slave trade, and the practice of holding the African race in bondage. This was much to the relief of my own mind, which was often deeply oppressed with grief at seeing the sufferings endured by the poor slaves. Their allowance was one peck of corn for a week, and this they were sometimes necessitated to pound in the night, when they should be asleep to refresh them for the next day's labor. To this I have often been a witness, when the noise of the pestle and mortar has aroused me; and soon after I have been startled by the voice of the driver and the snapping of his whip urging them to the toils of the day, even before the light had fully appeared. In addition to this, they had to endure the broiling heat of the sun, bareheaded, both males and females; the latter with only one garment to cover them, and the cruel drivers following them with a large wagon whip in order to hasten their speed, using it freely upon those who fell behind, when hoeing the corn or tobacco. Similar cruelties I have seen exercised on the house slaves, upon whom the lash was often freely laid, while they were subject to the kicks and cuffs of the children of the family. At one time, having laid my horsewhip on a table in the bar-room of a tavern, I was suddenly raised from my seat by seeing the tavern keeper using my whip upon the back of his negro boy. I stepped to him as quickly as I could and got it from him, assuring him it was not accustomed to such business, and he

should have known better than to take it for that purpose. At another time my eye caught the sight of a poor negro's back, who was rowing us over a ferry (his shirt being a mere bunch of rags), and it appeared like a piece of raw flesh, from the severe flogging he had received. It was a most pitiful, sickening sight, and affected me very much; the more so as he was toiling for our accommodation, for which, however, we paid him, in addition to what was demanded by his oppressor —a practice, I believe, common with Friends, for a colored man who attended at another ferry, told us he was always glad to see the Quakers come, for then he had something given him. It was also our practice to pay those who took care of our horses, not always with money, but sometimes with food, for which they appeared thankful. But after all, I could do little for them. I had to mourn for them and their oppressors also, whose situation appeared far from a desirable one. In many places they seemed to be under great fear, being careful to secure their lodging-rooms with locks and bolts and to have their weapons of defense at hand, ready to be seized at the slightest alarm. The influence of the parents' example in exercising an arbitrary and cruel power over the inmates of the house, produced an evil effect on the children, whose countenances and conduct, marked with rage and pride, presented a very different appearance from what they would, had they been taught to view and to treat the colored people as the workmanship of the same Almighty Hand as themselves and equally the objects of the Redeemer's mercy and care, instead of being made to consider them as little or no better than the beasts of the field, and not worthy of the notice their dogs received. Many countenances which but for the passions depicted upon them, would have been lovely and engaging, appeared spoiled and repulsive—many and great, indeed, are the evil consequences of slavery, both to the oppressed and the oppressor.

My companion and I, in company with another Friend, pursued our journey towards James River, crossing the Blue Mountain at a place called Rock-fish Gap, where we lodged. A number of travellers and other persons had put up here, among whom were several rough and fierce-looking men, in pursuit of

a runaway slave, who, after being once taken by them, had again made his escape into the woods.

As we sat around the supper table, they were relating the circumstances of his capture and escape, loading the poor slave with hard names, and drawing from their fellow slave-holders the conclusion that, should they take him again, the most cruel and severe punishment they could inflict would not be too bad for him. I was grieved at such conversation, and, feeling my spirit stirred against their conduct, could not forbear advocating the exertions of the poor runaway to obtain his liberty —calling upon them to make his case their own, and think whether there was any among them all who, if placed in his situation, would not use the same means to escape slavery and punishment. I was soon convinced of the propriety of the caution given by Christ: "Cast not your pearls before swine, lest they turn again and rend you." Their anger was raised, and manifested toward me by furious and wrathful words, and they were so unreasonable in their conduct that I concluded it best to say nothing more to them. The house was in a very solitary place, and the inmates alike hostile to us—they being also slave-holders—and from their conduct after we rose from the supper table, we were not without apprehensions of personal danger. [The next morning] we did not feel quite released from apprehensions of danger, until we had rode some miles from the place—remembering that William Savery had been cautioned to beware lest he should be popped off his horse for having interfered and cut the rope with which a poor colored boy was tied while receiving a severe flogging for not having the cows in the yard at the usual time.

Towards the conclusion of this journey, Henry Hull had a meeting at Edisto, of which place he says:

The crying injustice and cruelty of slavery had frequently engaged my attention during the course of this journey, but never more than while I was in this place, where the oppressed race are very numerous, and are frequently sold at auction, like cattle. At one of these sales I was much affected in hearing a young colored man pleading his cause. His aged father

and mother, and his wife and child were all mounted upon a stage, so that they might be seen by the bidders; they being about to be sold. The young man stepped up and stood by them, but was soon ordered down. He said he wanted to be sold with them, but was told that he could not, as it was a sale to satisfy a mortgage upon the others, in which he was not included. He pleaded, with very affecting and moving language, to show how hard it was to be separated from his family; but it was all to no purpose. When he saw that his prayers were unheeded, and that the others would be sold without him, he burst into a flood of tears, and in the anguish of his feelings besought them rather to kill him; "For," said he, "I had rather die than be separated from my family," upon which he was dragged off the scaffold and driven away. The company went on bidding, apparently as unaffected as though the auctioneer had been selling sheep, while the screams and prayers of the aged parents, and the bereaved wife with her infant in her arms, went up to heaven on behalf of themselves, and especially for the poor young man, who had been so inhumanly torn away from them.

In these days, when slavery is no longer tolerated by the laws of our country, it is interesting to observe the bold and honest labors of faithful Friends in former days, who were often compelled to cry aloud and spare not the iniquitous system, even when in the midst of those by whom it was upheld.

Joseph Hoag travelled in the Southern States sixty or seventy years ago, and was much distressed at the condition and sufferings of the black people, and the want of humanity in their masters. He says:

In musing on the situation of the country, sleep often left me, and my appetite failed; I became feeble and feverish, feeling a necessity laid upon me to be faithful in every place where I felt anything in charge for the people from my Master; and I felt a heavy woe if I gave back in the least, so that my companion thought I often hazarded my life. I have not language to set forth, so that another can realize, what I passed through

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in those various exercises, unless they were placed in a similar situation, for I really feared I should lay my bones in this gloomy land; and yet it was marvellous to reflect upon that I was never drawn into action, either in public or private, but what the fear of man was taken from me. They appeared no more to me than grasshoppers, in the time of action, and no want was felt of language or matter to confute their reasoning or confound their boasts in favor of slavery; so much so, that though I was attacked, in all my travels in these slave States, more than one hundred times by the learned and the great, yet in all those disputes my great and good Master so furnished and helped me that, with two exceptions, they were always brought to acknowledge that it was wrong to hold their fellow-creatures in slavery, and were convinced it was contrary to every attribute of the Divine Being.

He adds: "They appeared to be standing against Divine justice and mercy, with their eyes open. But God will not be mocked forever, neither will his justice always slumber." How fearfully was this prediction verified in our late calamitous war!

On one occasion he says:

I saw a master beat a black man wickedly, with a knotty cudgel; it moved my feelings so much, that when his anger had subsided I told him what I thought of such conduct. He seemed to resent it, and rose three times from his seat, either to frighten me or give me a stroke; but this did not move my feelings with fear at all; I kept my eyes fixed on his, and continued my speech until he sat down, kept quiet and hung his head. He heard me through, and then acknowledged it was not right to hold them in slavery, or treat them as they did.

William Savery mentions in his journal that, when on a religious visit in the Southern States, he stopped at the house of a hard-hearted slave-holder, near Savannah. One of his lads, about fourteen, coming in from the field at dark, was ordered to milk the cows, and falling asleep through weariness, the master ordered him to be flogged. William says: "We

went to supper, and this unfeeling wretch craved a blessing, which I considered to be equally abhorrent to the Divine Being as his curses."

In the morning, whilst at the door musing, I heard some one begging for mercy, and also the lashes of a whip. Not knowing whence the sound came, I ran and presently found the poor boy tied up to a post, his toes scarcely touching the ground, and a negro whipper, with five or six hazel rods lying by him. He had already cut him in an unmerciful manner, and the blood ran to his heels. I stept in between them, and ordered him untied immediately, which with some reluctance and astonishment was done. Returning to the house, I saw the landlord, who then showed himself in his true colors, the most abominably wicked man I ever met with, full of horrid execrations and threatenings upon all the Northern people; but I did not spare him.

It would be unjust to suppose that all those who held slaves treated them with cruelty, but it was one of the bad features of the system of slavery, that there was no adequate restraint on the cruelty and passion of such masters as that with whom William Savery met. A system which regarded human beings as property, to be used for the interests of others, with but little regard to their own comfort, improvement or religious warfare, was radically wrong.

During some journeys in the former slave States, since the war of the rebellion, it was a matter of much interest to note how much the colored people appreciated the blessing of freedom—even those who had been kindly cared for and humanely treated while in slavery. The old people would bless the Lord, for having been permitted a few years of freedom before they were taken away.

EXTRACTS FROM THOMAS SHILLITOE'S JOURNAL.

When this devoted servant of Christ was engaged in minis-

terial labor in this country, his feeling mind was often painfully affected by the wrongs inflicted upon his fellow creatures who were held in cruel bondage. Although slavery has now, as we hope, come to a final end, it is well to revert occasionally to some of its incidents—if only for the purpose of enabling us rightly to estimate the evil which has been removed, and to quicken emotions of gratitude for the great deliverance. The following memorandums were made in the Tenth Month, 1827:

Fifth-day morning we again pursued our journey, crossed the Ohio river in a horse-boat, and landed in Kentucky, a slave holding State; on which my feelings were awakened to a thankful sense of being no man's slave. On Second-day morning, about half a mile out of Mount Vernon, we had a considerable mountain to ascend, and, to make it more easy of access, bodies of trees were laid from the foot to the summit; a heavy fall of rain in the night, and a very large drove of fat hogs which preceded us, had occasioned the road to be very slippery; on reaching about half way up the mountain, our carriage ran back, our horses turned round, and turned the carriage off the road into a hole about three feet deep, amongst the rocks; I was favored to escape unhurt, although in the carriage; we managed to get it brought in the road again, and pursuing our journey, reached the top of the mountain in safety. This morning we were met by a company of slaves, some of them heavily loaded with irons, singing as they passed along; this, we were informed, was an effort to drown the suffering of mind they were brought into, by leaving behind them wives, children, or other near connections, and never likely to meet again in this world. A short time after, we met another company; one respectable-looking, rather well dressed slave, attracted my attention; his hand was grasping the hand of a fine looking girl, about fourteen years of age—his countenance appeared very dejected and melancholy. I was led to conclude from the affection with which he appeared to treat the girl, that she must be his child, whom in all probability, he expected soon to be compelled to part with for life. After

this came two wagons, in which they were carrying some who were not able to walk, also the children, all going to be sold at a market, like cattle. It being time to bait our horses, while they were feeding, I walked some distance from our tavern, and observed a handsome carriage standing, which I supposed belonged to a pedler, as it appeared to be loaded with coarse woolen goods. I addressed myself to the owner of the carriage, telling him he had a load of more bulk than weight; on which he replied, his carriage contained the clothing of the company of slaves we had passed on the road, of which he was the owner, saying, he was seeking a market where he might dispose of them to the best advantage. I told him his business was a very bad one, and that a day of reckoning would come in which he would have to account to his Maker for his conduct towards these poor creatures. He replied, he believed so too, but said, I have them, and what am I to do with them? I told him, I believed, were I in his situation, my duty would point out to me the necessity of liberating them, and if it were not in my power to do it in any other way, to sell all my goods and chattels and part with the last cent I had to assist them in getting to a free country. To which he replied, it was a bad trade, and he wished it was wholly done away with. I told him to consider, that same Almighty Power which created him, created the colored people; and I asked him, should his wife and children be torn from him, as these poor creatures had been torn from their near connections, how would he feel under the like circumstances? He replied that he should feel it a hard case. I told him he had better die poor than amass wealth by such means as he was aiming to get it by. I then made inquiry into the situation of the respectable colored man I had seen with the other slaves; he informed me that this man had left behind him a wife and children, the property of another slave-holder. When he took his leave of me he said, he hoped he should remember the remarks I had made to him.

Next morning we again pursued our journey, and took up our abode at an inn for the night; two men, who were strangers to us, formed a part of our company in the sitting room; they inquired of us relative to the droves of fat hogs we had

met on the road; on our giving them such information as we were able, one of them observed, he had taken a drove of six hundred to one of the markets, and offered them at ten per cent. discount, and to take the pay in negroes, but could not succeed. On my companion remarking to him on his trading in his fellow creatures, he excused himself by saying, if he had made such an exchange it would not have been for his own private use; but in the course of conversation he gave sufficient proof that his motives for trying to make this purchase, were not such as he would have had us to suppose; for on our remarking we had met a wagon-load of negro children, and men and women on foot, he said he would have purchased the whole cargo if he could have agreed with the owner of them about the price. Although I felt much at the time he made these remarks, yet silence appeared to be my proper place; but in the morning, before we parted, I found it laid upon me to open my mind freely to him on the iniquitous practice of dealing in or keeping in bondage our fellow creatures, and to warn him against pursuing such evil courses.

THOMAS SHILLITOE AND THE SLAVE TRADER.

Previous to the downfall of slavery, the iniquitous traffic in human beings formed a regular branch of business in the city of Baltimore. The hard-hearted men who conducted it were on several occasions visited by Gospel messengers who endeavored in Christian love to show them the wickedness and inhumanity of their calling, and turn the attention of these guilty men to the requirements of that holy religion of which they made profession. A visit of this nature, paid by our Friend, Thomas Shillitoe, in the Eleventh Month, 1827, is thus related in his Journal:

My mind had been occupied with an apprehension of religious duty to make a visit to a great slave-merchant, who resided in this city, where the needy slave-holders, and such as had slaves who were refractory and difficult to manage, were encouraged, by his weekly advertisement, to come and find a ready market for them. A large building is erected on his

premises like a prison, to secure them until he has obtained a suitable complement to send to different places, where there is a demand for them. I found he was considered, as a man, independent of his employment, to be of a ferocious disposition, so that many, we were told, stood in dread of him; notwithstanding which, this subject had taken such hold of my mind, that I saw no way for my relief but to be willing to attempt an interview with him. Seventh-day morning we called upon a Friend, to whom I opened my situation relative to making a visit to this slave-merchant; we found if we did make such a visit, it would be best for us to go alone; and accordingly proceeded towards his residence. On our way I felt much for my companion, from what I had heard of the unsubdued will and wicked disposition of the slave-merchant, and the danger we might be exposed to from the large dogs he kept loose about his premises, to the terror of those who passed by. But there was no way for me but to cast my care on Him who had so many times preserved me as from the paw of the bear and the jaws of the devourer. As we advanced towards the house, one of these fierce looking animals came out at us, followed by another, as if they would have seized us. Their noise soon brought out one of the house-slaves, and, as we supposed, the slave merchant himself, whose countenance looked as fierce as his animals, querying with us in a stern, commanding manner: "What is your business?" I offered him my hand, feeling nothing in my heart but love towards him as a man; saying I would be obliged to him to suffer me to have a little conversation with him. He asked us into his house; on my requesting him to have the dogs taken care of, saying, I was a nervous man, he attended to it; and in ascending the steps of his house, we observed more of these large dogs chained about the yards. He showed us into a very elegantly furnished parlor. On the shelf of the chimney-piece was a pistol, which appeared to be ready cocked for use should he at any time be put to the test of defending himself; he ordered us to take a seat on a sofa, and placed himself near us. I gave him my certificate to read, which he appeared to do attentively; this afforded us an opportunity of having our minds brought into quiet after our besetment by the dogs, and their

master's angry countenance. When he returned my certificates, the reading of which appeared to have somewhat softened his mind, he said: "I suppose you are going about preaching the Gospel;" to which I replied: "I profess to be so circumstanced." I then endeavored, in a tender, feeling, but decided manner, to open the subject that brought me to his house, telling him I came on behalf of the poor colored people; that I lived in a country where the inhabitants were all free, but I found I was now in the slave-holding part of the United States of America; and by an advertisement of his which I had in my possession, it appeared he was a dealer in these colored people, who were kept in slavery. I requested him to pause for a moment, and endeavor, as much as possible, to place his own parents and nearest relatives in the very situation of those poor creatures he had at times purchased and sold again, thereby separating the nearest connections far from each other—husbands from wives, and children from parents; and try how far such acts as he was in the practice of, accorded with such feelings of humanity as he would wish should be exercised towards his own parents and relatives; with more to the same effect.

He appeared to hear me patiently, and tried to justify his conduct, but with coolness and deliberation; saying, he was educated in a slave-holding State—that his father was a slaveholder, that his mother was a pious woman, in connection with the Methodists; that she was in the practice of reading the Bible to her children, and that her pious care for him he yet remembered, and some of the good counsel that she gave him; that through her influence his father manumitted about seventy slaves; she died when he was young. On his father marrying again, he found he must leave home, or render it unpleasant to his parents, which he did not desire to do, and therefore entered into the army, and was at the battle of New Orleans; after the war was over the army was broken up; on quitting it he found himself in debt, and not knowing what employment to take to, to extricate himself from his difficulties, a relation encouraged him to become a slave merchant, offering him funds to commence this trade, which he accepted; and yet said, we thought feelingly so, it is a bad business, and

that he had concluded to give it up, and had been making arrangements for that purpose. But some of his employers, in the first rank of slave-holders, and even some who were making much profession of religion, would not allow of his giving up his business, but urged him to go on with it. He laid great stress on the encouragement he received from this latter description of his customers, from which I was led to fear, that when he felt any qualms of conscience on account of the manner in which he was getting his wealth, for he was deemed wealthy, the entreaties of this class would be resorted to, to salve over the wounds of conscience he at times experienced, which I could not doubt had been the case at times with him. He also pleaded having the laws of the State to sanction him in his traffic, which opened the way for me to go further into the subject; but in time it evidently was manifest, that the Divine witness was so reached in him, as to compel him to cast away all his weapons of defence. He gave it as his opinion, that before twenty years were passed over slavery would be brought to a final close, if the work was rightly gone about. By this time we thought we never witnessed the declaration—that the lion should lie down with the lamb, more fully exemplified. He assured us again of his determination to quit the business, and acknowledged the gratitude he felt for the visit, took his leave of us in an affectionate manner, conducting us himself quite off his premises. As we quitted him, his countenance, which on our first approach, appeared terrific, was so changed that he was pleasant to look upon. Everything about his elegant house and his yards, told in plain terms that he considered himself living in continual danger of losing his life.

CHAPTER XVI.

SEPARATION.

Although our early Friends were richly endowed with the gifts and graces of the Spirit, yet their history clearly enforces the truth that they had their treasure in earthen vessels, and that they were not safe any longer than they were preserved in a state of humble watchfulness and dependence on Divine mercy. The case of James Nayler is a memorable illustration of this. He appears to have been eminently gifted as a minister, and to have preached with an eloquence, energy and Divine authority, which attracted the admiration and affection of his friends to a high degree.

Gough attributes the beginning of his downfall to the conduct of two women, who had been reproved by Edward Burrough and Francis Howgill for their impertinent opposition to their ministry. They carried their complaints to James Nayler, whom they were endeavoring to make the head of a party, in the hope he would give his opinion in their favor. He thought it his duty at first to discourage their insinuations against those worthy men, as tending to sow discord between brethren. Disappointed in their expectation, one of them vented her passion in weeping and expressions of regret, which sunk James Nayler into depression of mind, in which he lost his judgment, and became estranged from his best and most judicious friends, and exposed to the pernicious flatteries of these unsettled spirits. Some of his followers, in their letters to him, addressed him with appellations not fit to be attributed to any mortal man. Three of these silly women knelt before him and kissed his feet, and after his release from prison spread their handkerchiefs and scarfs before him as he rode into Bristol. His

case claimed the attention of parliament, who judged these senseless enormities of a few deluded persons of sufficient importance to engage their attention for ten days.

After undergoing the cruel torture of burning with hot irons, and whipping till the blood flowed from his shoulders to his waist, inflicted by order of Parliament on the charge of blasphemy, all which he bore with quietude and patience, to the astonishment of the spectators, he was put in prison, and kept there about two years. This event was a severe trial to George Fox, William Dewsbury and other substantial Friends, which, with the opposition of John Perrot, John Wilkinson, John Story and some others who fell away, added to the afflictions of faithful Friends at that day. George Fox remarks: "So, after I had been warring with the world, there was now a wicked spirit risen up amongst Friends to war against."

Through Divine mercy, James Nayler was favored, during his confinement, with a clear sight of his lamentable fall, and with sincere repentance on account of it, and was finally restored to a place in the Truth, and to the unity of his exercised brethren, and continued therein to the end of his days. He says: "Condemned forever be all those false worships with which any have idolized my person, all their casting of their clothes in the way, their bowings and singings, and all the rest of those wild actions which did any ways tend to dishonor the Lord, etc., and all those ranting, wild spirits which then gathered about me in that time of darkness; and all their wild actions and wicked words against the honor of God, and his pure spirit and people; I deny that bad spirit and the works thereof," etc. "And if the Lord of all mercies had not rescued me, I had perished, for I was as one appointed to death and destruction, and there was none could deliver me. This I confess, that God may be justified in his judgment and magnified in his mercies without end, who did not forsake his captive in

the night, even when his Spirit was daily provoked and grieved, but hath brought me forth to give glory to his name forever."

The downfall of James Nayler was peculiarly affecting to William Dewsbury, to whom he had been a brother beloved, and who labored with him for his restoration, and afterwards for his reconciliation with his friends. He says:

The Lord laid it upon me that George Fox and James Nayler might meet together. My travail was great in spirit until the Lord answered, which, in the day He determined, was done. Mighty was his majesty amongst his people in the day he healed up the breach which had been so long to the sadness of the hearts of many. The Lord clothed my dear brethren, George Fox, Edward Burrough and Francis Howgill with precious wisdom; his healing Spirit did abound within them, with the rest of the Lord's people there that day; according to their measure, and the Lord was with James Nayler, and ordered him by his Spirit, so that the measure of the Lord's spirit in all reached to embrace it with gladness of heart.

James Nayler died about the Ninth Month, 1660, in the forty-fourth year of his age. The following expressions, uttered about two hours before his death, ought to be frequently brought into view and deeply pondered by his fellow-professors:

There is a spirit, which I feel, that delights to do no evil, nor to revenge any wrong, but delights to endure all things, in hope to enjoy its own to the end. Its hope is to outlive all wrath and contention, and to weary out all exaltation and cruelty, or whatever is of a nature contrary to itself. It sees to the end of all temptation. As it bears no evil in itself, so it conceives none in thought to any other. If it be betrayed, it bears it; for its ground and spring is the mercies and forgiveness of God. Its crown is meekness, its life is everlasting love unfeigned. It takes its kingdom with entreaty, and not with contention, and keeps it by lowliness of mind. In God alone it can rejoice, though none else regards or can own its life. It is conceived in sorrow, and brought forth without any to pity it; nor doth it murmur at grief and oppression. It never

rejoiceth but through sufferings, for with the world's joy it is murdered. I found it alone, being forsaken; I have fellowship therein with them who lived in dens and desolate places in the earth, who through death obtained this resurrection and eternal holy life.

Another individual who made still greater trouble among Friends was John Perrot. He early joined the Society, and entered into the ministry, and being puffed up with a conceited estimate of his own abilities, went to Rome about 1662 to convert the Pope. There he was put into the hospital for madmen, and, when released, returned to England. His imaginary consequence and exaltedness of mind so increased, that he thought himself further enlightened than George Fox and other Friends, and maintained that the custom of taking off the hat in joining in public prayer was only a piece of formality. The regard which was felt for him on account of his sufferings at Rome procured him a considerable number of adherents. He finally went over to America, and gave way more and more to whimsical ideas, reckoning public worship a form to be avoided, putting on a sword and gaudy apparel, and having obtained a post under government, rigorously exacting oaths.

Richard Davies mentions in his Journal, that: About the year 1663 or 1664, I went to London, and found some there separated from that love and unity, which I formerly saw them in; joining in that spirit with John Perrot who was newly come from prison at Rome to London, as it was said, with much seeming humiliation and lowliness of mind. A considerable company joined together with him, where they had me among them for a little time. The tendency of that spirit was to speak evil of Friends that bore the burden and heat of the day, and so cry out against Friends as dead and formal. They expected a more glorious dispensation than had been yet known among Friends; and they kept on their hats in time of prayer. I was but a little while among them when a vail of darkness came over me, and under that vail, I came to have

a light esteem for my dear and ancient friend, George Fox, and some others, who had been near and dear to me. But it pleased the Lord to rend that vail of darkness, and cause the light of his countenance to shine again upon me; whereby I came to see the doleful place I was led into, by a spirit that tended to nothing else but self-exaltation, and (under a pretence of humility and self-denial) breach of that unity, love, and fellowship, that formerly we had together, and the good esteem we had one of another in the Lord. Children we are of one Father, esteeming one another above ourselves in the Lord. There was no jar or contention among us then, but all dwelt together in love and unity, and in the fellowship of that blessed Gospel of peace, life and salvation.

I was but a little time at home, ere John Whitehouse, a follower of John Perrot, came and had a meeting at my house at Welch-Pool. I happened not to be at the beginning of the meeting, but came before it was concluded, and found that he had sown an evil seed, and that some of our Friends had received it; who soon after joined with that corrupt spirit, which led them to have a light esteem of their brethren, which was a great exercise to many honest Friends, and especially to my wife and me; and we were ready to say, hath the Lord sent us here, to be instrumental for the gathering of a people in this country, and hath he suffered the enemy to scatter them in their imaginations. But some time after, the Lord satisfied me, that those who were simple-hearted among them, should be restored again into a more settled condition than they had formerly known; and I believed in the word of the Lord. And in time the Lord broke in among them, and opened the understandings of some of them, and they began to reason among themselves, and saw that they were in darkness; so that most of them were restored again into their first love, and lived and died faithful to Truth.

The Christian spirit that moved Friends, to labor with those who were drawn into separation from them, is hinted at in the following short letter, written in 1669, by John Rouse to Sarah Fell:

DEAR SISTER: We have had several precious meetings since

the General Meeting, for the gathering those who have gone astray; in which the power and glory so irresistibly broke in upon them, that many of them were very much broken, and gave open testimonies against that spirit that had seduced them from the unity of Friends, very much to the satisfaction of the faithful. The power wrought so effectually among them, that Friends had little need to set forth the evil of the course they had followed; for they themselves gave sufficient testimony of the evil thereof. And the bowels of Friends were so enlarged towards them, that I believe there will be meetings appointed for the gathering of them, so long as any, that are honest among them, are left ungathered.

George Fox, in his Journal, writes: We had great service in London this year, and the Lord's Truth came over all; and many that had been out from Truth, came in again this year, confessing and condemning their former outgoings. And again. Several meetings we had with them, and the Lord's everlasting power was over all, and set judgment on that which had run out. In these meetings, which lasted whole days, several who had run out with John Perrot and others, came in again, and condemned that spirit which led them [with him] to keep on their hats when Friends prayed, and when they themselves prayed. Some of them said, that if Friends had not stood, they had been gone, and had fallen into perdition.

Thomas Ellwood also mentions the "memorable meeting appointed to be holden in London, through a Divine opening in the motion of life, in that eminent servant and prophet of God, George Fox; for the restoring and bringing in again those who had gone out from Truth, and the holy unity of Friends therein, by the means and ministry of John Perrot." "When that solemn meeting was appointed at London, for a travail of spirit on behalf of those who had thus gone out, that they might rightly return, and be sensibly received into the unity of the body again, my spirit rejoiced, and with gladness of heart I went to it; as did many more of both city and country; and with great simplicity and humility of mind, did honestly and openly acknowledge our outgoings, and take condemnation and shame to ourselves." "Thus, in the motion of life, were the healing waters stirred, and many, through the

virtuous power thereof, were restored to soundness; and indeed not many were lost. And though most of those who thus returned, were such, as with myself, had before renounced the error and forsaken the practice; yet did we sensibly find, that forsaking without confessing (in case of public scandal), was not sufficient; but that an open acknowledgment (of open offences) as well as forsaking them, was necessary to the obtaining complete remission."

In the latter part of the seventeenth century, Friends in Pennsylvania were much troubled by the course pursued by George Keith. He was a man of considerable abilities and learning, and in his native country, Scotland, had preached, written and suffered imprisonment and hardships for the principles of Friends. He removed to Pennsylvania in 1689, and was appointed teacher to a school set up by Friends.

With a high opinion of his own intellect and attainments, he became dissatisfied if his own ideas were not received by his brethren, and soon began to manifest a contentious spirit. Friends appear to have exercised much patient forbearance, but George became more and more violent and abusive until finally the Monthly Meeting of Philadelphia proceeded to disown him, and George Keith set up a separate meeting.

Thomas Wilson, in 1692, visited Pennsylvania and had several meetings with George Keith and his party. He told them that they were gone from the Lord in an airy flourish, and the wit of man, and had set up a separate meeting, but in a little time the sun of righteousness would shine among them, and drive away the misty doctrines of men, and that they would dwindle and die away, and come to nothing, except such as were most honest, who should return to Truth and Friends.

In 1694 George Keith went over to England to argue his case before Friends there. He attended London Yearly Meeting, which spent ten days in listening to the statements laid before it, and in endeavoring to restore unity, and at last

came to the judgment that George Keith was responsible for the separation, and that he had done ill in printing and publishing those differences as he had done. His rude and passionate behavior prevented his gaining many adherents. He refused to take the advice of the Yearly Meeting, but continued printing unsavory statements. In 1695, his case was again considered and the Yearly Meeting adopted a testimony against him, in which they say that he had "Separated himself from the holy fellowship of the church of Christ," and "ought not to be owned and received as one of us."

He set up a separate meeting, which continued for a few years. But confusion soon began to prevail among his followers. Some of them in Pennsylvania became reconciled to Friends, others joined in membership with other societies. In the Epistle from Philadelphia to London Yearly Meeting in 1697, they say: "Our exercises with the separatists is much over here." Keith himself became an Episcopalian, and was sent over to America by his bishop about the year 1702, in the hope that he might win over to that sect, some of his former associates. He appears to have spent his time principally in New England, where he met with John Richardson, then on a religious visit to Friends in America. John had gone to Lynn to attend the Monthly Meeting there, and the evening before it was held, George Keith came to the house where he was staying, and began railing against Friends, and said they pretended to be against all persecution, but they were not clear, for the Quakers in Pennsylvania and New Jersey had persecuted him, and would have hanged him, but there was some alteration in the government. John replied:

"George this is not true." I then demanded of him, What way our Friends proceeded against him, and what measures they took, as he would insinuate, to bring him to the gallows. But fear began to surprise the hypocrite, and he would not

meddle in the least with the particulars. I then showed the people the falsity of his charge, and the wickedness of his spirit, and the peaceableness of Friends' behavior towards him.

At meeting the next day, George stood up to tell us that he was come in the queen's name, to gather Quakers from Quakerism to the good old mother church, the church of England, as he called it, and that he could prove out of our own books, that we held errors, heresies, damnable doctrines and blasphemies. I stood up and signified to the people what manner of man George Keith was, that he had been publicly disowned and testified against by us. After a time it pleased the Lord to open my mouth, beginning with the words: "In that way you call heresy, do we worship the God of our fathers, believing all things that are written concerning Jesus Christ, both as to his Godhead and manhood, etc. The people appeared very attentive, for the Lord's heavenly, baptizing power was amongst us that day." After John Richardson had ended, George began to exhibit his charges against Friends, and said he could prove them out of our Friends' books. He was now crowded up into the gallery between me and the rail, with a paper in his hand; and I standing over and being taller, could see his quotations and his paraphrases upon them, on which I told him loudly, that all the meeting might hear, That he offered violence to that sense and understanding which God had given him, and that he knew in his conscience we were not that people, neither were our Friends' writings either damnable or blasphemous, as he through envy endeavored to make the world believe, and that he would not have peace in so doing, but trouble from the Lord in his conscience. I spoke in the Lord's dreadful power, and George trembled so much as I seldom ever saw any man do. I pitied him in my heart, yet as Moses said once concerning Israel, I felt the wrath of the Lord go forth against him. George said, Do not judge me. I replied, the Lord judges, and all who are truly one in spirit with the Lord, cannot but judge thee. So he gave over, and it appearing a suitable time to break up the meeting, Friends parted in great love, tenderness and brokenness of heart.

George Keith remained in America about a year, but not

meeting with much success he returned to England, when he obtained a benefice in Sussex. Here he got into dispute with his parishioners, being very exacting in the collection of tithes. There is some reason to hope that he was re-visited by the long-suffering grace of God, for about the year 1714, as he lay on his death-bed, he said to one who visited him, that "He did believe if God had taken him out the world when he went among the Quakers and in that profession, it had been well with him."

We have spoken elsewhere of the small secessions from the Society of Friends which arose out of the military excitement which prevailed in this country at the time of the Revolutionary war. About the commencement of the present century a few members in Ireland left the Society; the ground of this separation was doctrinal. Hannah Barnard of New York, being then in Great Britain on a religious visit appears to have joined in feeling with these unsettled people. Henry Hull, who had travelled with her in America, says that she evinced much love and zeal for the cause of religion, but afterwards imbibed and promulgated "Principles inconsistent with what she had once so zealously propagated, denying the literal accuracy of some parts of the Holy Scriptures, and rejecting the doctrines of the Divinity and atonement of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, for which she was disowned from Society."

Some years after this fresh troubles arose in America springing from the preaching of similar doctrines by Elias Hicks and others, which led to the withdrawal, about the year 1827, from communion with their former brethren, of many thousands of persons in Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Maryland and other States, and occasioned great distress to many who were concerned to uphold our original principles. This breach has

never been healed, but the two bodies, each claiming the name of Friends, have continued to exist side by side.

CHAPTER XVII.

PRAYER, MEETINGS, ETC.

The late John Barclay says the essence of true prayer is a reverential breathing unto the Lord, and a longing of the soul after those things that we need; and he thus relates his own experience:

I remember that after I refrained from repeating those forms of prayer, which were taught me in my childhood, I was much in the habit of kneeling down and repeating extempore prayers, by dint of my natural abilities; this I did for some little time with great fervor of youth and eloquence, even sometimes aloud, both morning and evening, until the Lord opened my eyes in this respect, and gave me clearly to see that these attempts, in my own will, way and time, were but sparks kindled about me, and which availed nothing with Him whose own sacrifices (of his own preparing and kindling) were alone acceptable. Thus in obedience I was made willing to be silent and to seek the Lord, who is nigh at hand, and dwells in the hearts of his people, and is not far from any one of us, if we look for and unto Him. This silence of all the creaturely reasoning powers was very hard to something in me, which would be judging and questioning—very unmeaning did it appear; yet durst I not forbear to meet with my Lord and Master, or to strive to meet with him, day by day, and oftener than the day; and frequently crying, in the depth and sincerity of my heart, unto Him, that He would be pleased to show me the way to call upon Him aright, and what to pray for. I was often in tears, and lay down my head in grief upon my pillow, fearing I should never be made sensible of true prayer, and partake of the privilege of "praying always." The Lord did not long leave me with-

out his blessing, his blessed countenance and presence and comfort; no—He showered, at times, of his merciful goodness into my poor heart, and kindled such love towards himself, such earnest breathings after the further arising, the glorious spreading and increasing exaltation of his name and power and truth, as enabled me truly to praise and bless his holy name, engaged me still more to cleave unto, obey and follow Him in whatsoever He might require.

His experience was similar to that of Isaac Penington, as recorded in one of his letters:

Because my not praying in my family, according to the custom of professors, seemed to be such a great stumbling-block to thee, it sprang up in my heart to render thee this account thereof.

I did formerly apply myself to pray to the Lord, morning and evening (besides other times), believing in my heart that it was the will of the Lord that I should so do. And this was my condition then: Sometimes I felt the living spring open, and the true child breathe towards the Father; at other times I felt a deadness, a dryness, a barrenness, and only a speaking and striving of the natural part, which I, even then, felt was not acceptable to the Lord, nor did profit my soul; but, apprehending it to be a duty, I durst not but apply myself thereto.

Since that time—since the Lord hath again been pleased to raise up what He had formerly begotten in me, and began to feed it by the pure giving forth of that breath of life which begat it (which is the bread that comes down from heaven daily to it, as the Lord pleaseth freely to dispense it), the Lord hath shown me that prayer is his gift to the child which He begets, and that it stands not in the will, or time, or understanding, or affectionate part of the creature, but in his own begetting, which He first breathes upon, and then it breathes again towards Him; and that He worketh this at his own pleasure, and no time can be set Him when He shall breathe or when He shall not breathe; and that when He breathes, then is the time of prayer, then is the time of moving towards Him, and following Him who draws. So that, all my times, and all my

duties, and all my graces, and all my hopes, and all my refreshments, and all my ordinances are in his hand, who is the spring of my life, and conveys, preserves and increases life of his own good pleasure.

I freely confess, all my religion stands in waiting on the Lord, for the riches of his Spirit, and in returning back to the Lord (by his own Spirit, and in the virtue of his own life) that which He pleaseth to bestow on me. And I have no faith, no love, no hope, no peace, no joy, no ability to any thing, no refreshment in any thing, but as I find his living breath beginning, his living breath continuing, his living breath answering and performing what it calls for. So that I am become exceeding poor and miserable, save in what the Lord pleaseth to be to me by his own free grace, and for his own name's sake, and in rich mercy.

James Backhouse records, in his Memoirs, an incident which shows his views in regard to prayer:

The evening was spent pleasantly in the family of a pious settler. After the reading of the Scriptures, a long silence ensued, which was concluded by my stating to the company that I did not apprehend it was my place, at that time, to express anything in the way of exhortation or prayer. On my doing this, the master of the house knelt down with his family, and uttered some petitions. We thought it our place, on this occasion, to keep our seats, and thus to bear a testimony against that disposition which determines, on such occasions, to utter something in the way of prayer; and which has, by this means, a strong tendency to draw the mind away from inward prayer, and to cherish a feeling as if prayer must necessarily be vocal, and might be performed by proxy. We afterwards had some satisfactory conversation on this subject, and on the advantage of cultivating, in silence, an individual inward exercise, and of not engaging in vocal prayer, except when the mind is brought under the feeling of duty in the matter.

When Jacob Lindley and other Friends were attending an

Indian treaty, they met with an instance which illustrated the uselessness of merely formal prayers.

Among the officers of the army was one much addicted to profane swearing, and who was living a licentious life. The Friends, in the freedom of the Truth, told him of his sins; pointed out to him his degraded course of life, and the danger he stood in of eternal punishment. He said, in reply, that he thought no harm would ensue to him for his conduct, for though they might "think it very strange, he never lay down, drunk or sober, without saying his prayers."

Our blessed Saviour had occasion to query, when personally upon earth: "Why call ye me Lord! Lord! and do not the things which I say?" Such language might be addressed to many other professing Christians as well as to the poor, drunken, swearing, licentious, prayer-repeating officer mentioned above. Little good will it do for us to acknowledge our sins in word, and ask daily forgiveness for our trespasses, if we continue in them. "Not every one that sayeth unto me, Lord! Lord! shall enter the kingdom, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

WORSHIP.

James Backhouse, says: In the evening we had a long conversation with a person of religious character, who admits that silent retirement in private is a state most favorable to devotion, but he does not seem to be able to enter into the views of Friends in regard to public worship, at least as respects the silent part of it, and he cannot understand why meetings should sometimes be held wholly in silence. I believe these things are a mystery to many other good men; and unless the Lord open their understandings to see the advantage of this united retirement of soul before Him, I have no expectation that they will understand it by argument. Nevertheless, the matter is so plain to those who have felt the benefit of this mode of worship, that we rarely find they can be

satisfied with any other. In dwelling under the baptizing influence of the Holy Spirit, in reverent stillness before the Lord, a sense is given us of our unworthiness, also of acceptance in the Beloved who died for us; we feel that we become his adopted members, and are bowed in a reverent fear before Him; so that we are brought to watch and wait before the Lord, in meetings and out of them, and to revert to this state of expectation from Him alone, whenever we find ourselves carried away from a sense of his presence being with us.

From Samuel Fothergill's sermon, delivered at Leeds, 1760: It is a communion in spirit, wherein the sanctified soul approaches the Author of spirits with a sacrifice in spirit, when the sacrifice of words shall fail. For there is a communion which language cannot express! A worship that wants not the aid of words, nor is to be defined by a harmony of sounds, in which we approach the sacred Author of unutterable love.

When there was "silence in heaven for the space of half an hour," when the vocal tribute of "holy, holy, holy," and the hallelujahs of sanctified spirits in endless felicity were suspended, their worship continued in awful, holy, solemn, inconceivable silence; it was a rapturous adoration, too copious for language to express! a cloud of incense before the throne of immaculate purity and love; may our minds be gathered to it, let our profession to religion be what it may; and may we experience this Divine communion of saints, and deeply ponder God's unbounded love in solemn silence.

Thus writes Robert Barclay: As there can be nothing more opposite to the natural will and wisdom of man than this silent waiting upon God, so neither can it be obtained nor rightly comprehended by man, but as he layeth down his own wisdom and will, so as to be content to be thoroughly subject to God. And therefore it was not preached nor can be so practised, but by such as find no outward ceremony--no observations—no words —yea, not the best and purest words, even the words of scripture, are able to satisfy their weary and afflicted souls; because where all this may be, the life, power, and virtue which make such things effectual, may be wanting. Such I say were necessitated to cease from all externals, and to be silent be-

fore the Lord; and being directed in that inward principle of light and life in themselves, as the most excellent teacher which can never be removed into a corner, came thereby to be taught to wait upon God in the measure of life and grace received from Him, and to cease from their own forward words and actings, in the natural willing and comprehension, and feel after this inward seed of life; that as it moveth they may move with it, and be actuated by its power and influence, whether to preach, pray, or sing. And so from this principle of man's being silent and not acting in the things of God in himself, until thus actuated by God's light and grace in the heart, did naturally spring that manner of sitting silent together, and waiting together upon the Lord. For many thus principled, meeting together in the pure fear of the Lord, did not apply themselves presently to speak, sing, pray, etc., being afraid to be found acting forwardly in their own wills, but each made it their own work to retire inwardly to the measure of grace in themselves, not being only silent as to words, but even abstaining from all their own thoughts, imaginations, and desires; so watching in a holy dependence on the Lord, and meeting together not only outwardly in one place, but thus inwardly in one spirit, and in the one name of Jesus, which is his power and virtue, they come thereby to enjoy and feel the arisings of this life, which, as it prevails in each particular, becomes as a flood of refreshment, and overspreads the whole meeting.

It is a current opinion among some that silent meetings did not much prevail in the early period of the Society, but its records show that they did often exist. Richard Davies, in 1657, mentions one in which he says: "Though it was silent from words, yet the Word of the Lord God was amongst us; it was as a hammer and a fire; it was sharper than a two-edged sword; it pierced through our inward parts; it melted and brought us unto tears, that there was scarcely a dry eye amongst us: the Lord's blessed power overshadowed our meeting, and I could have said that God alone was Master of that assembly."

When Joseph Oxley settled in the country, he says: After a time, I got my little shop furnished, and myself agree-

ably settled. I had now to consult with my grandmother how I should conduct myself during the time of our week-day meetings, my shop standing by itself; without hesitation, she soon advised me what I should do, and that was, when meeting day came, to shut up my shop, "for," says she: "thy grandfather and I did so, and when we returned from meeting, generally found many customers waiting for us," and believed they never were sufferers by shutting up their shop for the sake of going to a religious meeting. I immediately joined in with my grandmother's advice, being of the same judgment, and sweet, comfortable, edifying meetings we had, such as I trust will make long and lasting impressions on my mind.

In the Journal of Christopher Story, it is related that: Some years after our convincement, being met in the house of Christopher Taylor to wait upon the Lord, his power and presence in a wonderful manner overshadowed us in our sitting together; and there was much brokenness and tenderness on the spirits of Friends, which spread over the whole meeting except three or four persons who sat dry, and they proved not well. I being near the door, saw many in the room filled before the power of the Lord reached me; yet the Lord, in his free love and mercy, was pleased to give me such a share among my brethren, that my heart is always glad when I remember that season of God's love, though now upwards of twenty years ago. And though we were at times plentifully fed with that bread which came down from heaven, and sat together at the Lord's table, where the wing of his power was known to overshadow us; yet at other times the Lord tried us with want; and at a certain time it entered my mind as a weighty consideration why it should be thus, we being the same people, and sometimes had very good and comfortable meetings, and were sometimes very dry and barren in our meeting together. As I was thus concerned in my mind, it opened to me that there should be seed time and harvest, summer and winter, unto the end of the world. So I saw clearly there were times to abound and times to suffer want; and I desired to rest satisfied in the will of God.

William Penn has left an interesting account of a visit, which he in company with some other Friends paid to princess Eliza-

beth of Herwerden. She was a religiously minded woman and received these ministers of the Gospel with great cordiality.

The visitors were welcomed by the princess and her friend the day after their arrival, and were invited to dine with them. They held a religious meeting together, which was so satisfactory that the princess desired another might be appointed, at which several persons were present. William Penn thus speaks of it:

The eternal Word showed itself as a hammer this day; yea, sharper than a two-edged sword, dividing asunder between the soul and the spirit, between the joints and the marrow. Let my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, when I shall forget the loving-kindness of the Lord, and the sure mercies of our God, to us that day.

The following day they paid two visits at this little court; and the day after, which was the first day of the week, they held a meeting there, appointed by the direction of the princess; at which several persons were present, besides those of her household. Among other things, Penn says of this meeting: "The quickening power and life of Jesus wrought and reached them; and virtue from Him in whom dwelleth the Godhead bodily went forth." After this meeting, which held till late in the evening, the visitors took their leave, but not before they had been witnesses of the tender disposition of mind of the princess; who, attempting to set forth her sense of the power and presence of God prevalent among them, could not proceed, but turned herself to the window, and said: "My heart is full, I cannot speak to you."

On the twenty-fifth of Tenth Month, 1834, G. W. Walker and I [James Backhouse] went again to New Norfolk [Van Diemen's Land], where on the following day we held two meetings. In the one of them, a man who is attached to the principles of Friends, reproved some persons for whispering; and afterwards remarked, that our sitting in silence might appear

strange to some, who had not considered the matter, but that, for his own part, he could bear testimony to the benefit of the practice; that before leaving England he had for some time attended a little meeting of Friends, in which, often, not a word was spoken; that when these meetings had been held in silence, he had been more edified, and his mind was turned to the light of Christ, than ever he had been under the most learned, studied discourses; and that he was convinced others would also be thus edified, even in silence, if their minds were turned to the inward manifestations of that light, which is given us, through Jesus Christ.

Joshua Evans found his mind engaged to draw the attention of Friends to the class of bees called drones, who did not work for themselves, but loved to live on the labors of others. He exhorted them when they went to meeting to labor industriously in spirit, that they might know the Lord himself to feed them, and not to spend their time in looking to the servants, and depending on them for spiritual instruction. The servants can give only as it is furnished them, but those who are industrious in waiting on the Lord renew their spiritual strength whether there be any vocal utterance in the meeting or not.

John Parrett, was a resident of Birmingham, England, and died in the year 1840. He had for many years been connected with the Methodists; but not feeling satisfied either with his own spiritual attainments, or with the people with whom he was connected, he attended an afternoon meeting of Friends in Birmingham. The meeting held somewhat longer than usual and was silent, but was favored with a sensible experience of the Divine overshadowing. At its close, John Parrett approached the writer of this article, with the query: "Do you not think, if these people had been waiting on the Lord, as they profess to do, that some one would have had something to say all this time?" The answer to this query was: That it was probable that if all had been sufficiently engaged, there might

have been some testimony; but it seemed that he knew not that Friends believed they could hear Christ by his spirit in their own hearts, without a preacher. After a pause, he said he believed they might, and expressed his desire to know more about the belief of Friends. When he became acquainted with the principles they held as to worship and ministry, and their doctrine, that the true ministers of the Gospel should speak only as they were moved of the Lord, and deliver only that which had been immediately revealed to them, he was concerned to visit several noted preachers among the Methodists, to enquire of them concerning their ministry. His first visit was to a very conspicuous and zealous man; who went out afterwards as a missionary to New Zealand, and was lost by the upsetting of a boat, while passing between the islands. John Parrett conversed with this preacher, saying he had been witness to his zeal and animation, and desired to know whether what he delivered to the people, was received by immediate revelation from the Lord. The preacher replied, it was not; but that the Scriptures were a mine, and he went to them and dug; but perceiving the importance of the query, he declined any further answer. From another who had been very successful, he received a similar reply to his question, with the addition, that he found it written in the Scriptures of Truth: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." This he said with very marked emphasis; but when asked whether he considered those words a standing commission to all who read them, after a considerable pause he replied, they were written to characters, and if he was one of those characters, they were written to him; adding, he must decline any further conversation, or he could not preach that evening. He then visited one who professed to live in a sanctified state, and asked him whether he believed in the immediate direction of the Holy Spirit? He replied, that some old

people amongst them had thought they had come to such a state; but added, we consider such childish.

MEETINGS.

James Gough was a minister in the Society of Friends, residing in Ireland, in the last century. An instructive account of him is to be found in the ninth volume of Friends' Library. The following extract therefrom seems interesting and instructive:

From Dublin I proceeded towards Limerick, by Mountmelick, Mountrath, and Kilconnermore, where John Ashton was then living; a valuable, good man, little inferior to most I have known, in my estimation. Although not eminent for great or shining parts, yet he was a shining light in the county where he resided, in love and good works; a man of great humility and fervor of soul for the promotion of piety; much beloved and esteemed of his neighbors and friends.

When I came to the good old man's house, being now near eighty years of age, he was very much indisposed; and, it being about the middle of the Eighth Month (old style), or October, and the Friends in that part being late with some part of their harvest, he proposed, notwithstanding his infirmity, to accompany me to Limerick, a great day's journey for him when he was well, as the roads were then; and his relations apprehending it too hazardous for him to undertake under his present indisposition, endeavored to dissuade him from it, which made me desirous that he might not suffer in his health or meet with any dissatisfaction of mind.

It proved a fine day; he grew much better, and his conversation was very edifying. Our friends at Limerick rejoiced greatly to see him, being the last time of his being there. Next day being First-day, we had two comfortable meetings there.

On Second-day morning, at parting, he told me he was well paid for coming. He was well and hearty the winter following, and the next spring set forward towards the half-year's meeting at Dublin; but having reached Birr, he found himself unable to go further, returned home, and, after a short illness,

departed this life, leaving behind him a general testimony all round the country on his behalf, as one who had eminently served God, loved mankind, and was greatly beloved by almost every one who knew him.

He and his wife were both convinced at one meeting at Birr, through the powerful ministry of that able and eminent minister of the Gospel, Thomas Wilson. Coming out of that meeting, they said to each other the way of everlasting happiness had been clearly laid down before them, and they were resolved to walk in it, come life or come death.

Not long after, John was thrown into prison for his Christian testimony against the oppressive and anti-Christian yoke of tithes. Being used to work without doors, he was at a loss how to employ his time, but soon learned to make gartering and laces.

When at liberty, he, with his wife, constantly, twice a week, attended the meeting at Birr, generally walking on foot thither, being about seven English miles, and a very bad road, wading through a river in the way, both going and returning. In winter, in crossing this river, they sometimes had the ice to break, and John said he had wept to see the blood on his wife's legs in coming through it. In those days Truth was precious to its professors, who also possessed it, and no difficulties or dangers could prevent them from getting to their religious meetings to enjoy the renewings of Divine love and life with their brethren.

This good man also took great pains to get travelling Friends to appoint meetings at his house, and then to acquaint people thereof, several miles round, travelling for that purpose by night as well as by day, in the winter season and in severe weather, and underwent much reproach for this labor and diligence. Yet he was blest in it, both inwardly and outwardly; many came to the meetings at his house, several were convinced of the Truth, and in process of time a meeting was settled there, and grew larger than that of Birr, out of which it had sprung

At the time of his joining our Society he was in low circumstances; but through industry and the blessing of heaven he grew rich, and did abundance of good, being singularly hospitable, liberal and charitable.

At the above said meeting at Birr, through the ministry of Thomas Wilson, there was also convinced his wife's daughter, Mary, the wife of James Sheppard. This was a great mortification to her husband, who tried various means to reclaim her. At length, a noted preacher being to preach at the worship-house he frequented, he proposed to his wife that, if she would go with him to hear him, he would go with her next Sunday (as he called it) to the meeting at Birr, to which proposal she assented. She went accordingly, and heard fine words and eloquence; but that was not what her soul wanted.

Next First-day, pursuant to his engagement, he went with her to Birr. It proved to be a silent meeting there; yet, through the reverent attendance of the souls of those present upon Christ, the best Minister, they were favored together with his life-giving presence, with the sense of which the said James was reached and tendered into contrition, in the sight of the self-denying path cast up to peace with God. Hereupon, what he little expected at his going to that meeting, he immediately joined in society with Friends, and became a serviceable man in his station.

A testimony of Stephen Grellet, recorded in 1805:

I have been very sensible, during these weeks past, that the low state in which I find our Society, meeting after meeting, is owing to their having departed from that retiredness of spirit, and lowliness of mind, which characterized our former Friends and the primitive Christians. They have retained, indeed, to a certain degree, the outward profession, but too few continue in the life. What a neglect is mournfully prevailing in many families to train them up in a religious life and conversation, consistently with our Christian profession; nevertheless, the Lord has a precious remnant preserved in almost every place, to whom I feel nearly united. Through many baptisms He has brought them and preserved them, and I have faith to believe that, though this people may be chastened to purify them, they will not be forsaken; and from among the children—yea, from generations yet unborn—will arise such as will magnify the name of the Lord, their Redeemer.

SCRIPTURES.

Isaac Penington says: We do, indeed, really, heartily, singly, as in God's sight, own the Scriptures—the Scriptures written by the prophets and holy men of God, under the law—the Scriptures written by the evangelists and apostles in the time of the Gospel—and we read them with delight and joy, and would draw no man from a right reading of them, to the benefit of his soul, but only from giving their own judgment on them, without the Spirit of God, lest in so doing they wrest them to their own destruction. This is that which the Lord hath drawn us from, and which we know it would also be profitable to others to be drawn from too; to wit: from imagining and guessing the meaning of the Scriptures, and interpreting them without the opening of that Spirit from which they were given forth; for they who do so feed that part with a gathered knowledge, which should be famished, die and perish, that another thing might come to live in them and they in it.

George Whitehead says: I always had a love to the Bible and to reading therein, from my childhood, yet did not truly understand nor experience those doctrines essential to salvation, nor the new covenant dispensation, until my mind was turned to the light of Christ, the living, eternal Word, the entrance whereof giveth light and understanding to the simple. Yet I do confess it was some advantage to me frequently to read the Holy Scriptures, when I was ignorant, and did not understand the great and essential things therein testified of. For when the Lord had, livingly, in some measure opened my understanding in the Holy Scriptures, by my often reading the same before, having the better remembrance thereof, it was a help and advantage to my secret meditations when a lively sense and comfort of the Scriptures was, in measure, given me by the Spirit, and thereby I was the more induced to the serious reading and consideration of what I read in the Holy Scriptures, and the comfort thereof made known by the Holy Spirit enlightening the understanding. It is through faith which is in Christ that the Holy Scriptures are said to make the man of God wise unto salvation, and profitable to him for

doctrine, reproof, admonition and instruction in righteousness, that he may be perfect and thoroughly furnished in every good word and work. Doubtless Paul esteemed Timothy's knowing the Holy Scriptures from a child to be some advantage and help to him, but it was principally through faith, which is in Christ Jesus.

These things considered, I would not have Christian parents remiss in educating and causing their children to read the Holy Scriptures, but to induce them both to learn and frequently to read therein. It may be of real advantage, and profitable to them, when they come to have their understandings enlightened, and to know the Truth as it is in Christ Jesus. I have sometimes observed children, in reading the Bible, have been affected with the good things they have read, from a secret belief of them, which hath had such impression that they have been induced to a more serious consideration thereof, when the Lord has opened their understandings, in some measure, by the light of his grace in them.

By what I have here declared in commendation of Holy Scripture, and the advantage thereof, I would not be understood to limit the gift of the Spirit of God, or ministry thereof, or any of his Divine graces, from the illiterate, the unlearned, or from persons of little education—as ploughmen, herdsmen, shepherds, fishermen, etc. For God hath given of his good Spirit and spiritual gifts to such, and hath promised "to pour out of his Spirit upon all flesh; and that sons and daughters should prophesy." And Moses said: "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that He would put his Spirit upon them." Among whom both men and women, learned and unlearned, are included.

When Samuel Bownas was travelling in New England, he had an appointed meeting at Newbury, of which he says:

The priest came, and did all he could to hinder the people from coming in, and made a great noise concerning the danger of our principles and doctrines. I endeavored to press him to show wherein, but he evaded that as much as he could, and charged in general. Being closely pressed, at last he pitched upon our denying the Scriptures, baptism and the supper, and

the resurrection of the body. I bid him hold, and first prove that we denied the Scriptures, and so the rest in order, as they came in course. I asserted that we owned the Scripture, and he said we did not; I demanded proof of him, otherwise he must be concluded a false accuser. He went about it, but could make nothing of it. When he had said what he could, I told him his accusation relating to the Scriptures must be false, for it was publicly known that, both in our preaching, and also in our writings, frequent recourse was had to the text to prove our doctrine, and this must be a plain demonstration and proof that we owned the Scriptures. The people allowed this to be right; and he, coming off so lame at first, would proceed no further in that public manner, but would have me go to his house and talk these matters over in his closet. I told him his meeting-house was more proper for such a conference than his closet, and there I would meet him when he pleased. I had heard he treated the doctrines held by us very unhandsomely in his pulpit, where he knew none dared to oppose him; and if he would clear these things up, I should be pleased with an opportunity to hear him do it in as public a way as he had defamed us, either to make proof of his charges or retract them; but he would not permit any such thing.

The controversies into which Friends were sometimes drawn in defence of their doctrines, are often instructive reading at this day; clearly showing the views they held, and giving strong arguments in support of them. Samuel Bownas describes an interview between himself and some other Friends at Jedburgh and some of the people in that neighborhood, who called upon them at the inn where Friends were tarrying:

The conversation was chiefly religious, and one of the first topics discussed was the rule of faith and practice, Samuel Robinson managing the argument on behalf of Friends. After they had proceeded for some time, Samuel Bownas desired liberty to ask a few questions, which was promptly granted. He says: "I began to state the difference between us thus: 'We all agree that the Scriptures are a rule of faith and practice; do we not?' This was granted. 'The difference lies here, if

I take it right: we say it is a rule; you say it is the only rule; this is the point in dispute, is it not?' This was likewise granted. Then I proceeded thus: 'Allowing what you say to be true, it must be considered that all instrumental rules are made, whether they relate to spiritual or temporal affairs, and must be contrived and adapted to answer the end for which they are made.' This was allowed also. 'And as the text is a rule made, contrived and adapted for spiritual affairs, who made it so, since the text could not make itself?' Here was a long pause. At last one replied: 'Holy men writ as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.' Here was a long pause again. 'And,' said I, 'is this your mind?' 'It is the plain words of the text,' said another. 'Granting this, then it must, by your concession, be allowed that the Spirit gave forth or made the Scriptures, by the medium of holy men; therefore the Spirit gave forth the text; now judge you whether a rule made, or the author who made that rule, be subordinate.' There was a pause for a little while, and one of the company said: 'You are done! you are done!' meaning they had lost the victory; 'the Scriptures must be subordinate to the Spirit that gave them forth.' I replied thus: 'We believe, concerning the text, that it is a rule, and the best external rule we have: but that the Spirit, which gave it us by the medium of holy men, is the principal rule of faith and practice.' Thus this debate ended."

They then debated the subjects of water baptism, and taking the bread and wine, which held not long, Friends showing that there was no Scriptural obligation in these ceremonies; that, at best, these were acknowledged to be only external symbols, and that where the spiritual substance signified by them was enjoyed, the type was unnecessary. Their visitors soon gave up the point, and turned to Gospel ministry, saying they knew how their preachers came by theirs, viz., by learning and the authority of the presbytery; but they wanted to know how it was among Friends. Samuel Robinson reasoned the matter with them for some time, and then observed that, as he was not engaged in the ministry, he would refer them, for further information, to his brethren, who were. A pretty long silence ensued, and other subjects of discourse were introduced, until S. Bownas says: "I could no longer withhold;"

feeling a pressure on his spirit to open to them the nature and manner of his call to that solemn work. He began with his childhood, as follows, viz:

"My father was a cordwainer, who lived by his trade of making shoes, and died before I was a month old, leaving my mother a small patrimony of about four pounds a year to keep herself, me and one son more, who was about seven years old when my father died. My mother gave me a religious education in this same way. When I was fit to go to school, I was sent there until I was ten or eleven years old, and then was taken from school and put to keep sheep, my earnings, though very small, giving some assistance to my mother, who had bound my brother an apprentice. I was kept close to attend the flock when wanted, and afterwards put an apprentice to a blacksmith, still going to our own meetings, but did not understand the rudiments of the religion I was trained up in, but was addicted to the pleasures of the times. When I went to meeting, I knew not how to employ my thoughts; and often, yea, very often, the greatest part of the meeting, for want of a proper employment of thought, I spent in sleeping; for the preaching, which was pretty much, I did not understand. Thus two or three years of my apprenticeship I spent with very little sense of God or religion."

He then related the manner of his awakening, his inward exercises, the teachings of the Holy Spirit in his heart, his call to the ministry by this Spirit, his obedience thereto, and growth in his gift, the constraining power of the Almighty leading him forth in the service of the Gospel in different parts, the good order settled among Friends in liberating ministers to travel from home in that work; and producing his certificates from his brethren at home, read them, all which seemed greatly to the satisfaction of the visitors. The narrative proceeds:

The night, by the time this was over, being far spent, it being some time past the middle, a reckoning was called, and they would not allow us to pay any part thereof, but took leave

of us with great affection; and the country gentleman, who was assisting to our liberty, gave us a very kind invitation to his house, which we received thankfully; but being engaged in our minds for England, had not freedom to go with him; so we parted in a very loving and friendly manner.

We being now left to ourselves, I had an opportunity to reflect on what had passed, and to examine my whole conduct all that day; a practice I frequently used, after a more than common day's service; and indeed after every opportunity of an enlargement in my gift, by experience finding the best instructor in my own bosom, to show where I hit the matter or missed it. In considering why I began so low as my father, setting forth my manner of education and trade, which seemed to have no relation to my call to the ministry, I saw the reason thereof to be, that they might not think my ministry to have, in the least, any dependence upon literature; a qualification much depended on for the work of the ministry amongst them, and some of them will not take any notice of any other sort; if a man, for they will not admit a woman to have any part in this work, be never so divinely fitted by the Spirit, yet if he want human learning, it is all nothing with them. Thus the wisdom of Truth, which I did not see so plainly at first, appeared to my understanding very clearly; and on a close and narrow inspection into this day's work, I found inward peace, a joy sprang in my heart that I could not set forth by words.

I have been more particular in the relation of this day's work than I otherwise should have been, as containing in it such signal marks of Providence; first, that we should be detained in hold, just till the people from the country were come in; and then set at liberty to say what the Lord gave us. And thirdly, that we had so seasonable an opportunity to explain our practice as to the ministry, the conduct of the Society towards them, and likewise the service of our Monthly Meetings respecting the poor, marriages, admonishing offenders, making up differences, granting of certificates to such as saw cause to remove themselves from one Monthly Meeting to another, as well as to ministers. Their showing so much kindness, and raising no objection to anything said on these

heads, plainly demonstrated their good liking and satisfaction therewith.

When Joseph Glaister and Thomas Story were in Virginia, in 1705, they were challenged to a dispute by a priest named Monro. The first point was on water-baptism. The second was on the possibility of being made free from sin in this life. The third was, whether Christ ever gave power to his apostles and ministers to force a maintenance. In treating the first and second questions, Joseph was so enabled to uphold the Truth, that Monro was foiled, and not willing to enter on the third. He said: "Mr. Glaister, you are a much younger man than I am, and stronger, and can hold an argument longer. I confess you have a close way of reasoning, though I think I have the truth on my side, but can hold out no longer." Thomas Story says: "Being hot weather, and he, an elderly man, grew so weary, weak and faint, that he could scarcely be heard.

In a dispute which Thomas Story had with another priest a few days after, the priest commenced with asserting, that the Quakers never used the Lord's prayer in their meetings, although Christ had commanded his disciples that they should thus pray; and finished by saying, the Quakers are no Christians. Thomas, in reply, stated that although the words of that prayer were not often repeated entire in our meetings, yet they were frequently referred to, and explained, and that they were sometimes repeated verbatim. The priest said: "I never heard you, and who else here ever did." Several of the audience said: "I have," "I have," and a lawyer said: "I have heard Joseph Glaister now present, in particular, use it, and others also." The priest then dropped the charge.

When Samuel Bownas was at Newbury, Massachusetts, he says:

A man who lived in that place, being newly convinced, was very desirous of a meeting at his house, which I consented to; and when the time came, his wife not being pleased that we came to hold a meeting, would not permit us to enter the house, but kept the doors locked against us, being, as was said, advised to it by some of their teachers. I took a turn round the house, and happened to have some conference with her at the window, first assuring her, that we had no design to put her husband to any charge, but only to let us have house-room for about two hours to hold a meeting, adding, that it illy became a wife to keep her husband out of his house at such a time. By reasoning the case with her, after a little while she opened the door, and would have us to go in, but I had not freedom.

A place to hold the meeting was then got ready, being a large building like a barn, and we sat down, being a few Friends, and in a little time many people came, amongst whom, as it was said, were six preachers. After some time a young woman stood up who had a good gift, but the people behaved very rudely, so that it put her out of countenance, and she sat down. Then stood up Lydia Norton, a famous minister, none more so of that country, who had an excellent gift, and knew how to conduct herself in it; but all this did not avail, the people grew worse and worse in their behavior. Lydia having a strong voice, extended it very loud, but to no purpose, for the people were as loud as she, calling for a dram, and sporting themselves in their folly, so she sat down. A young man, called Joshua Paddington, then stood up; and the people behaved worse, raking up his former faults, and calling for a can of flip, for he could drink as well as they; he having been a companion with them in fishing, they made very free with him, so he shut up.

By this time the meeting was exceedingly numerous, and continued enlarging very much. It came into my mind, to stand up and take out my Bible, which I did, for I always travelled with one in those days, finding a considerable service in it at times. I opened it, and put my finger on it, as though I would take my text, but I said nothing for some considerable time, till all was quiet. The people continued in great

confusion for a while, till some of them observed my book; then they began to still one another, urging as a reason for it, that I had the word of God in my hand, such a great regard they paid to my Bible. In a little time all was quiet; then I opened my mouth, and said, I am an Englishman; and enumerated the many lands and places I had travelled in, but had never met with any people of such a behavior as these were; referring to them to advise me what account I must give of the people of Newbury at my return into England. A comely gentleman-like man said, in excuse for the behavior of the people, "As for women's preaching we hold it unlawful, because St. Paul hath forbid it, therefore we think it not proper to give them a hearing; and as for the man, we know him perhaps better than you, and cannot think him qualified for that undertaking; but you seem to be a gentleman of sense, and we will hear you." I replied, that as for women's preaching, if any of you, after this meeting is over, are willing to hear what I have to say in favor of it, I shall be willing to give you the best account I can, why I think it is lawful; and if any of you can show better reasons against it, I shall as willingly hear them. And as for the young man, I grant you may, as he is a neighbor, have had a better knowledge of his former conduct in life, than I can pretend to; but allowing that he may, in time past, have been loose, that argues not against giving him a hearing; for how know you, but that as Saul did, he might condemn his past life and give you an example, by his present conduct, to reform; for which reasons you ought to have heard with patience what he had to say to you.

The same gentleman replied: "I said very right, they ought to have heard him: but I pray you speak what you have to say freely; and I charge all present to make no disturbance or interruption; if they do, in the queen's name, I will commit them." By these words I found he was in the commission of the peace. Then I began, with saying, that religion without righteousness was useless, and could not profit those who possessed it. And going on, I came in the course of my service to recite the great improvement true religion made in the minds of those who lived in it, by giving them power over their

lusts and passions; repeating that text in James i: 26: "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain." One of the throng said: "Sir, you impose upon us, there is no such text." I made a full stop, and turned to it; and many Bibles then appeared. I repeated chapter and verse and they turned to it. Then I asked them, if they had it? They replied, they had. Then I read both the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh verses, and asked if it was so in their Bibles, they answered, it was. I then desired them to consider whether I that repeated the text, or he that said there was no such text, was most in the right. I went on with my opening, carefully minding my guide: and in the course of the doctrine I had in my view, I came to treat of faith, and distinguished between true and false faith, showing, that notwithstanding we might give our assent to the truth of what was called the apostles' creed, or any other made and drawn up by men, and might be zealous to dispute and contend for the truth of these creeds; yet if we did not lead Christian lives, we were but unbelievers; "For faith without works is dead," as the text tells us. At these last words one cried out: "You impose upon us, there is no such text." I immediately stopped and turned to it, and quoted it, and all who had Bibles made search. There being a profound silence, I read the text, asking if it was so in their books? They all replied it was.

MARRIAGE.

Among a people who lived in such close communion with their heavenly Father as did our early Friends, it might reasonably be expected that in such an important matter as marriage, they would be especially careful to seek for the Divine guidance and blessing. Several of them have related their experience in this matter. When Richard Davies was a young man he settled in London, but soon became uneasy, remembering that his native country Wales was barren and uninhabited with Friends and Truth. He says:

I reasoned that I was alone, like a pelican in the wilderness,

or a sparrow on the house-top. But the Lord still commanded me to go, showing that He would provide a helpmeet for me. I prayed unto Him that she might be of his own providing, for it was not yet manifest to me where she was, or who she was. But one time as I was at Horsleydown meeting in Southwark, I heard a woman Friend open her mouth by way of testimony against an evil ranting spirit, that did oppose Friends much in those days. It came to me from the Lord, that that woman was to be my wife, and to go with me to the country, and to be an helpmeet for me. After meeting I drew somewhat near to her but spoke nothing, nor took any acquaintance with her, nor did I know when or where I should see her again. I was very willing to let the Lord order it as it seemed best to himself, and therein I was easy; and in time the Lord brought us acquainted one with another. I told her, if the Lord did order her to be my wife, she must come with me to a strange country, where there were no Friends, but what God in time might call and gather to himself. Upon a little consideration, she said: If the Lord should order it so, she must go with her husband, though it were to the wilderness. At one time as they were waiting upon the Lord together, she arose and declared that in the name and power of God she consented to be my wife, and to go along with me whither the Lord should order us; and I said, in the fear of the Lord, I receive thee as the gift of God to me.

Soon after their marriage they went to Wales.

Robert Barclay, the author of the celebrated "Apology," married Christian Molleson, a worthy young woman of Aberdeen, Scotland. The letter in which he avowed his attachment has been preserved, and is a remarkable document. It was dated the twenty-eighth of First Month, 1669, and written when he was twenty-one years of age. It is as follows:

DEAR FRIEND:—Having for some time past had it several times upon my mind, to have saluted thee in this manner of writing, and to have entered into a literal correspondence with thee, so far as thy freedom could allow: I am glad that this small occasion hath made way for the beginning of it.

The love of thy converse, the desire of thy friendship, the sympathy of thy way, and meekness of thy spirit, has often, as thou may'st have observed, occasioned me to take frequent opportunity to have the benefit of thy company; in which I can truly say, I have often been refreshed, and the life in me touched with a sweet unity, which flowed from the same in thee—tender flames of pure love have been kindled in my bosom towards thee, and praises have sprung up in me to the God of our salvation, for what He hath done for thee! Many things in the natural will concur to strengthen and encourage my affection towards thee, and make thee acceptable unto me; but that which is before all and beyond all, is, that I can say in the fear of the Lord, that I have received a charge from Him to love thee, and for that I know his love is much towards thee; and his blessing and goodness is and shall be unto thee so long as thou abidest in a true sense of it.

John Croker mentions that when he began to think of a married state, his thoughts were turned towards a virtuous young woman, in the county of Cornwall. He says:

I was not hasty in proceeding, but well considered it, and laid the thing before the Lord in my heart, desiring that if it were not the Lord's pleasure it should be so, He would remove it out of my mind, or else that He would increase my love towards her, which I found still continued with me. But when I was retired before the Lord, I could think of her with an abundance of sweetness, although I had not seen her for some time, nor ever (that I remember) had been in her company above twice, she living at about twenty-six miles distance from me, and I had not been more than once at their house. So in seasonable time we accomplished our intentions of marriage, to the good liking and well wishes of our relatives and friends, being satisfied the Lord sanctioned our affections, and that by his spirit we were united.

DECLINE.

The Society of Friends appears to have continued increasing in numbers in England to the close of the reign of William

III., who died in 1702. After that time, it would seem that there were no such large accessions to its membership as had marked the earlier periods of its history. For this, several reasons may be assigned: One was the lowered condition of vital religion in Great Britain, of which historical writers speak as a marked feature of the early and middle part of the eighteenth century. Of this period Green, in his "History of the English People," says:

In the middle class the old Puritan spirit lived on unchanged, and it was from this class that a religious revival burst forth at the close of Walpole's administration, which changed, for a time, the whole tone of English society. But during the fifty years which preceded this outburst, we see little save a revolt against religion and against churches in either the higher classes or the poor. Among the wealthier and more educated Englishmen, the progress of free inquiry, the aversion from theological strife, which had been left behind them by the civil wars, the new political and material channels opened to human energy, were producing a general indifference to all questions of religious speculation or religious life. In the higher circle "every one laughs," said Montesquieu, on his visit to England, "if one talks of religion." Of the prominent statesmen of the time, the greater part were unbelievers in any form of Christianity, and distinguished for the grossness and immorality of their lives. Purity and fidelity to the marriage vows were sneered out of fashion.

The masses of the poor were ignorant and brutal to a degree which it is hard to conceive; for the increase of population which had followed on the growth of towns, and the development of commerce, had been met by no effort for their religious or educational improvement. The rural peasantry were left without much moral or religious training of any sort. Much of this social degradation was due to the apathy and sloth of the priesthood. Bishop Burnet brands the English clergy of his day as the most lifeless in Europe, the most remiss of their labors in private, and the least severe of their lives.

It was but reasonable to expect that the Society of Friends

would be, to some extent, affected by the causes which operated on the other inhabitants of England. In Abbey and Overton's "History of the English Church in the Eighteenth Century," it is said the "Sect throve under persecution;" and "between the passing of the Toleration Act and the end of William III.'s reign, it made great progress. After that it began gradually to decline. This was owing to various causes. Some share in it may, perhaps, be attributed to the continued effects of the general religious lethargy which had set in some years before, but may now have begun to spread more visibly among the classes from which Quakerism was chiefly recruited." "It may be added that, as the century advanced, there gradually came to be, within the confines of the national church, a little more room than had lately existed for the upholders of various mystical tenets." Although the authors of the work from which I am quoting, thus refer to the spiritual views of Friends as "mystical," yet, in the remarks which follow, they show that they were not insensible to their truth and importance. They speak of the faithful witness borne by the Quakers to the "sense of a present life-giving Spirit," when it was feeblest and most neglected elsewhere." And they add:

If Quaker principles, instead of being embodied in a strongly antagonistic form, as tenets of an exclusive and often persecuted sect, had been transfused into the general current of the national religious life, they would have contributed the very elements of which the spiritual condition of the age stood most in need. Not only in the moderate and constantly instructive pages of "Barclay's Apology for the Quakers," but also in the hostile expositions of their views, which we find in the works of their opponents, there is frequent cause for regret that so much suggestive thought should have become lost to the Church at large. The Church would have gained in power, as well as in comprehension, if their views on some points had been fully accepted as legitimate modes of orthodox belief. English Christianity would have been better pre-

pared for its formidable struggle with the Deists, if it had freely allowed a wider margin for diversity of sentiment in several questions on which the Quaker opinion almost universally differed from that of the churchmen of the age.

They had been among the first to turn with horror from those stern views of predestination and reprobation which, until the middle of the seventeenth century, had been accepted by the great majority of English Protestants without misgiving. It was doctrine utterly repugnant to men whose cardinal belief was in the light that lighteth every man. The same principle kept even the most bigoted among them from falling into the prevalent opinion which looked upon the heathen as altogether without hope and without God in the world. They, almost alone of all Christian missionaries of that age, pointed their hearers to a light of God within them which should guide them to the brighter radiance of a better revelation. Nor did they scruple to assert that "There be members of this Catholic Church, both among heathens, Jews and Turks, men and women of integrity and simplicity of heart, who, though blinded in some things of their understanding and burdened with superstition, yet being upright in their hearts before the Lord and loving to follow righteousness, are by the secret touches of the holy light in their souls, enlivened and quickened, thereby secretly united to God, and thereby become true members of this Catholic Church."* Such expressions would be generally assented to, in our day, as embodying sound and valuable truths, which cannot be rejected on account of errors which may sometimes chance to attend them. At the beginning of the eighteenth century there were few, except Quakers, who were willing to accept from a wholly Christian point of view the element of truth contained in the Deistical argument of "Christianity as old as the Creation."

When Quakers found that its more reasonable tenets could be held, and find a certain amount of sympathy in the Church of England, it quickly began to lose its strength. A remark of Boswell's, in 1776, that many a man was a Quaker without his knowing it, could scarcely have been made in the corresponding year of the previous century. At the earlier date

*Barclay's "Apology for the Quakers."

there was almost nothing in common between the Church of England and a sect which, both on its strongest and weakest side, was marked by conspicuous antagonism to established opinions. At the latter date Quakerism had, to a great extent, lost both its mystic and emotional monopolies. After a few years' hesitation, Southey concluded that he need not join the Quakers simply because he disliked "attempting to define what has been left indefinite."

The testimony borne in the preceding extracts to the spread in the community of some of the principles advocated by the Society of Friends is interesting in itself, as an illustration of the remark that has often been made—that among professors of Christianity there has been a gradual approach to the spiritual views of religion held by early Friends. And it is very possible that it has been one of the causes which have hindered the increase in the number of its members, as suggested in the above extract from Abbey and Overton's work.

John Hunt, in his history of "Religious Thought in England," speaks of the rise of the Quakers as a recoil against mere ceremonial:

The steeple-houses against which George Fox cried out as temples of idol-worshippers, were the churches of England when in possession of Presbyterians, Independents and Baptists. They had cast down Laud and his priests. They had rejected them and their pretensions to be channels of grace and conduit-pipes of the Divine favor, but these sects were still clinging to the dead letter of a book. They were still trusting in ordinances, to some extent unconscious how much they were retaining of what they really supposed they had rejected when they put down the bishops. The church was their idol-temple, and the Bible the idol which they worshipped. "We have a sure word of prophecy," said the minister of the church at Nottingham; "it is the Scriptures by which all doctrines, religions and opinions, are to be tried." George Fox was present. He cried out: "It was not the Scriptures, but the Holy Spirit by which holy men of God gave forth the Scrip-

tures, whereby opinions, religions and judgments are to be tried." That Spirit, he said, leads into all truth. The Jews had these Scriptures; and yet resisted the Holy Ghost. They rejected the "Bright and Morning Star," and persecuted Him and his disciples. They professed to try their doctrines by the Scriptures, but they did not try them aright, because they did it without the spirit of God.

This error of trusting to the mere letter of the Bible, Fox detected in every detail of belief and practice. There might be external worship in the Church; there might be preaching, sacraments, sacrifices, but what are these if there is no Spirit in them? God dwells not in temples made with hands. It is not the water baptism which saves, but the answer of a good conscience. It is not ceremonies which justify, nor even belief in an external Christ. It is Christ within who is to us both justification and sanctification. The battle of the Quakers was for the reality against the shadow, for the substance at the expense of the form, for the law in its Spirit even at the risk of sacrificing the law in the letter.

The Journals and writings of faithful members of the Society of Friends, in the early part of the eighteenth century, show that they were very sensible of a falling away from the zeal and earnestness which had previously been marks of Friends. Deborah Bell, of London, in 1717, writes to Joseph Pike, that a living ministry is almost lost amongst us.

In 1731, Thomas Story mentions being at Bristol, where he said: "There are two great meetings of Friends; but the greatest part being young, many of them are hardly distinguishable from the world by any outward appearance, either in speech or habit."

Some of the Lord's servants have been favored with a sense that a renewed visitation of Divine Grace would be extended. The following was expressed by Ann Jones in Stockport meeting, the twenty-eighth of First Month, 1841:

A salutation of encouragement springs in my heart this morning to the mourners present, the tried, the proved ones;

to some who may be said to be the Lord's poor and afflicted children, for such there are in this company I do believe; and although it is a day of discouragement and treading down in our poor, scattered, backsliding and worldly-minded society, yet I would say to these, Cast not away your confidence, cast not away the shield as though it had not been anointed with oil, for I have seen a brighter day that is about to dawn; and though I may not see it with the natural eye, yet I have seen it in this meeting in that which cannot deceive, and never has deceived me. And I do believe a brighter day is approaching; for the Almighty will have a people professing as we do, that will show forth his praise to the nations, and He will yet overturn the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to naught the counsel of the prudent, and show himself to be God over all, blessed for ever. He will work, and who shall hinder? bringing forth as He did our early predecessors and forefathers in the Truth, from all the lo here's and lo there's, out from amongst the world's people, from the will and wisdom of man, living in the faith of the Gospel, not in their own righteousness but in the righteousness of the saints. And if some present who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and are afraid to offend him, are but willing to abide in the patience and the faith, this language will assuredly be fulfilled in their experience, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace—and if willing to abide therein, they will come forth as fine gold, bearing the inscription of holiness to the Lord, as prepared and qualified vessels sanctified and fitted for the Master's use, sent to preach among the nations the unsearchable riches of Christ. These will be permitted at times to sit under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit will be pleasant to their taste; you who are hungry and thirsty will have to come to the waters, and he that hath no money may come and eat that which is good; and let your souls delight in fatness, for his hand is full of blessings, and in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength, for the Lord God Omnipotent, Omniscient, Omnipresent, reigneth over all.

A letter from Oliver Paxson, of New Hope, Pennsylvania, dated Ninth Month, 1803, contains some profitable remarks

on a gradual declension in the Society of Friends in this country. It says:

Soon after the close of the French war, there was a considerable advance in the price of country produce; Friends began to add house to house, and field to field; places of business were enlarged; to accommodate which, recourse was had to hired or bought servants, often of bad characters, and these mixed with Friends' children; with which, other circumstances combined, such as the keeping two fires in one family, perhaps two tables, etc., and thus eagerly pursuing the things of this life, opportunities of solid retirement became less frequent, and not so much zeal in getting young people to week-day meetings; for we had not only First-day morning and week-day meetings, but in summer, meetings in the afternoon of First-days; also, Quarterly, Monthly, General, and Youth's meetings; all of these, since my time, were strictly attended by faithful Friends. But as the desire of outward gain increased, those meetings, particularly in the afternoon, became burdensome; and parents began to go themselves in the morning, and send their young folks in the afternoon. This gave rise to complaints of disorder among the youth; and, to remedy these, the language was, among the active part of Society, "lay them down; for they are rather places of corruption than improvement."

On this occasion, my mouth was first opened in meetings of discipline, in support of them; for I could recollect the sheds, the shades, the school-houses, and other places, where my soul had very memorable baptisms. But down they went, and in a while the Youths' meetings, and most of our General meetings, were also laid down. "The love of money is indeed the root of all evil, when the gift is preferred to the Giver. The wonderful lengths many of our Society have gone in speculations, some in land, some in trade to sea; and, shall I say, some in English horses;—too little of the yea and nay amongst us in our traffic, and intercourse in the world.

DREAMS.

The importance of being preserved in a state of humility is shown by the following anecdote. A ministering Friend re-

siding in England, under a religious concern paid a visit to the meetings in Ireland in which service he was eminently favored. In his meditation, after his return home, on the evident Divine influence attending his ministry, spiritual pride crept in, while in this critical condition he was instructed by a dream. He thought he was walking on a plain, reflecting on his late visit to Ireland—the wonderful service he had had there—and exulting in his increase of spiritual experience. As he was thus engaged, he perceived a person of lofty stature approaching him. Full of presumption he advanced to meet the new-comer, and demanded his name: "My name is Self," said the giant. "Well," added the other, "I will kill thee." He thought in his dream that he immediately commenced the attack, and after a sharp contest, succeeded in beating Self to death. He then renewed his walk, and in addition to his former cause of inward gratulation, he now with much satisfaction thought over his last valorous exploit. Whilst thus engaged, he beheld approaching a figure closely resembling the giant he had just killed, but of more than twice the size. As this majestic person drew near, he was met with the same question which had greeted the other—"Who art thou?" "I am Self," was the answer. "I thought I had killed thee," said the puffed-up preacher, "But I will do it again." So saying, he vigorously assailed this formidable enemy, and after a very severe and desperate struggle, succeeded in destroying him. Now again he began to meditate on his great deeds; when he saw before him a person, featured as the two others, but of immense stature, his head reaching to the clouds. He approached, and to the demand of his name, was answered, "I am Self." Once more a combat commenced; but it was soon apparent that this new giant was coming off victor. The poor crest-fallen dreamer was brought to the ground, and perceived as he thought, his death inevitable. Then indeed, he

thought of One, whose arm of power could bring aid and safety in any difficulty. His heart seemed humble, secret prayer was begotten to the Source of strength, his faith was renewed, and Self vanished. Then ended his dream. As he pondered over its different parts, the delusion he had been previously under, was made clearly manifest to his mind. In tears and true contrition of heart he looked to the Source of every good and perfect gift, and received therefrom a renewal of that humility and fear, which in the days of his youthful visitations were given to him.

Isaac Horner had been much troubled by the course of his son Samuel, who had finally entered the army. Yielding to these anxieties he became much depressed, and his nervous condition awakened the anxieties of his friends. One morning his daughter, Elizabeth Watson, informed him she had on the previous night a remarkable dream, which she related to him. The narrative has been preserved seemingly in the words of the dreamer:

Methought I was standing in a large and stately mansion, amidst an immense throng of people moving about with noise and bustle, and while gazing about me in wonder, I was informed that this was the entrance to the infernal regions, and that hell was beneath me. I fled in terror, escaped from the building, ran across a large field and halted for breath on a stile that crossed the fence on the farther side; when a person approached and presented me with something in the shape of a cross, bidding me calm my fears and assuring me that while I preserved that cross no harm could befall me, and that I might return in safety. Prompted by curiosity I again entered the building, and being invited to enter the lower regions, I proceeded, holding fast to my cross. As I entered, satan himself came forward, fawning and cringing, paying the greatest attention, and escorting me through the place. There, much to my horror, I saw many persons in torment some of whom I recognized. At one time, hearing a terrible noise, I

inquired the occasion of it, and was told that a very bad man was coming below, whose name was mentioned. While terrified at these things I became less watchful and unfortunately lost my cross. In a moment all was changed, satan sprang at me with fiend-like fury, tore out my heart, and held it quivering in his hand. For a time I felt all the horrors of the damned. Just then, while the eyes of the devil were off me as he was placing my heart in safe keeping, I gazed around me in despair, and espied my cross lying unnoticed on the ground at some distance: with a desperate effort I seized it, and in a moment was made whole as before, with the fiend bowing and cringing at my side again.

Among other questions put to me by satan, he inquired: "What sort of a man is your father?" I replied: "He has been pious from his youth." "So I have heard," he replied, "but I have hopes of him yet." After the recovery of my cross I made my escape as soon as possible.

Isaac Horner listened with profound interest to this narrative as it fell from the lips of his daughter, and on hearing that satan had hopes of him yet, he started up exclaiming: "Has he so! but I'll cheat him;" and from that time he became effectually roused and restored to his strength and energy of mind. The record adds that the man whose name was mentioned as being introduced to the abodes of darkness was a well-known neighbor, who it was found had died that night.

Amongst those members of the Society of Friends in Ireland, who had about 1720, their minds turned to the consideration of removing to America, was Isaac Jackson. He had a family of children growing up around him, and his thoughts were often upon them, and their future settlement in life. He did not wish to take them to a new country, even though it offered many advantages over those they could hope for where they were, unless it should be according to the will of his heavenly Father. Both he and his wife had this subject much on their minds, being deeply exercised that they might know

what their duty in this manner was. Whilst Isaac was still undecided, and his mind full of earnest thought, he was favored with a remarkable dream, which he believed was providential, and which had the effect of convincing him that his removal to America was in the ordering, and would be with the approbation of Him, who still leads his humble dependent children even in temporals, in the paths wherein they should go. The dream is thus described in the record made of this circumstance by one of Isaac's descendants.

Whilst they [Isaac and his wife] were under exercise and concern of mind, about so weighty an undertaking, and desirous that best Wisdom should direct, Isaac had a dream or vision, to this import. That having landed with his family in America, he travelled a considerable distance back into the country, until he came to a valley through which ran a pretty stream of water. The prospect and situation of the place seemed pleasant; a hill rising on the north, and a fine spring issuing near its foot; and in his dream he thought that there he and his family must settle, though [it was] then a wilderness and unimproved.

This dream seemed accompanied by a Divine unction which satisfied him that it was right for him to remove to America; and in 1725 he came over to Pennsylvania. Soon after his arrival he went into the country, to seek for a place wherein he and his family might settle. In the course of his travels he came to the house of Jeremiah Starr, a Friend, who in 1720 had settled in the wilderness in that part of Chester County known now as Londongrove township. During conversation at this Friend's house, Isaac related his dream; and when he had described the beautiful spring, the up-rising hill behind it, the lovely valley spreading out before it, which even the forest which clothed it could not hide, he was told that a spot just such as he described was near by. In the words of the

account from which we have already quoted: "He soon went to see it, which to his admiration so closely resembled what he had a foresight of, that it was cause of gratitude and humble thankfulness."

He purchased the spot, and there in Harmony Valley his descendants reside at this present day. The valley spreads out now in beautiful greenness, and the pure water of that spring continues as refreshing as in the day when it bubbled out in the shade of the primeval forest.

Samuel Fothergill, at a Quarterly Meeting in the North of England, narrated the following anecdote:

He had called to visit an elder of the Society, on his death-bed, and found him in great trouble and anguish of spirit. He was a man who had borne a good character among men, and in the days of his youth, had been zealous in the discharge of the duties devolving on those who are rightly called to the station he held in the church. As he grew older the ardor of his devotedness had declined, yet, as he retained the form of godliness, his estimation in the judgment of his fellow members was not materially affected; but now, on his death-bed, the good opinion of others could not satisfy his soul, on which a horror of great darkness rested. He told Samuel that in the days of his youth he had a vision, in which was represented a well-enclosed field of green pasture, well watered and abounding in flocks of sheep. They were in excellent condition, and remarkable for the whiteness of their fleecy coverings. This fold he was to watch over. He was to care for the flock, see after the hedge, and keep the fountain head of the water clean. Now, in his old age, he had had the vision renewed. He had again beheld the fold committed to his care; but oh! the awful change. The hedge was broken down, the pasture was burnt up, and the sheep and lambs who remained in the enclosure were poor, weak, and sickly, and a venomous

serpent lay in the fountain and poisoned the water. While he considered the change, he heard a voice saying: "All this will I require at thy hand."

After narrating this, he told Samuel that in looking to the future he could see nothing but gloom and darkness.

POWER IN MINISTRY.

There are many references in the records of the Society of Friends to the remarkable power that attended the ministry of some of its early members. Richard Hubberthorn in writing to Margaret Fell from London in 1658, says:

> The Lord is gathering in many in this city daily; there are many meetings full and large, where there is any to declare the Truth amongst them; and they that are great in the earth, the power of Truth shines through them, and is drawing them in daily. The priests confess that there is such a power amongst us, that none who come to us can escape; and they exhort people not to come to us.

The ministers among Friends were conscious that their success depended on the extension of this power, and therefore were careful to move under its influence. Of this Thomas Wilson gives an instructive example. He was paying a religious visit in Ireland, when he felt the motion of life in him for travelling to cease, and he durst go no further, but felt that he "Must wait on the Lord to know his blessed will and good time," so he employed himself in harvest work, until the way again opened to go forward in his religious service.

The experience of all ages has shown that whatever strongly affects the mind, often acts on the nerves and muscles of the body. It was therefore a thing to be expected, that outward trembling and nervous agitation should accompany the convicting power of Divine grace, which attended the ministrations of the early preachers among Friends. John Banks says, that when he attended a meeting of Friends at Pardshaw,

"The Lord's power so seized upon me in the meeting, that I was made to cry out in the bitterness of my soul, in a true sight and sense of my sins, which appeared exceeding sinful; and the same day as I was going to an evening meeting, I was smitten to the ground with the weight of God's judgment for sin and iniquity."

Thomas Wilson also relates, that, on one occasion: "The Lord's power arose in the meeting, and fell mightily upon me, to the breaking and tendering of my heart, and a glorious time it was, as the mighty day of the Lord; so that great fear and trembling seized me, insomuch that the table whereon I leaned, was shaken." Such experiences seem to have been very frequent; and it was owing to these that Friends became known by the popular nick-name of Quakers. In 1655 George Fox published a paper to those who made a scorn of quaking and trembling. In this he shows by the testimony of the Scriptures that the prophets and holy men of old trembled at the power of the Lord; the apostle Paul, when he came among the Corinthians, was with them "In weakness and fear and much trembling that their faith might not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God;" in that power which made him to tremble. This power, George Fox tells them, it is that the world and all the scoffing teachers scoff at and scorn; so that they that witness trembling and quaking wrought in them by the power of the Lord, can scarce pass up and down the streets, but with stones and blows, fists and sticks, or dogs set at them, or they are pursued with mockings and reproaches.

Similar results have generally been seen where any intense and long continued feeling affected the public mind. The Christian can rejoice at anything which shows the operations of God's power on the heart of man; but it must not be forgotten that such physical manifestations are not a certain

proof of the exercise of that power, because they may be produced by anything which deeply affects the mind, or may be, and often are, the effects of nervous sympathy, and are symptoms of disease more than of grace.

Our Saviour gave us a test of the value of professed conversions when he told his disciples, "By their fruits shall ye know them." Unless the converts manifest by their godly, self-denying lives that they are really living under the government of the spirit of Christ, but little or no good will be accomplished by their participating in the excitement of a revival.

Our early Friends did not build much upon these unusual outward phenomena, but their writings abound in exhortations to a holy life and conversation.

A writer, commenting on such scenes, judiciously remarks:

The excitement that at times pervades great throngs of people and crowded meetings is as merely physical as are the effects upon the muscles of the human body, which have at times accompanied it. The stimulation of religious emotion by arrangements of this kind is a means to which religionists of all classes—pagans as well as Christians, and Roman Catholics as well as Protestants—have had recourse. But "that which is born of the flesh is flesh;" and the magnetic force which pervades crowded assemblies is but a refined sort of intoxicant, which no transmutation of forces will ever convert into spiritual energy. Like all merely natural forces, and unlike those which are of the Spirit, it is followed too often by a powerful reaction resulting in torpidity and deadness as great as that out of which its subjects had been awakened. An experience of this sort must be exceedingly injurious to the person who undergoes it.

The experience and observation of many have confirmed the truth that a deadening reaction generally follows times of nervous excitement of those who partake of the emotions that prevail in crowded revival meetings and are numbered among

the converts. It is often the case that a large proportion, as the excitement subsides, fall back into their old ways, and show no real change of heart and life. The whole process has a hardening effect upon them and renders them less susceptible to the convictions of the Spirit. It also has a hurtful influence on the community in which they live, tending to produce the impression that religion is little more than a nervous excitement, and its professors either weak-nerved or deluded people. Nothing but the grace of God, the spirit of Christ operating on the heart, can effectually change a man, redeem, sanctify and make him a fit temple for the indwelling of Christ. It is the continued extension of this Divine Grace which keeps him from again falling into sin, and finally establishes him as a pillar in the house of God, which shall go no more out.

It is good to be zealously affected in a good cause. And there is no better cause than turning men from darkness to light, from the power of satan to God. But in this work we should bear in mind that it is only as the Spirit impels, leads and qualifies: in other words—uses man as an instrument—that he can labor successfully.

A marked characteristic of the business meetings of the Society of Friends has ever been their distinctively religious character. The advice of George Fox: "Hold all your meetings in the power of God," applied to these as well as to those designed only for worship. In the establishment of these meetings, he claimed to be influenced by the same Divine command which, at an earlier day, had sent him forth to proclaim the doctrines of salvation.

The testimony of Robert Barclay is to the same import: "We can boldly say, with a good conscience in the sight of God, that the same Spirit which leads us to believe the doctrines and principles of the Truth, and to hold and maintain them

again, after the apostacy, in their primitive and ancient purity, as they were delivered by the apostles of Christ in the Holy Scriptures; I say, that the same Spirit does now lead us into the like holy order and government to be exercised amongst us as it was among them."

From this view of the nature of meetings for discipline, it was a natural consequence that, in the management of the business which came before them, the members were governed by the impressions on their minds, which they believed to come from the Head of the Church, and not by efforts of their own reasoning powers. An illustration of this may be found in the Journal of Richard Davies, who mentions that at a Quarterly Meeting where he had exhorted Friends to the observance of the order, then recently introduced, of holding men's and women's meetings for the care of church matters, some one, who was opposed to these meetings, opposed what he had said. When he had done, our friend, Thomas Ellwood, proposed to the meeting that all should sit down and wait to feel the power of God among us, and let that decide whether I did speak in the name and power of God among them this day; to which the meeting agreed, and all were silent. After which, several Friends, as they were moved by the Lord, gave tenderly their testimony that what was delivered that day was in the name and power of God. There stood up a young man that I knew not, whose heart was affected, and much broken in spirit, and said on this wise: "There is a man come this day amongst us, I know not from whence he came nor where he goes; but this I am satisfied, the Lord sent him here, and his power and presence is with him and his testimony for the God of Truth."

In the early days of our Society the young and inexperienced were not expected to attend meetings for business—but only those who were so far advanced in spiritual growth as to be able to discern what was in accordance with the Divine will.

A "Testimony, or Epistle," sent out by the brethren in London in 1666, says: "We advise that not any be admitted to order public business of the church but such as are felt in a measure of the universal Spirit of Truth." It appears to have been the practice for young Friends not to attend such meetings until invited by the older members. Joseph Pike mentions his own experience: "When about twenty years of age, I was invited by Friends to be a member of the men's meeting in Cork, at which time I was under a religious exercise of mind. My conversation was sober, and my exterior plain, according to Truth—all which drew the love of Friends towards me. I thought myself very unworthy, being low and weak in mind, thinking I could do them no service; but hoping to receive some benefit myself, I did with fear and caution accept their offer, and sat among them some years before I presumed to speak much to what came before them. Yet I joined in heart and soul with those who were exercised for the Truth; and as I grew more and more concerned for its prosperity, when occasion offered, I spake more to subjects in meetings." After some further remarks on the subject, Joseph Pike expresses his judgment, "That the affairs of the Society cannot be conducted in the unity of the Spirit without due care be taken in the admittance of qualified members." In accordance with this view, in 1740, a query was adopted, to be answered by inferior meetings: "Is care taken that no unfit persons sit in meetings for discipline?"

William Edmundson, in an epistle "Concerning Men's and Women's Meetings," says: "It is of absolute necessity for all the members to know in what authority they sit in those meetings for the service thereof must be performed in the wisdom and counsel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the authority of his blessed Spirit and power." "In all such meetings about the Lord's business, the Lord must be chairman, ruler and

judge—for it is in the gift of the Lord's good Spirit that the ability stands to perform that service."

It would be easy to multiply similar testimonies. Since the principles of our Society require the decisions of its meetings to be based upon the judgment of the Spirit—this judgment, whether it speaks through few or many, must be acquiesced in by the others. Hence, as Robert Barclay states, Friends do not decide by pluralities or majorities. The question as to deciding by votes, was prominently brought forward in the course of the trial of a cause in the New Jersey Court of Chancery, involving the rights of Friends and of the Hicksites to a school fund about the year 1830. The first witness examined on behalf of Friends was Samuel Bettle, Sr., who made the following statement:

Our mode of deciding questions is peculiar. It is intimately connected with our religious principles and doctrines; when an individual or a religious assembly is gathered into a reverent, inward, waiting state of mind, that we are sensible at times of the presence of the invisible and omnipresent One—qualifying the heart for secret communion and approach unto God. Hence, the Society believe, and it is one of their peculiar and distinguishing doctrines that there may be secret approach to and worship of God, without any ceremonial outward act or service; and in our meetings for business, we also hold that it is needful to experience the same power to qualify us for right discernment and to restrain our own spirit and will; and we do believe that when our meetings have been thus in degree influenced, there have been wisdom and judgment better than our own; consistent with the prophetic declaration respecting the blessed Head of the Church, that "He should be a Spirit of judgment to those who sit in judgment." With these views, and a corresponding practice, our Society has been favored to come to its decisions and conclusions at its various meetings, with a remarkable degree of harmony and unity. These conclusions, thus prevailing in a meeting, or, in other words, this sense of the meeting, is often

attained to with very little expression; and the member acting in the capacity of clerk records this sense, feeling or conclusion of the meeting. And it has never been come to by a vote, or the opinion of the majority; no question is ever taken by a reference to numbers, or votes, or a majority, or anything like that. It is obtained upon religious principles, which we understand very well, but which it is difficult to explain. We have got along in this way for near two centuries very well.

In reply to a query, whether, by the ancient practice of the Society, the young and inexperienced are permitted to take part in the transaction of the business of the meetings, Samuel Bettle stated that in ancient times the young did not attend those meetings, unless specially invited to do so; but that the present practice is to admit all who choose to come. This change of usage has been made with the hope that the attendance of these meetings, and witnessing the religious exercise of those on whom the services of them rested, might have a useful influence over the younger members, and tend to prepare them for taking a part in the business of the Church. This could scarcely fail to be the effect if, as Joseph Pike said was the case with him, they "joined heart and soul with those who were exercised for the Truth."

CHAPTER XVIII.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The early members of the Society of Friends were very jealous for the honor of Truth, and not only by word of mouth, but with the pen "Contended earnestly for the faith" they had received. The literature they have left is very voluminous. Among the works they produced, perhaps none have been

more valued and been more effective than "The Apology for the True Christian Divinity, as the same is held forth and preached by the people, in scorn, called Quakers. Being a full explanation and vindication of their principles and doctrines, by many arguments deduced from Scripture and right reason, and the testimonies of famous authors, both ancient and modern. With a full answer to the strongest objections usually made against them." By Robert Barclay.

Almost from its first publication, this book has been received by Friends as an authoritative statement of the doctrines most surely believed among them, and has been reprinted and distributed from time to time, so that if any of their number should now reject its authority, it would be no breach of charity to say that they themselves had ceased to hold the doctrines of Friends.

A writer in the "Westminster Review" speaks of it as a "master-piece, both in style and manner, among the richest gems of our language." One of the most learned bishops, when asked by a foreigner to recommend to him a systematic work in the English language on Protestant Theology, told him that he knew of none, unless it were Barclay's "Apology for Quakerism." And truly, to any one wandering in the dreary waste of polemics of this age or that, it would be a pleasant place to alight upon. A complete proficient in the learning of the school-men, he wields their weapons with wondrous skill, to destroy the empire which they had so long held over men's souls, and he defends the Truth with a chivalrous devotion, and courtesy to his opponents, reminding us of the Norman knights from whom he was descended; and, mingling with his eloquence and skilful logic, we ever hear a strain of such pure and heartfelt piety as touches our hearts fully as much as it pleases our fancy and our reason."

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The Journal of Joseph Wood mentions the convincement of

several persons through the agency of "The Apology." It says:

The day after the Quarterly Meeting held at Leeds, Joshua Priestman, of Pickering, breakfasted at the same Friend's house as myself. On inquiring of him concerning a certain young man I had particularly noticed in the meeting, he told me he was a member of their Monthly Meeting, and that his name was Richard Finnies Foster; that he came out of the south, and had settled at Scarbro; that he had joined Friends by convincement, and had appeared acceptably in the ministry, and withal related the following occurrence, which I have put down as nearly as I can remember, viz: That Dr. Southam, of Buckingham, a man eminent in his profession, by which he had acquired considerable property, took a journey for pleasure, with his wife, to London. During their stay there they attended a play, in which was acted "The Quaker," with which the doctor was much affected. At the close of the performance the principal manager observed to the company that, if any one was desirous to know more of this singular body of people, he would recommend them to read "Barclay's Apology."

Accordingly, before he left London, the doctor privately purchased that work, and when he got home secreted it in his study, where he employed his leisure time in diligently perusing it. His wife, very soon perceiving a visible alteration in him, and having taken notice that he spent more time than usual in his study, wondered what was the cause. Whereupon, taking the opportunity when he was from home, she carefully examined the room, and found the "Apology" therein, which she began to read, and continued to do so at such times as her husband was absent. The consequence of which was that, by turning their minds to that Divine principle of light and life which comes by Jesus Christ, and is placed in the secret of every heart, they were both convinced of the truth as professed by the Society of Friends, and in time they found strength to make public profession of the same.

About the same period, Richard F. Foster's brother Oswald, who was an apprentice with Dr. Southam, was out of his time, and went to London for further instruction. The doctor, hav-

ing a great deal of business, had proposed at Oswald's return to take him into partnership. Before the latter reached home he heard of the doctor and his wife having become Friends, at which he was very much surprised: but being determined to let them know that he was not one, when he entered the house he began to whistle and sing, and passing through the lobby by the sitting-room door, he went directly into the kitchen, where he was very much struck with the visible alteration he observed in the countenance of the maid-servant, and thus accosted her: "What, Betty, are you all turned Quakers? But I will not be one, however." But in a short time he was also favored with a precious visitation of Divine grace, and became clearly convinced of the Truth as professed by Friends.

The said Richard F. Foster, hearing that his brother Oswald was turned Quaker, lightly said: "I shall quake also when cold weather comes." The same Divine power however soon after reached unto him, and caused him to bow thereto, bringing him into a state of willingness to confess Christ before men (after the manner of Friends); and about the same time his brother John, resident at some distance, was convinced of the truth of Friends' principles, without having any previous conversation one with another. Thus were six persons in rather a remarkable manner convinced and brought to the acknowledgment of the Truth, as laid down in "Barclay's Apology," and became valuable members of the Society of Friends.

The following testimony to the efficacy of the Holy Spirit, and also to the value of "Barclay's Apology," is extracted from a letter dated Twelfth Month 24th, 1834, from Deborah Cope, then travelling with Dugan and Asenath Clark, in New York and New England meetings, and addressed to Sarah Emlen:

We paid Moses Brown a visit, who enquired affectionately for thee, and desired his love; says thou mayest come back to N. E., and he, for one, will be glad to see thee. It was really a feast to be in his company; he still seems green in his ninety-seventh year. He had just received a letter from

a young man, with whom we afterward were in company, one in and for whom we feel a deep and sincere interest. He belonged to the Baptists, and had spent three years at college preparing to be a missionary; got through his studies with good reputation, and was considered of much more than ordinary capacity by the professors in the Institution: is said to be master of eleven languages. He returned home to his father; but no call offering which they considered equal to his talents, his father prevailed on him to return to the college for six months more, which he did; and while ransacking the library one day, in quest of something to amuse, he lighted on "Barclay's Apology," an old, dusty volume, in French. He bore it off to his study and read it attentively, and was met in a narrow place. He became very thoughtful, and asked one of the professors one day if there were any people now living, holding the faith of Robert Barclay? and was answered, "No; that was only an old controversial book, which they kept to show the reasoning and arguments which could be advanced by those who once professed such principles." "Well," said G., "it is such reasoning and arguments as I never met with before; I must set out and see if I can find any such people; and if not I must sit down alone." Accordingly he went to S—— and made inquiry, and was directed to H. C., a very suitable Friend. He knocked at the door, and H. opened it; whereupon G. inquired if there were any now living, professing the faith of Robert Barclay. H. smiled and said he hoped so, and invited him in. They had much conversation, and G. repeated his visits. His father was now displeased, and his friends disappointed, and they reported that he was deranged; but G. persevered until he became a member; attended last Yearly Meeting, and promises to be a consistent one. The following is an extract from his letter to Moses Brown, and will speak his own language: "At last my mind became so exercised that I was constrained to leave the Institution in quest of a people who believed in 'Barclay's Apology,' and if I could not find such a people I determined to worship the Lord alone; but blessed be God, the Lord has still a remnant who are not conformed to the vain and wicked fashions of this world. To this people I desire to join myself, though I feel

most unworthy to come among them. Yes, I can say with the pious Barclay, that having for a long time been seeking after human learning, I have found that Heavenly learning which gives content to the soul; after this learning may I seek forever. I now believe that though a person may read the Bible ever so carefully and critically in the original languages, yet, the most unlettered person under the teachings of the Spirit of God, is more able to have a true understanding of it, than the learned man with all his critical care and study; and though I myself have read the whole Bible in Hebrew (except the book of Daniel); although I have read the New Testament critically in Greek and Syriac, and have studied the Bible in several other languages; yet the most ignorant man, who is really taught of the Spirit, can understand the Bible better than I can, unless taught of the same Spirit. And oh! that all who may read this letter might feel the necessity of being taught of God, of sitting as little children at the Saviour's feet, and learning of him who was meek and low of heart. Farewell,

G. W. R."

Sir James Mackintosh, in his "Revolution in England," designates "Barclay's Apology" "a master-piece of ingenious reasoning, and a model of argumentative composition, which extorted praise from Bayle, one of the most acute and least fanatical of men."

The secretary to count D'Estaing, the French admiral on the American coast in the Revolutionary war, after reading "Barclay's Apology," returned it to the owner, thanked him for the loan of "that good book," and said: "It is an excellent book; it is all very true, but it is too tight."

On the above testimony, William T. Robinson, of New York, remarks: "And here lies the difficulty, the rock on which most of those who are awakened to a concern for their everlasting welfare, split and are irrecoverably lost—as Christ, when on earth, said, "Many are called but few chosen"—and the reason is, the cross stands in the way, which very few are willing to

siding in England, under a religious concern paid a visit to the meetings in Ireland in which service he was eminently favored. In his meditation, after his return home, on the evident Divine influence attending his ministry, spiritual pride crept in, while in this critical condition he was instructed by a dream. He thought he was walking on a plain, reflecting on his late visit to Ireland—the wonderful service he had had there—and exulting in his increase of spiritual experience. As he was thus engaged, he perceived a person of lofty stature approaching him. Full of presumption he advanced to meet the new-comer, and demanded his name: "My name is Self," said the giant. "Well," added the other, "I will kill thee." He thought in his dream that he immediately commenced the attack, and after a sharp contest, succeeded in beating Self to death. He then renewed his walk, and in addition to his former cause of inward gratulation, he now with much satisfaction thought over his last valorous exploit. Whilst thus engaged, he beheld approaching a figure closely resembling the giant he had just killed, but of more than twice the size. As this majestic person drew near, he was met with the same question which had greeted the other—"Who art thou?" "I am Self," was the answer. "I thought I had killed thee," said the puffed-up preacher, "But I will do it again." So saying, he vigorously assailed this formidable enemy, and after a very severe and desperate struggle, succeeded in destroying him. Now again he began to meditate on his great deeds; when he saw before him a person, featured as the two others, but of immense stature, his head reaching to the clouds. He approached, and to the demand of his name, was answered, "I am Self." Once more a combat commenced; but it was soon apparent that this new giant was coming off victor. The poor crest-fallen dreamer was brought to the ground, and perceived as he thought, his death inevitable. Then indeed, he

thought of One, whose arm of power could bring aid and safety in any difficulty. His heart seemed humble, secret prayer was begotten to the Source of strength, his faith was renewed, and Self vanished. Then ended his dream. As he pondered over its different parts, the delusion he had been previously under, was made clearly manifest to his mind. In tears and true contrition of heart he looked to the Source of every good and perfect gift, and received therefrom a renewal of that humility and fear, which in the days of his youthful visitations were given to him.

Isaac Horner had been much troubled by the course of his son Samuel, who had finally entered the army. Yielding to these anxieties he became much depressed, and his nervous condition awakened the anxieties of his friends. One morning his daughter, Elizabeth Watson, informed him she had on the previous night a remarkable dream, which she related to him. The narrative has been preserved seemingly in the words of the dreamer:

Methought I was standing in a large and stately mansion, amidst an immense throng of people moving about with noise and bustle, and while gazing about me in wonder, I was informed that this was the entrance to the infernal regions, and that hell was beneath me. I fled in terror, escaped from the building, ran across a large field and halted for breath on a stile that crossed the fence on the farther side; when a person approached and presented me with something in the shape of a cross, bidding me calm my fears and assuring me that while I preserved that cross no harm could befall me, and that I might return in safety. Prompted by curiosity I again entered the building, and being invited to enter the lower regions, I proceeded, holding fast to my cross. As I entered, satan himself came forward, fawning and cringing, paying the greatest attention, and escorting me through the place. There, much to my horror, I saw many persons in torment some of whom I recognized. At one time, hearing a terrible noise, I

In the year 1690 he was seized with a violent fever. On his death-bed he was in a truly peaceful, resigned and Christian frame of mind. He expressed his love to all faithful Friends in England, and to all the faithful everywhere, particularly to Friends in Cumberland, and to George Fox, for whom he had a special regard; and concluded with these memorable expressions: "God is good to all; and though I am under a great weight of sickness and weakness, yet my peace flows. This I know, that whatever exercises may be permitted to come upon me, they shall turn to God's glory and my salvation, and in that I rest."

Samuel Fothergill, the third son of John Fothergill, was endowed with a strong understanding, and with an active and lively disposition. He was apprenticed to a shopkeeper in Stockport, at which place he fell in with evil and dissolute companions, who enticed him into a course of folly and dissipation. He had pursued this wicked life till he was now near the twentieth year of his age, in despite of the counsel and warning of his excellent father, who, when about to embark on his third visit to North America, took leave of him in this solemn and awful language: "And now, son Samuel, farewell! farewell! And, unless it be as a changed man, I cannot say that I have any wish ever to see thee again." Samuel Fothergill had not pursued his downward course without strong compunctions and frequent resolutions to forsake his evil ways—and now, loaded with the heavy rebuke of his venerable father—to whom his revolt from the Divine law had been a source of the keenest anguish—he once more resolved on a change of life, and, through Divine mercy, was happily enabled to effect it.

How strong were his compunctions, how deep his contrition and how great his change of heart, may be learned from a letter he addressed to the Monthly Meeting:

Dear Friends:—It hath lain heavy upon me for some time to write a few lines to you upon the following subject:

The Lord Jesus Christ, in his everlasting kindness, that hath long strove with my soul, has been pleased to unstop my deaf ear, that I might hear Him, the Shepherd of his flock, and to open my blind eyes, and let me see my state as it really was, very desperate and very lamentable. He has shown me the dreadful precipice I was at the brink of, and breathed into me the breath of life, in order that I might arise from the dead and live. He has set my sins in order before me, and shown me how I had estranged myself from Him, raising strong desires in me to return to Him, the Redeemer of my soul. The consideration of which has raised in my heart a just abhorrence of my former practices, that induces me to make this public declaration of them, which I desire to do in a few words.

When Rebecca Hubbs, of New Jersey, had come under the government of Christ, she felt a call to declare unto others what the Lord had done for her soul. Being among the poor of this world, and very illiterate, she felt much discouragement at the prospect. While these struggles were going on in her mind, she went one day into the village of Woodstown, with her husband, and was sitting alone in the carriage at a store-door, when a man looked into the front of the carriage, saying. "I do not know what thy name is; but I must speak a little to thee. The Master has a work for thee to do, if thou art faithful to it. I want to tell thee not to plead, as Gideon did, 'My family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house.' This was Gideon's excuse—don't let it be thine; I want thee to be faithful—be obedient."

This unexpected salutation from an entire stranger, one who could not know her secret plunges and discouragements, had an animating effect, and quickened her diligence. The individual who thus unexpectedly spoke so suitably to her case,

was that worthy minister, the late Arthur Howell, of Philadelphia, who had been attending the Quarterly Meeting of Salem.

In the Journal of William Williams, the following interesting incidents are entered.

Now I think proper to relate a circumstance which took place as I was travelling, which was as follows:

"I was alone, and put up at a professor's house, to lodge. After I had been in the hall a little while, the landlord asked to be excused, and walked out to order his evening business, so that I was left alone, which gave me a better opportunity to hear what passed in an adjoining room, where one of the company raised her voice in singing praises to her Maker (as she called it), and after a very short line it broke off into very loud laughter. The singing then commenced again, and then the laughter, and so on for four times; so that I thought that I should be under the necessity of telling them my thoughts, if I should get an opportunity. Supper was soon set in the hall, and they were invited to sup, whereupon the landlady and five young women came in, and we sat down and supped. After we were done, before we left the table, I brought on the discourse I wished, by observing to the landlady that I hardly thought these were all her daughters. She answered that two of them were her daughters, and the other three were neighbors, who had come on a visit. I thought I could mark out the singer; so I spoke and said, 'It is likely I may give you reason to think that I am a meddling traveller, for I have some remarks to make to you, from what I have heard since I came here.' I then told them what I had heard as above related. I told them not to misunderstand me, for I was not speaking against praising their Maker, if it was done with the Spirit, but against its being interrupted by loud, unbecoming laughter; a thing that ought to be beneath the dignity of so noble beings as they were, at any time, much more when engaged in that exercise.

"I told them, it brought to my remembrance the words of the apostle, where he was speaking of the unruliness of the tongue, with which, saith he, 'We bless God and curse men;' 'these things ought not to be so,' said I, 'these things ought

not to be mixed together.' When I was done, the noble young woman whom I had marked out in my mind, spoke and said, 'I thank you kindly, sir, for your rebuke. I am the very one, and I knew I was doing wrong when I did it; yes,' said she, 'there was something here' (clapping her hand on her breast) 'which told me that it was wrong.'

"The landlord then took up the subject, and said something on the imperfection of man, but I do not recollect what he said, nor what I answered; but my answer was such that he said no more. The young woman then observed that the leprosy was out of the power of man to cure. I said it was;—but did she not think that Christ was as able to heal the leprosy now as He was when here on the earth? She said He was. 'But,' continued she, 'we read that it gets into the wall; then the wall has to be taken down and rebuilt before it can be cleansed,' and this, she said, was a great work. To which I agreed, and asked if it was not a necessary work to salvation. She said it was. I asked if she did not think it was a possible work through the assistance of the spirit of Christ. After a solemn pause, she said it was. So I told her, if we have a great work to do, and a necessary work, it is no matter how soon we begin, in faith, to do it. To which she acknowledged, and was silent.

"Then I took the opportunity, in a few words, to open to her and the rest, that to do this work, was to attend to that in the breast, which tells us when we do wrong. For instance, if thou (directing my discourse to the young woman) hadst attended to that within at the first, perhaps thou wouldst not have been overtaken in the first breach of good order, much less to have repeated it. For that which spoke in thy breast and told thee that thou wast doing wrong, was Christ within, the saints' hope of glory, who has descended into the hearts of the children of men, in order to heal them and cleanse them from all sin and leprosy, and make them a pure people, and enable them to praise God in humility of spirit and purity of mind. Then this degrading thing of loud laughter would be far from our minds, and we should be preserved from being overtaken by that fault, as well as by all others.

"We then rose from the table, and it was taken into the other room. As soon as this was done, the landlord spoke to

me and said, 'I perceive that you are a minister, and we perform what we believe to be our family duty, and do much desire you, if you please, to go forward in it.' I said I did not think it would be right for him to give such liberty to strangers who put up at his house, although they might appear with fine words; for, if he did, he would lay himself liable to be imposed upon. More than that, I told him that we, as a people, did not believe that we could perform such things at our own stated times. At the same time, I did not wish to put them out from what they did believe to be their duty, and was willing to be with them, and hoped I should join in anything that was good. So they went through their performances, after which the women withdrew to the other room, and the landlord pretty soon spoke of going to rest. I said I was ready to lie down, so he stepped to the door and called for a candle to light me to bed. When these young women heard this, they all came in again, and the young woman whom I have mentioned before, spoke as for all, and said, 'You are a traveller, and will, likely, be up and gone in the morning before we shall come down from our chamber; and we thought we could do no less than to come in and take our solemn leave of you, and once more thank you for your advice and counsel, hoping we may never forget it nor you.' So said they all, as they bid me farewell, with tears flowing from their eyes, which they did not try to hide, for the Truth had tendered their hearts. So we parted in great tenderness and love. Oh, that people would attend to that which teaches within, so that they might become the children of light, and dwell no longer in darkness; for as many as are led by the Spirit of God are sons of God; and God is light, from whom cometh that which teaches within, being the true light that lighteth every one that cometh into the world, which is the Spirit of God, which leads up to Him, and enables us to become his children."

William Williams, of Tennessee, says in his Journal: I think proper to relate here, a singular circumstance concerning a little girl, whose father rode sometime with me, when I was first in the State of New Jersey, and at whose house I lodged the night before I left that State to go to New York. The child was then under eight years of age. I had a sitting in

the family, which was a watering time, for the presence of the Master was to be felt, and the dear little daughter (as well as I remember, the youngest of a large family) was tendered, and felt her mind much attached to me in tender love, which I was sensible of at that time. This was in the Fifth Month, 1811, and as I returned from the eastward in the Sixth Month, I sent for some linens which I had left there, and when I opened them, I found a small present, from this child to my little daughter at home, whom I had told her of. On the eighth day of the Second Month, 1813, I left home again, and in the course of this visit also, I got to her father's house; and when I got there, I soon looked for the little daughter, but saw her not. I then asked for her, and saw the tears start in the eyes of her mother at the hearing of her name. We sat awhile in solemn silence, and I spoke and said: "Is the child gone to rest?" she said: "She has;" and then told me about her latter end, which I thought I would then write; but I put it off at that time, yet it made so deep impressions on my mind, that it could not be erased. The child was taken sick, and in a little time afterwards she told her mother that she should not live to get well again, but should die; and her mother asked her if she was willing to die. She said there was but one thing that she wanted; that was to see that Friend who was from Tennessee; "If I could only see him once more, and hear him, I should be willing then to go to my heavenly Father, and leave all my dear friends behind;" and thus she continued for many days, often saying: "O heavenly Father, I am willing to die, and come to thee, yet I wish to see that endeared Friend and hear him preach to my father and mother, and to my brothers and sisters, if it be thy holy will, O Lord! but not my will be done." And one day as her mother was sitting by her bed with another friend, Mary lay still, as though she was asleep or in a doze, for an hour or more; then she stirred, and her mother asked her if she wanted anything (meaning drink or any refreshment), she said: "No, she wanted nothing but to die," and added: "I have wanted to see dear William Williams, but I shall not see him, but shall die; you will see him." "O, no, Mary," her mother said, "he lives a great ways from here." "No matter for that he is on his way now, and in time he will

be here in this land, and thou wilt see him and hear him; and then give my love to him, and tell him, I go to my Father and his Father, there to wait for his coming." So, on the next day she quietly departed this life, when I was in Virginia, on my way to these parts.

Copy of a Testimony of William Williams, who departed this life about the first of the Ninth Month, 1824, delivered about a week before his death.

It is well known to many on our continent that I have lived an active life, in which I have not believed in, neither followed cunningly devised fables or the rudiments of men, neither human reason alone; but I have believed in the doctrines of the glorious Gospel of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, as they stand recorded in the Scriptures of Truth, and not because they stand there alone, but the spirit of God bearing witness with my spirit, that these things are true. This doctrine have I believed from a child, and when I became obedient to the manifestations of Divine grace in my own heart, given to me and to all men to profit withal, I was called upon to publish the same to the sons and daughters of men, to which call I became obedient, conferring not with flesh and blood, but trusting to his Divine promise, that He would be with his followers to the end of the world; which promise I found to be fulfilled, so that through his aid and assistance I have been enabled to go forth among all sorts of people, and to publish his Gospel in large and mixed assemblies, where there were many and various minds; the power accompanying the Word, so that the mouths of gainsayers were stopped, and the minds of the unbelievers were shaken, so that none dare oppose me openly. Yet the unbelievers in Christ often talked behind my back, calling me a liar, a fool and many other things, and that I would alter my mind before I died; and as I have now been confined to my chamber and bed fifteen months, wherein I have had great opportunities to consider and reconsider, and now feeling that my close is drawing near, for the comfort of my well-wishers everywhere, and for the stopping of the mouths of the gainsayers; I give this forth as my last testimony to the glorious Gospel of Christ, that my mind hath become in

my silent meditations more and more strengthened in faith to believe in God, in his dear Son Jesus Christ, and in his glorious Gospel. I have become deeply exercised from day to day on account of the disobedient and unbelieving, seeing the awful situation that they are in, and will unavoidably centre in, if they do not come to return, repent and live. "Verily there is a reward for the righteous; verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth." Now to the glory, to the honor and to the dignity of that God in whom I have believed, be it ascribed, that I feel no condemnation, but that my soul is enabled to sing: "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory;" and this not in the dark, but under the influence of the inshining light of the ever blessed Gospel, wherein I may say, that I feel many who have seen and heard me very near to my best life, hoping ere long we shall meet in the mansions of eternal peace

MILDRED RATCLIFF.

The following tribute to the memory of a beloved minister of the Gospel, has for many years been circulating in manuscript.

Her residence was in Western Pennsylvania, whither she had removed from Virginia, her native State. During a religious visit which she paid in the latter years of her life to Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, she made a strong impression on the minds of many, not only by her services in our meetings, but by her remarkable powers of conversation, which were directed to the promotion of the kingdom of the Redeemer; so that, like the late Christopher Healy, her familiar intercourse in the parlor was like preaching.

Her health was very frail, and she was frequently disabled from journeying by attacks of disease. On one such occasion she found a quiet resting place at the house of the late William Kinsey, of Frankford, Philadelphia. His wife, Phebe, a sweet-spirited and valuable elder, years after related to me an incident which occurred at that time. As day after day passed

away, while Mildred was still lying on her sick bed, the young man, who waited on her and her female companion, became very uneasy. Harvest time was approaching, and he had left no one at home who could properly attend to the gathering of his crops, and so he feared that they would be allowed to go to waste. Mildred felt sympathy for him—and one day was favored with a revival of faith on his account, and told him she believed his crops would be safely housed. He could scarcely accept the encouragement offered, and replied that he did not see how it was to be done. Yet so it turned out. His grain ripened sooner than that of his neighbors and they went into his fields, and gathered it; so that on his return home he found Mildred's prediction had been fulfilled.

There is an eagle brightness in that eye,
Whence radiant sparks of inspiration fly;
There is a witchery in that fluent tongue,
Whence rich instruction every breath is flung.

The mute, the eloquent, the weak, the sage,
The wise, the simple, infancy and age,
As thou departed scenes called into view,
Hung on thy lips; for, ancient things and new

From thy exhaustless treasury are brought;
In all the dishabille of native thought.
As erst the prophet's vine, thy branches shoot
Over the wall, rich with luxuriant fruit.

Though still thy Master's pruning knife was known,
The native vigor in new shoots was shown.
Oft have the archers shot, but still thy bow
Abode in strength; thou quailed not at the foe.

Strengthened by Jacob's God, thy hands were strong
To stand the combat, tho' the strife was long;
Yet, with thy mental strength, thy spirit's force,
Guiding our hearts, in a mysterious course;

Holding in leading strings, the strongest mind
A willing captive, curiously entwined
In some unearthly gossamer, whose strength
It cannot sever, nor define its length.

Thou art thyself a prisoner; a poor frame,
Shattered and weak, bears Mildred Ratcliff's name.
A spirit of gigantic powers is pent
In a frail body, by each light wind rent.

A mind, expanded as cerulean dome,
Is girt with pains and weaknesses at home.
The glories of the coming world are thine,
But this world's splendors never, for thee, shine.

Thou see'st the gems and jewels of the throne,
But, gems and jewels here, wilt never own.
In thy log-cabin, by the mountain's side,
The Christian traveller loveth to abide.

Springs of refreshment there are bubbling up;
There the dear Master fills the sparkling cup;
And, as in Cana, still his power Divine
Turns living water to refreshing wine.

Though small thy oil, thy wheaten measure scant,
Thy King's own promise is, Thou shalt not want.
This was his language, when the bond went free,
And thy slaves rose to men, to liberty.

Glorious that day to thee, when comes the cry,
Thy Father's chariot waits! Home to the sky!
Then, may the church wear sackcloth; then, the bride,
In secret chambers, seek her grief to hide.

Then, may the priests before the altar fall;
Young men and maidens tell the mournful tale;
Then, may the plaintive cry from all proceed,—
Israel doth mourn a prophetess indeed.

But oh! to thee how glorious! Stripped of all
Earth's woes and weaknesses, heir-looms of the fall,
The buoyant spirit, like a bird let fly,
Shall join the church triumphant, in the sky.
Father of mercies, from this harvest home,
May seed be scattered and fresh verdure come!

A WEAK-MINDED CHRISTIAN.

He was the son of pious parents, who had, as the Lord opened the way for it, instructed him in the knowledge of the Truth, and the dear Saviour had condescended to his weak intellect, so that the words of wisdom fell not into barren ground. He was a great sufferer, and through strengthening grace,

was enabled to bear his physical anguish with exemplary patience. Yet in the weakness of his mental constitution, he was fearful to be left alone. Disease wore away his strength and the boy who could not bear to be parted from his mother, came to his dying day. But the merciful condescension of his dear Saviour was manifested towards him, in that he knew not that he was about leaving her. He felt no additional pain, only the things around his bed seemed strangely to change. But his mother was near, and so in quiet he gently breathed his last, and was gathered by the blessed Saviour without a pang or struggle. There was an additional weakness, a sinking of the pulse, until its motion ceased, and then all pain and fear were over, and the feeble-minded one found the Saviour's arms of strength around him, and needed no earthly one to guide and guard. In a sweet assurance of the extension of the gathering arm of mercy towards this weak child, his Christian parents rejoiced even in tribulation. In respect to him the following lines were written:

"We had a weak and tender one,
Unfitted for the storms of life;
With him the work of death begun,
And he was safely housed from strife.
A timid child, and wont to cling,
For safely to his mother's side,—
He needed her protecting wing,—
He needed her to cheer and guide.
Of feeble mind,—yet firm to bear
In patient grief,—as day by day,
Strong agony 'twas his to share,
Till all life's vigor wore away.
He could suppress each pain-stirred groan
Yet feared he to be left alone:
He would have viewed with thought of dread
Heaven's open gates before him spread,—
Since in that holy happy place
Maternal care he feared to miss,
And not a dear familiar face,
Would welcome to its bowers of bliss.

But Heavenly love was round his bed
To soothe all fears that might annoy,
And death laid off all looks of dread,
Before he touched the timid boy.
He knew not 'twas his time to die,
Without a groan, without a sigh,—
He left his crippled form, to spring,
A babe of grace on cherub wing:
To feel adoring praises move,
Amid the white robed ransomed host,—
And in the flow of Heavenly Love,
To find all fears and weakness lost."

Lines suggested by a re-perusal of the Testimony of Tottenham Monthly Meeting concerning Thomas Shillitoe, who deceased Sixth Month, 1836, aged eighty-two years. (See Friends' Library, vol. iii.)

And now beneath the weight of fourscore years,
Not rusted, or in self-indulgence spent,
Thy path of faithful dedication nears
The goal, yet on thy Master's work intent,
Freely renouncing earthly gain and ease,
Not thy own will to do, but Him to serve and please.

Oh! faithful one, how oft at duty's call,
Midst ocean's perils—perils of the land—
Thou the dark dungeon and the prison wall
Explored, and at his bidding oft did stand
Before the kings and princes of the earth,
Clothed in his armour who had sent thee forth.

And in that panoply of love Divine,
Emperors and kings to thee have bowed the ear,
And even the low debased, the libertine
Repentant, shed the penitential tear;
While to the sorrowing thou didst oft impart
Sweet words of cheer, and Gospel light to the benighted heart.

And now "at evening time, behold 'tis light,"
The goodly land, the crystal gates I see,
A glorious prospect greets my raptured sight,
Thus thou exclaim'st in joyful ecstacy:
Yet works or merits, have I none to plead

At the pearl gates, or on that road so fair;
No claims to offer for that glorious meed,
On Jesus I rely for entrance there.
Clothed in his righteousness, all works of mine
Renounced, I trust in that bright robe to shine.

The love of my Redeemer sweetly flows,
Even his whose precious blood was shed for me;
And through that love my heart expanding glows,
Embracing all men universally.
Thus closed, illumined with a glorious ray,
Triumphantly, thy arduous well-spent day.

But who, blest one! thy falling mantle caught?
On what Elishas did thy spirit rest?
Who, with a faith and love like thine, have sought
The pearl of price, earth's treasures vain, confessed
That they esteemed, compared with this, as dross,
And 'midst temptations bear the daily cross.

Oh! Thou, whose voice omnific pierced the ear
Of buried Lazarus, awake we pray
Our earth-incumbered spirits, make them hear
Thy word, "come forth," arise, that thus there may
A living army instrumental be
In bringing sons from far, and daughters as from earth's remotest sea.

Peter Gardiner, a Friend who lived in Essex, had a concern to visit Friends in Scotland, but being in low circumstances, and having a wife and several children, was under discouragement about it. The Lord in mercy condescended to remove his doubts by letting him know that he would be with him, and though he was but a weakly man, having no horse to ride, yet strength would be given him to perform the journey, and he would be sustained so that he should not want for what was needful. He, having faith, with innocent weight, laid his concern before the Monthly Meeting to which he belonged; and Friends concurring with him therein, he took his journey along the east side of the nation, through Norfolk, Lincolnshire and Yorkshire; and coming to a week-day meeting at Bridlington, where John Richardson then dwelt, he lodged at his house.

In the evening, the doors being closed, Peter asked him if any Friend lived that way; (pointing with his finger), John told him that he pointed towards the sea, which was not far off. He said he believed that he must go that way in the morning, and see somebody. John asked if he should go with him; he said he believed it would not be best, and so went to bed.

In the morning, when breakfast was prepared, John thought he would see if the Friend was well, but he found the bed empty, and that the Friend was gone, whereat he wondered. Soon after, Peter came in, to whom John said: "Thou hast taken a morning walk—come to breakfast." They sat down, but before they were done eating, a Friend from the quay or harbor (in the direction Peter had pointed) came in and said: "John, I wonder at thee to send this man to my house with such a message." He then related:—That in the early twilight of the morning, Peter came to him, as he was standing in the fish market-place, looking out on the sea, to observe the wind; that he asked him if he would walk into his house —Peter answered that he came for that purpose; that when they went into the house, Peter enquired whether his wife was well, and it was answered that she was sick in bed, and he was invited in to see her; Peter said he came so to do. Then being conducted into the chamber where the sick woman was, he sat down by her, and after a short time, told her the will and resignation of her mind were accepted instead of the deed; and that she was excused from the journey which had been before her, and should die in peace with God and man. Then turning to her husband, he said:—"Thy wife had a concern to visit the churches in another country beyond the sea, but thou wouldst not give her leave; so she shall be taken from thee; and behold the Lord's hand is against thee, and thou shalt be blasted in whatsoever thou doest, and reduced to want thy bread." The man seemed angry with John, who bid

him be still and weigh the matter; for "I knew not of the Friend's going to thy house, but thought he was in bed, and did not inform him about thee nor thy wife," at which he went away.

Peter continued his journey towards Scotland, and John Richardson and another Friend went with him to Scarborough on horseback (for he would not let them go on foot), and he kept before them full as fast as they chose to ride. When they had gone about half-way, he gained ground on them and John said he was filled with admiration, for he thought that he seemed to go with more slight and ease than he had ever before seen any man travel, John riding fast. When he overtook him, he said: "Thou dost travel very fast." Peter replied, "My Master told me, before I left home, that he would give me hind's feet, and He hath performed his promise to me."

When they came in sight of Scarborough, Peter said: "Take me to a Friend's house, if there is any there." John replied, "I will take thee to the place where I lodge, and if thou art not easy there, I will go until we find a place, if that may be." So John Richardson took him to his lodgings, and just as they entered the door, they heard some one go up stairs, and anon the woman Friend of the house, coming down with a neighbor, invited them to sit down. In a short time Peter said: "Here is light and darkness, good and bad in this house." After the woman had got them some refreshment, she asked John, "Who hast thou brought here?" "A man of God," he replied. Having a meeting next day at Scarborough, John staid with him, and said he had good service. He also went with him to several Friends' houses there, and he frequently spake his sense of the state of the families. But as they were near entering one house, Peter stopped and said: "My Master is not there —I will not go in;" so they turned away. Next morning, at

parting, John Richardson asked him how he was prepared with money, telling him his journey was long. Peter answered: "I have enough; my Master told me that I should not want, and now a bit of bread and some water from a brook refreshes me as much as a set meal at a table." But John insisted to see how much money he had, which was but two half-crowns; on which John took a handful of small pieces from his pocket, and forced Peter to take them, telling him it was as free to him as his own; for so the Lord had put it into his heart. Here they parted—John and the other Friend returned home.

In about two weeks afterwards the man's wife (before mentioned) died, as Peter had foretold. At that time the same man had ships at sea: his son was master of one; a second son was on board another; and in their voyages they were all wrecked or foundered, and their cargoes chiefly lost. His two sons and several of the hands were drowned. The man soon after broke, and could not pay his debts; and though he had been in good circumstances, if not very rich, he came to want bread before he died.

The following notice of Anthony Purver and his translation of the Bible is attributed to Hartley Coleridge.

Anthony Purver was a Quaker, poorer and less educated than most of his brethren; by trade a shoemaker. Can any one assign a reason why so many shoemakers have become eminent for their genius or their enthusiasm? The employment is still, often solitary, and allows a man to be meditative. Anthony Purver, as he worked with his awl, was overmastered with an idea that he was called and commanded to translate the Scriptures. His faith attributed the impulse, whose origin he could not trace in his own will or in the concatenation of his human thoughts, to the Divine Spirit. But, if he was an enthusiast, he was an enthusiast of much sanity; for he sought the accomplishment of his end by the necessary means, and he did not begin to translate till he had mastered the original tongues. We know not what assistance he re-

ceived in this great undertaking, which was commenced when he had long outlived the years of physical docility; but if it be true, as stated, that he began with the Hebrew first, (and it was the natural course to occur to his mind), he must have had some, for there was then no Hebrew and English lexicon or grammar. However, he did acquire a competent knowledge of the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac. He afterwards learned Greek, and Latin last of all. But still he could not have accomplished his purpose without pecuniary aid, and that aid was liberally afforded by Dr. Fothergill, at whose sole expense Purver's translation of the Old and New Testament, with notes critical and explanatory, in two volumes folio, was printed, and appeared in 1765. A short account of this extraordinary effort of faith and perseverance may be found in Southey's Omniana. It is said to be remarkable for a close adherence to the Hebrew idiom. It has not apparently attracted as much notice among biblical scholars as the curiosity, to say no more, of its production would seem to challenge. We never saw it but once, and that was in the library of a Friend. We doubt, indeed, whether any new translation, however learned, exact, or truly orthodox, will ever appear to English Christians to be the real Bible. The language of the authorized version is the perfection of English, and it can never be written again, for the language of prose is one of the few things in which the English have really degenerated.

TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE DILLWYN.

Fully ripe, like the ear for the reaper,
 He met the pale messenger's word;
Oh! sweet is the sleep of the sleeper
 That rests in the name of the Lord.

He slumbers at length with his fathers
 Secure from the tempests of time:
For the storm that on earth often gathers,
 Is unknown in the heavenly clime.

They have placed the cold earth on his ashes;
 They have given him up to the tomb;
But the light of his virtues still flashes,
 The pathway of Truth to illume.

He is dead—but his *memory* still liveth;
He is gone—his *example* is here;
And the lustre and fragrance it giveth
Shall linger for many a year.

He stood in the might of his weakness,
With the snows of long years on his head;
And sublime with a patriarch's meekness
The Gospel of Jesus he spread.

The pathway of the faithful he noted—
In the way of the humble he trod—
And his life was with ardor devoted
To the cause of religion and God.

Like the sun of a midsummer even,
When unclouded it sinks in the west,
His departure was brightened from heaven,
With a cheering assurance of rest.

Calm and soft and serene was the slumber,
Preceding his glorious rise,
And free from all cares that encumber
The moment he winged to the skies.

Oh! there's joy in the grief of the weeper,
Whose loss may above be restored;
And sweet is the sleep of the sleeper
That rests in the name of the Lord.

"Servant of God! well done!
Rest from thy loved employ—
Thy walk of glory done—
Enter thy Master's joy."

SAMUEL FOTHERGILL, WILLIAM HUNT AND JOI WOOLMAN.

LINES WRITTEN TO THE MEMORY OF SAMUEL FOTHERGILL, WILLIAM HUN JOHN WOOLMAN.—WRITTEN 1772.

Whence, oh, my friend, that sadly pensive sigh?
Whence those descending sympathetic tears?
Has thy firm bosom met some adverse shock?
Or dost thou feel another's secret woe?
—No: 'tis a general, universal grief
That swells thy bosom with augmenting pangs!
Thou mourn'st for Zion, mourns the church's loss,
By the removal of her valiant sons—

For who can view her stately pillars gone,
Those firm supports of virtue's weighty dome,
And not unite in tributary tears?
No more a Fothergill with Truth's bright shield
Maintains the dignity of Christian zeal;
No more he shines the mirror of the good,
The noble standard of accomplished man!
Whate'er of great the moralist can boast,
Whate'er superior grace religion gives,
In him portrayed a finished character.
With what persuasive, nervous eloquence
His lips have uttered this endearing call:
"Ye rising youth, the hope of future years,
You who have felt the cords of heavenly love
To draw and disengage you from the world,
Keep near that quick'ning, vivifying power
Which freed from bondage Israel's favored sons!
So shall you grow to glad parental love,
And stand as warriors in defence of Truth!
On you the important cause must soon devolve,
Oh, be ye faithful, upright and sincere."
No more he speaks; his flowing periods cease!
No more he lights devotion's sacred flame!
No longer warms and aids the ascending soul
To scale the altar whence his virtues flowed;
For all proceeded from the throne of grace;
His light, his love, his ardent charity,
Were but the emanations of that Sun
Whose rays diffusive are the Christian's strength,
His bow, his battle-axe, his only hope.

Nor less revered the memory of Hunt,
That noble veteran in his Master's cause,
Who greatly left his wife, his native land,
With every pledge that renders life most dear,
To purchase that best gift—a peaceful mind.
You, who with him have oft retired to sit
In inward silence, awful and profound,
Beneath the shades of Sinai's cloudy top,
To wait the unfoldings of mysterious love,
You only know the deep and ardent travail
Of his mind; his sympathetic mind,
In fellow-laboring lent a secret strength
With yours uniting, raising light and life.

And thou, oh, Woolman, venerable seer,
Art highly worthy of the plaintive lay;
In thee the astonished, gazing world admir'd
What this degenerate age can rarely boast—
A faithful follower of a suffering Lord!

'Twas thine the painful, thorny path to tread;
'Twas thine to bear a Saviour's dying cross!
Redeemed from earth and earth's perplexing cares,
Redeemed from lawful and unlawful self,
Thy mind was tutored, fitted and prepared
To enjoy the highest privilege of man;
A near companion with Eternal Good—
A fellowship celestial while below—
The certain earnest of immortal bliss!
Thy only wish, to hear and to obey
The sacred mandate, and supreme decree
Of Him who calls for purity and peace.
Here stop my pen—This fainter sketch forbear
Of what their retrospective virtues teach—
Their bright *examples* thus address mankind:
"Our painful, arduous warfare now is past—
Our souls released from earth's penurious soil,
Are gone to enjoy the liberty they loved;
That full fruition of triumphant joy
For which we labored in our militant state.
Mourn not for us—the living claim your tears!
Weep for those dead in trespass and in sin!
Tread the same steps which centered us in rest.
By good example call to the supine;
The young encourage, animate the weak;
Comfort the mourners, strengthen those who faint,
That Zion thus may shake herself, and shine
With the bright lustre of her ancient days."

TO DANIEL WHEELER

On hearing him say, in answer to a friend who queried respecting his home have no home."

Pilgrim and stranger as thou art on embassy of love,
The messenger of Gospel Truth, an heir of rest above,
Well mayst thou say there is no spot from which thou shalt not rc
That nook thy spirit knoweth not, nor asks on earth a home.

Afar from scenes most fondly prized; from friends in life most d
Duty has marked thy footsteps out, a way than none more clea
But peace, sweet peace, hath followed thee, thy spirit's favored dc
For every man thy brother seems, and every land thy home.

And whether moored on England's coast, or yet on Russia's pla
Or on the mountain billow tost, while ploughing on the main,
Jesus has been thy guiding star, and thou couldst safely roam.
While riding on the swelling serge, the Freeling was thy home.

God's Holy Spirit beaming there (thy passport o'er the deep),
When danger's darkest hour was near, lulled the rough winds to sleep.
In perils, oft thy soul was staid where evil could not come;
Christ was thy anchor in the storm, thy port, thy spirit's home.

He bade thee go to distant lands, to seas and isles afar;
Nor didst thou doubt his torch of love would be thy guiding star.
Benighted sons there gathered round, rejoiced to see thee come;
And, in God's hand an instrument, e'en there thou wast at home.

From snow-crowned heights, where love grew strong, faith led thy steps away
To tropic suns and genial climes, where earth's rich garden lay.
From north to south, from east to west, gray-headed thou hast come,
And, while we hail thy spirit here, oh! be our hearts thy home.

Yes, let thy precepts be impressed upon the softened clay,
Not merely as the morning dew that passeth soon away,
But as the shower that resteth long; that thus in years to come
Remembrance of the faithful past may cheer thy evening home.

As Christians, we can greet thy soul on Truth's exalted ground;
As children, come with listening ears to catch love's welcome sound;
For thou hast trod youth's slippery morn; noon past, and twilight come;
Experience speaks, come, follow me, as I am travelling home.

Loved ones thou hast; for life to thee has been one favored chain
Whose golden links, tho' severed now, will re-unite again,
Where faith shall end in glorious sight, where partings never come,
And prayer be turned to endless praise in thy eternal home.

SUSAN H. LOYD.

ADDENDA TO SUSAN LOYD'S LINES TO DANIEL WHEELER.

In frost-bound Russia, she who shared thy bosom's joy and care,
Laid down in peace her weary head, her Master's joy to share;
From sea-girt isles, against whose base old ocean's surges come,
Thy William bowed to God's decree, and sought a heavenly home.

In giddy France the lovely one, who with affection true
Had followed thee to southern climes, and all thy combats knew,
Waited thy coming from the west, across the Atlantic's foam:
Saw thy dear face again in love, then hasted to his home.

Perhaps in mercy, He who gave, may every green bough take,
And thou, a tree late flourishing, a branchless trunk mayst make;
Then oh! how joyous will it be—no longer doomed to roam—
To hear the mandate from above that calls thy spirit home.

'Tis done! the chariot wheels have passed along the parted air
The victory won, the soldier leaves the field of toil and care.
The house eternal of our God, the everlasting dome
Is now the resting-place of him who had on earth no home.

JOSEPH KI

Our Gallery—Northern District Meeting.

The following lines, descriptive of some of the worthies belonged to the Northern District meeting of Friends in adelphia, fifty or sixty years ago, were found after his dec among the papers of the late Joseph Kite, author of " Arm Chair."

Gone are our princes! and the common lot
Records their lives—they were and they are not!
Man bows submissive as death's shaft is hurled,
Unbending conqueror of an humbled world!
Dust seeks its dust! then the freed spirits know
A union with their Head, commenced below.
Here of the well of life they joyful sang,
There they partake the fount from whence it sprang!
The worthies of an earlier day had fled
To join the mighty army of the dead:
Emlen and Savery, Scattergood and Jones,
Whose trumpets filled the ear with Gospel tones,
No more were here beside the altar found,
Nor to the people gave a certain sound
When first amid the gathered flock I came
To the North Meeting; still a living flame
Burned on the altar; still a chosen few
Could the remembrance of past days renew;
Though glorious lights had passed the heavenward track,
Their beams, reflected, came in glory back!
Though oft we mourn for better days gone by,
When our forefathers, of stern probity,
Stood as a rampart, throwing back the tide
Of coming billows, threatening dangers wide,
Yet deem not all is lost. Are there not now
Here many hearts no Baal learns to bow;
Souls firmly wedded to a suffering Lord,
And gifted servants to proclaim his word!
We may not name them, though we fain would name—
"Well done!" at last will be their well-earned fame!

They stand as watchers still upon the wall,
Their warning voices to the careless call;
Haply the children of our time will tell
To their descendants, while their bosoms swell,
How nobly stood the worthies of this day,
With armor burnished, fitted for the fray;
How battled they with an unshrinking front,
Bearing the conflict's most appalling brunt.
Here they may mourn—our worthies are laid low—
And fear that Israel no more such shall know;
But He who holds creative power can still
Call into being servants of his will.
In every age a remnant will be found
To do his bidding, in his grace abound;
Go in and out before the people, clad
In that bright armor that makes Israel glad.

JERUSHA CURTIS.

'Mid briars and thorns a gaudy flower-bush grew;
Bowed bruised to earth, abroad its odors threw;
For soon a storm swept through the bright parterre,
And tempest darkness filled the troubled air;
Its painted leaves then lay upon the ground,
Buds of its being strewed the earth around;
Proudly awhile it fluttered in its pride,
With its gay branches growing at its side;
The Gardener laid the fairest scions low,
And left the poor stripped bush few shoots to show;
But a sweet fragrance, all unknown before,
Did from its wounded side rich balsam pour.
Jerusha Curtis, in her hour of joy,

Lived to the world, scarce tasting of alloy.
Her children held her with a powerful tie,
While earth's loved objects hid her from the sky.
Mercy removed her idols, stained the view
Of worldly pleasures, as it gently drew
Towards the Saviour—till she humbly stood
A living witness of his cleansing blood.
Then for his cause she raised her voice of praise,
And died in hope—rejoicing in his ways.

Jerusha Curtis died on Third-day, the eighteenth of Fifth Month, 1830, aged about fifty-one years, after a long and suffering illness. She had many domestic afflictions, which tended to her purification. She was an honest minister of the Gospel, who bought the Truth for a price and sold it not.

LEONARD SNOWDEN.

Thy meek, kind look—thy penetrating eye—
Thy earth-bowed form—thy thought ascending high—
Thy steady gathering to the house of prayer—
Thy reverend waiting on the Master there—
Thy honest dealing—sympathetic press,—
That sends the mourner help in deep distress—
Thy quiet movement through the crowded mart,
That shared thy presence, but held not thy heart—
The half-subdued, yet ever-present smile,
That o'er thy features played and lit the while,
Lives in remembrance—though no more we dwell
On that dear countenance we loved so well.
Cast on a sea of trouble, when the fight
Of angry elements in struggling might,
Brought secret disaffections into view,
Calmly thou didst thy troubled path pursue.
So firm, yet gentle, in thy Master's cause,
Kind, yet unbending, steadfast to his laws—
The very men who did their Lord reject
Scarce knew to treat thee with marked disrespect.
Still Leonard Snowden held a certain place
With men far entered in the sceptic race.
In placid eve his sun went down in peace,
And he was gathered where all conflicts cease.

This beloved elder died the twentieth of Sixth Month, 183 aged about eighty-one years and three months.

EDWARD RANDOLPH.

Strong in thy will and purpose, earlier life
Saw thee a combatant in martial strife,
Where drums and trumpets fired the angry mood
With honors rife, and garments rolled in blood!
Another warfare it was thine to know—
A strife more arduous, with an inward foe—
To know a victory over wrong desire,
In warfare marked by a consuming fire.
May we not hope a conqueror in this field,
Did Edward Randolph know his foes to yield;
O'er the last enemy victorious prove,
Through Him who lent the armory of love?
The final combat ended, loosed amain,
The passport gained through struggling and through pain,
Safely, we trust, thy weary feet have pressed
Through swelling Jordan, to the land of rest!

ANN MAULE, MARTHA ROSE, SARAH SMITH AND ISRAEL MAULE.

Others through quiet seas have laid their prow,
Where scarce a ripple could their courses show;
Yet they as safely in the haven rest,
As whom waves followed and the spray caressed.
The quiet Mary knew the Gospel springs,
As much as Martha chafed with many things.

Such was Ann Maule,—such Martha Rose, if they
But passed through life in the appointed way;
Such Sarah Smith, if studious to fulfill
The known requirings of the Master's will.
Such Israel Maule, clean-handed, and with heart
Ready to suffer his allotted part.

Ann Maule, an overseer, died Third Month 13th, 1833, in her forty-ninth year.

Martha Rose was an overseer, Sarah Smith a minister.

Israel Maule, an elder, died Eleventh Month 25th, 1828, in his fiftieth year.

MARY TAYLOR.

Faithful amid contumely and broil,
Gainst adverse billows with her friends to toil,
Bearing her cross where rose derisions wild,
And scoffs and jests were cast at Bethlehem's child,
Was Mary Taylor steadfast for the Truth,
Her age's stay, the promise of her youth.

Mary Taylor, an elder. During the Separation being faithful to the ancient principles of the Society, she was a mark for the arrows of the enemies at Green Street Meeting.

JANE SNOWDEN.

When by the resurrection of thy Lord,
Quickened to preach the everlasting Word,
Awe-struck and trembling:—with each period's swell,
Hearts sympathetic answering, rose and fell:
No idle prating for the talking's sake,
Nor balanced words a cadenced point to make,
Fresh gushed thy offerings from the Fountain Head;
And He that opened guided as they sped;
Sent its appropriate streams where e'er He chose,

As Shiloh's waves to these—as Marah's those;
The swell of Jordan to the stiff and proud,
Bethsaida's healing to the lame and bowed.
Long "tarrying by the stuff," thy wearied frame,
Not oft the public altar could attain,
Where others ministered; but Grace had given
To thee a ladder reaching up to heaven:
Like Obededom's there the ark was bound—
A little Bethel at thy hearth-stone found.
Absent in person from the worshippers
Jane Snowden knew their spirits joined to her's.
As life was ebbing flowed the Gospel strain:—
The two disciples that to Emmaus came,
As day was sinking in the reddened West,
And recent scenes bewildered and distressed—
Whom the dear Master joined upon the road,
Opening the Scriptures till their spirits glowed,
Her dying tongue brought solemnly to view,
And from the passage sweet instruction drew.
Thus in her gift she labored to the last,
Till time was finished and probation past!

This beloved minister died Fourth Month 18th, 1837, in eighty-third year.

OTHNIEL ALSOP.

When the disciples faint, mid gloom and doubt,
Scarce in the battle held the combat out,
A living faith upheld thee, in the hour
Of infidelity's dark reign and power;
Brighter and brighter in that hour of night,
Thy steady confidence diffused its light;
And oft the cheering cup thou didst afford
To those who battled for their sovereign Lord.
When dashing billows beat against thy barque,
When death's bleak shore rose o'er time's boundary dark,
Thou couldst proclaim, thy Captain walked the deck,
And the tossed vessel would not all be wreck!
"Instant in season" with thy gift, and true
To public service as it rose to view.
Beside thy grave the tribute just was paid,
As Othniel Alsop in the grave was laid,
That faithful in his ministry, he proved
A zealous servant to a cause he loved.

He died Twelfth Month 8th, 1836, in his sixty-sixth ye

THOMAS BACON.

In golden harvest; when thy sun was high,
E'er Autumn left thy branches seared and dry,
A burden-bearer, with bowed neck to feel
Allotted suffering for the body's weal;
A tender husband, and a father loved,
The Christian armor who so lately proved,
We fondly hoped thy promise would produce,
A plenteous harvest for the Master's use;
But mortal blindness cannot judge aright,
And thou wert taken from our hopes and sight,
Mysterious Wisdom planned—the contrite heart,
Bows to the fiat, though it weeps apart.
We fain had kept thee till mature in years,
Our hopes to cherish and partake our fears.
True to thy principles, in virtue bold,
Thou told the stranger who despoiled the fold,
How e'er wrapt up in learning's close disguise,
That he was naked to discerning eyes.
Ah, blight and sear, and discord fell were found,
Where e'er this stranger prest upon our ground;
Seeds of his sowing towering weeds have grown,
And all the fruits the parent stock have shown.
Bacon, we love thy memory!—we deem
The church's loss thy passage from this scene;
We deem the cause that made thy true heart break,
A wound received for thy dear Master's sake!

Thomas Bacon, an overseer, died on Seventh-day evening, the twenty-third of Tenth Month, 1838, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

TIMOTHY PAXSON.

All native talent never yet sufficed,
The strong man bowed, must be a babe in Christ:
Thou mayst have deemed thy wisdom but as dross,
And laid thy treasures humbly at the cross.
The world, that claimed thee much, well didst thou know,
Oft robbed of joys it never could bestow.
There is a leprosy that closely cleaves,
To him who daily amid money lives;
It is a leaven that will work unseen,
Till captive man learns mammon's rites unclean;
Earth's honor as a covert poison flows,
Till all the system its dread influence knows;
Like some fair tree the sight with pleasure fills,
While prussic acid from its leaf distills!

Grace may in thee have conquered; we may hope
In age thy virtues had full room and scope;
That all the powers of thy lofty mind,
Gathered from earth were to the skies inclined;
That human wisdom in submission laid,
A new creation was in mercy made;
That e'er the world receded from thy view,
Old things discarded, all things became new,
That Paxson found, his earthly covering riven,
A robe of righteousness through faith was given!

Timothy Paxson, an elder, died Fourth Month 21st, 1839, in his seventy-fifth year.

REBECCA RICHARDSON.

Rebecca Richardson, a few short years,
Sat here amid our prophets and our seers.
Steadfast to ancient principles, she ran
Her quiet course—pursued the Gospel plan;
Employed her talent till the Master came,
Nor sought the plaudits of an empty name,
Her's the reward of faithfulness. We trust
That though the body turned again to dust,
She knew the Power that triumphs over strife,
Who is the "Resurrection and the Life."
As time was ebbing, thou couldst calmly say,
To a dear friend who watched thy closing day:
"In the dark valley lie the shades of night,
But all beyond are glorious beams of light."

Rebecca Richardson, a minister, died Tenth Month 16th, 1840, in her sixty-fourth year. During the early period of the Separation, she resided in Bucks Co., and heartily joined with her friends in opposition to the unsound sentiments then promulgated by some bearing the name of Quakers.

RACHEL BARTRAM.

Caught in the Gospel net, thy trappings gay,
Ribbons and flounces, all were torn away!
Self-will that stooped not to the Christian yoke,
Under the Gospel hammer crumbling broke,
The wandering spirit that went forth to feed,
Beyond the covert, in the flowery mead,
Where no enclosure kept the foe at bay,
But secret enemies in ambush lay
The Shepherd's crook caught e'er the wolf had slain,
And safely gave thee to the fold again!

The dangers of that hour had deep imprest
A solemn warning in thy anxious breast;
The very day that closed thy pilgrimage,
To one* so tempted thou gave counsel sage,
Told how thy startled heart heard the decree,
Mid thine own people must thy portion be;
And little deemed so soon before the throne
You both should answer for the deeds here done!
Love to the Saviour in thy tendered heart,
In gentle shootings soon began to start;
The bursting seed,—the tender blade,—the ear,—
In due progression at his call appear:
The ripened harvest did the toil repay,
When Death's keen sickle cut in haste away;
But in the garner, where the wheat is stored,
Has Rachel Bartram entered to her Lord!

Rachel Bartram, an overseer was suddenly called hence on Third-day, Twelfth Month 7th, 1841, in her fifty-second year.

CATHARINE SHEPPARD.

Without a thought that needed art's disguise,
Open and obvious to the gazer's eyes,
Did Catharine Sheppard undissembling stand,
Bearing her open heart within her hand.
No shy reserve—no double minded way—
No shadowy covering to shut out Truth's ray;
Loving the ancient path her fathers trod,
Though by the cross and underneath the rod,—
Modern inventions for the ease of man,
To slip to heaven upon some other plan,
Her honest nature threw indignant by,
Choosing the path Fox trod to victory!

Catharine Sheppard, a beloved elder, died Twelfth Month 15th, 1842, aged eighty years.

WILLIAM HALLOWELL.

Of modest worth, of unpresuming merit,
With the meek covering of a quiet spirit,
Did William Hallowell his portion share,
And unrepining a long sickness bear.
Looking for mercy to a Saviour slain,
Who rose victorious from the grave again.

* William Smith.

William Hallowell had been an overseer till released on count of infirm health. He died Second Month 24th, 184 his seventy-first year.

LYDIA DEAN.

Thy weary pilgrimage at length is done!
Through sore affliction was the victory won.
No flowery way towards Zion didst thou trace,
Through smiling gardens or through bowers of grace,
Thy rugged path in the cloud's shadow lay,
Little to make thee idle on the way.
And this was merciful! Thy vision clear
Saw joys beyond, felt briars and brambles here.
Thy very trials urged thee on the road
To where the weary rest, and lose their load.
As did the ancient servants of thy Lord
Where mockers would not listen to the Word,
Thou shook the dust from off thy feet, to make
A true memorial for the Gospel's sake,
Left blind professors firm to earth allied,
And sought congenial spirits here—and died!
Earth was receding from thy failing sight,
When o'er thy features shone a heavenly light,
"Sweet Jesus now has come" thou joyful cried—
And Lydia Dean was by her Saviour's side.

Her certificate was received by the meeting in the Third M 1844. She never attended the Select Preparative Meeti Her mother said of her: "She lived like a lamb, and she d like a lamb."

An interesting obituary notice was published in vol. x page 367 of "The Friend."

Lydia Dean, a minister, died in 1844, in her fiftieth ye

Jacob Lindley, in the days of his early labors in the mi try, passed through a period of trial and perplexity. Be one day at work by himself, this question seemed to arise v him: "Hast thou a soul?" His inward answer was: "Y certainly I have." To this a second question arose: "I dost thou know thou hast a soul?" He called to remembra

all the evidences in favor of the immortality of the soul he had read, but it was immediately suggested within him: All this may be priest-craft. Then there arose before the view of his mind the resemblance between the various races of animals; and he saw that in form the monkey was a close approximation to man. Man seemed to him but a link in the great chain of animal life, and why should he be immortal, and the rest not so? He was perplexed, though not at all satisfied with this reasoning, yet felt as if he was doubtful whether he had anything to hope, or any cause for fear beyond the confines of time. This was during the Revolutionary war, and the thought arose that if he had no soul, he might take part in the contest, and if he should be killed in it there would be the end of him. If there was no after scene—if death ended man's existence—life could be of little consequence.

At last, leaving off his reasoning, he sat down, and his mind was drawn into quietude. After a time thus spent, a query arose within him to this import: "Canst thou look forward a thousand years?" His inward answer was in the affirmative. The query again arose, with an increase of the length of time. This he knew he could do. Then the query was further extended, embracing in its scope existence which should have no end. This idea, also, he felt that his mind could grasp. The inward question then suggested that this power was not possessed by the animal creation, and also that the mind which could grasp futurity would exist through that eternity it could meditate on.

Jacob Lindley felt his doubts at once removed. He believed that these suggestions were from a higher source than the mere cogitations of his own reason and intellect, and he doubtless was thereby more effectually fitted to meet and confute the deistical, would-be reasoner, when his Divine Master laid it upon him.

William Penn made not only a beautiful piece of alliteration, but a full sermon, when he wrote: "No pain, no palm; no thorns, no throne; no gall, no glory; no cross, no crown."

Respecting a visit to the Catholic bishop of Kilkenny. Thomas Shillitoe says:

On our arrival at the house we were ordered up-stairs, where the bishop received us with great civility; ushered us into a room; brought me a chair, placing it opposite to a sofa, on which he took his seat. My companions taking seats, also, we dropped into silence, which I broke by saying a visit had been paid to the drinking houses in Kilkenny, which I supposed he had been acquainted with, to which he replied: "Well." I observed that in performing this visit, my fears and the various reports I had heard were fully confirmed; that the laity profess to believe the clergy have full power to forgive their sins; adding, the people may be so deceived as to believe the priest has this power, but that I did not believe it possible the clergy could believe it themselves. Therefore, as their superior, to whom the people were taught to look up for counsel, I desired he would seek to the Almighty for help, and, as he valued his own precious soul, as ability was afforded him, endeavor to turn the minds of the people from man unto God and Christ Jesus, who only can forgive sins; otherwise he would incur a load of condemnation too heavy for him to bear in the great day of account, when the deceiver and deceived would be all one in the sight of God, whether actively or passively deceiving the people. That at times, when considering the subject, it was my belief that if the Almighty had one vial of wrath more powerful than another, it would be poured out upon those who thus deceived the people. Here I closed for the present. He manifested great confusion; shutting his eyes, as not being able to look me in the face. A pause ensued, and after a while he requested leave to say something, to which I replied, he had heard me without interruption, and I was willing to hear him in like manner. He began by saying it was very indecorous and unchristian in me to come to his house, a stranger to him, and from another land, and address him in such a manner, charging him, who was a man of so much ex-

perience in the church of God, with being a deceiver; saying surely, I must be mistaken. I told him it was in love to his soul, and under an apprehension of religious duty. He called upon me to produce my authority for my mission. I told him my authority was in my own heart. He said conversion was a great work, and he was not to be converted all at once. I queried with him: "Are not the people thus deceived? Do they not believe the clergy have power to forgive their sins? Art thou endeavoring to undeceive them?" exhorting him to be willing to co-operate with that Divine help which, if rightly sought after by him, would be extended, whereby ability would be received to undeceive the people; again reminding him that the deceiver and deceived were all one in the sight of God; and that it continued my firm belief, if the Almighty had one vial of his wrath more powerful than another, it would be poured out on those who thus deceived the people, whether actively or passively engaged therein. He said he believed I meant well, and that he commended my principles, but he could not say he thanked me for my visit. I expected, at times, he would have turned me out of the room. We rose from our seats to take our leave, when the bishop clasped my hand, and holding it, paused, saying: "I believe I may say I feel thankful for it;" doubtless meaning the visit. Requesting us to take some refreshment, he kindly conducted us to the stairs again, and we parted, never more to meet on this side eternity; for I received an account, about twelve months after this visit, of his removal by death. We returned to our inn rejoicing; I, under a sense of faithfulness in co-operating with the help mercifully vouchsafed to deliver what to me appeared to be the whole counsel of my Divine Master, and my companions, that I was helped to get through to my own relief.

There can be no doubt that much mischief attends the false belief that the priests can absolve their hearers of sin. Instead of lessening crime, it must encourage it, and remove the belief of future punishment, and induce a total disrespect for the truth of religion—especially if they think they can be released from sin by paying for it.

Some interesting incidents are related of Jacob Lindley, a warm-hearted, impulsive minister, who resided in Chester County, Pa.

As Jacob Lindley was riding on horseback, one day, not far from his own residence, he was overtaken by a shower, and took shelter under the sheds belonging to the New Garden meeting-house. Here the grave-yard was open before him, and his mind soon became busy in recalling to recollection the many worthy Friends and faithful ministers of the Gospel buried there who, having served the Lord in their generation, had died in peace. His feelings became warm, and at the top of his powerful voice he broke out in the words of Addison:

"How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence."

Such a voice as his echoed far and wide. A neighbor, who was passing along the road at the time, hearing the words uttered in such a tone, proceeding, apparently, from the grave-yard, and perceiving no one, he deemed it was something unearthly, and, putting spurs to his horse, fled from the place with fear and precipitation. Jacob, hearing the clatter of the horse's hoofs as the man galloped off, immediately comprehended the cause, and, to appease the man's alarm, he shouted after him. In his earnestness he did not let his voice fall, and the man's fears were aggravated by hearing himself called by that voice. His spurs did not cease their office until he had placed a considerable distance between himself and the spot from whence such awful sounds proceeded.

On one occasion Jacob's warm heart was sorely tried, and his zeal was in great dominion. He had given employment, in his family, to a colored person, who, it afterwards appeared, was one held as a slave; who, without having been manumitted

by those claiming him as their property, had attempted to secure his natural right to liberty by running away. The person who was the reputed owner of this black man obtained information—probably from a drunken neighbor of Jacob Lindley's, named John Brown—where his human chattel could be found. Taking a company of people with him, among whom was this John Brown, the Southerner proceeded to the house of Jacob Lindley, and, by force, seized the slave. Jacob, who warmly felt the oppression of the poor, afflicted negroes, was deeply affected at seeing this man carried off into bondage. He did not—he could not, as a true-hearted follower of our Lord Jesus Christ—offer any physical resistance, but he could plead the cause of Truth, mercy and righteousness, with a voice of persuasion, of compassion, of warm-hearted feeling, of terror-awakening zeal. What he said to the slave-holder has not been preserved; but, seeing his drunken neighbor, he turned to him and sharply demanded who he was. The man no doubt quailed before the earnest manner of this afflicted lover of the human race, and answered that he was John Brown, one of his neighbors. "Yes," said Jacob, as if suddenly remembering him, "I went by thy house the other day. The fences were down; the pigs were squealing; the dog stood leaning against the side of the house, too lean to bark! and I said to myself: 'John Brown! John Brown! cursed within and without!'"

In speaking of the trials of faith into which Friends are sometimes brought, Christopher Healy said he was once travelling, on the fourth of the Seventh Month, and the time had fully come for feeding his horse. It was a few miles from Albany, and he stopped at a tavern kept by two brothers whom he knew very well, and put his horse under the shed. The hostler came and gave the horse his oats. Presently the sound of a fiddle was heard in the house, and Christopher knew there must be a dance going forward. He became a good deal dis-

turbed under the thought of what people would say if he should be found, on such a day, at a tavern where a dance was going on. It would bring discredit, he thought, on his profession. He quickly decided to proceed, and was about mounting his horse, when he heard the language: "Thou must go into the dance-room!" This, he thought, was out of the question, and a delusion, and he'd do no such thing. So he rode off slowly, but with a heavy mind. Feeling so uncomfortable riding, he dismounted and tried walking; but it was no better; the exercise continued. Again he heard the voice, and again strove to put it away as a delusion. The third time the admonition was: "Perhaps thou wilt never have another opportunity to warn these people." "If it comes to that," said Christopher, "I must go back." Mounting his horse, he returned to the tavern, put it under the shed to finish the oats, and proceeded into the house. The senior of the young men who kept the house he found in the bar-room, and inquired of him if he might go into the dancers' room. Though doubtless astonished, the landlord said: "You may, Mr. Healy, if you desire it." On being requested to do so, he also went with Christopher upstairs and opened the ball-room door. The floor was occupied by the dancers, and the fiddler was engaged in his vocation, when the unexpected appearance of the plain Quaker burst upon their astonished vision. Instantly the tones of the fiddle ceased, and the dancers slunk away to the seats placed around the room. The junior landlord came forward instantly, seeing his gain was likely to be disturbed, and said: "Oh, Mr. Healy, you can't preach here!" "But," said Christopher, "only let me ask the young people a question. Would you be willing to get into the quiet a little time?" The company very generally gave assent; but the young landlord again interposed and said: "Any other time, Mr. Healy, we shall be glad to hear you, but positively not now." "Well," continued our

friend, "if thou wilt not suffer it, I shall be clear, and must leave it on thee." He then departed, and went with a light and cheerful heart on his road.

Some time after, Christopher met with the young landlord, who told him that he had felt very much troubled whenever he had thought of having stopped him from speaking to the dancers, and desired him to have a meeting appointed in that dance-room, and he would take care to have all the company that were then present, invited. The proposal took hold of Christopher's mind, and, after consulting with the select members of his Monthly Meeting, he felt easy to appoint a meeting in this large room of the tavern. Very especial care was taken by the young landlord to have all the company of "the Fourth" present, and Christopher added: "That he never remembered to have had a more satisfactory meeting; the floor being a good deal wet with the tears of his auditors." After the meeting was over, the young landlord told Christopher Healy that his object in going into the room at the first was so far accomplished that there was not another sound of the fiddle, or a single dance after he went into the room that day; but that they all departed to their respective homes as though they had been at a Quaker meeting.

The Last Interview Between Christopher Healy and Ruth Ely.

At the close of Bucks Quarterly Meeting, held the twenty-sixth of Second Month, 1851, Christopher Healy went to see his old friend and faithful fellow-travailler for the prosperity of Zion, Ruth Ely. She had long been confined to the house, but though absent in body from the assemblies of the Lord's people, and debarred by situation from much of the company of her valued friends, she was present in spirit with them, and partook in her measure of their earnest concern that the tes-

timony of Truth might be supported, and primitive practices maintained in all their purity and brightness.

The visit was one very satisfactory to the two aged Friends, who, standing on the borders of the grave, into which they were about to descend, could commemorate the Lord's mercies in times past, and could rejoice in feeling and knowing that they had not been following cunningly-devised fables, but living and eternal Truth.

They felt that their own work was nearly accomplished, and they were permitted to rejoice in seeing and feeling the spiritual greenness of each other. When the time of parting came, Christopher took hold of Ruth's hand, shook it cordially, and looking at her very pleasantly, said: "Farewell, Ruth! farewell! we may meet again in mutability, and we may not." Ruth then, in answer, said: "It is lively with me to tell thee what passed between two dear Friends at their last interview. One said: 'We may meet again in mutability!' The other answered: 'No! when thou comest this way again, I shall be in heaven!'" Ruth added: "I thought I must get out again—but I am waiting;" evidently meaning she had gone through her labor, and was only waiting for her release. Christopher then said: "I must say what I once heard passed between a Presbyterian minister and one of his hearers, who told him she was in a waiting state: 'There is no waiting state till the work is done.'" Ruth received the admonition couched in the anecdote, and sweetly, yet solemnly said, whilst her countenance was thoughtfully serious: "I must see what remains for me to do."

Christopher's wife coming into the room, Ruth said: "This has been a very satisfactory visit to me; the unity that has been between us is not to be broken. Neither heights nor depths, nor anything in this world can break the unity that is between us." Thus these two aged friends parted in the over-

flowing of Gospel love and fellowship. Ruth soon found herself a little stronger than she had been for some time previously, and she ventured out a short distance from home, as she felt her mind drawn to visit some of her friends; and she was once at meeting. Divers of her visits are said to have been very remarkable seasons—satisfactory to the visited and relieving to herself. On returning home from the last of these visits, she said she believed her work was now done.

A few days afterwards, just twenty days from her parting with Christopher, she was suddenly and quietly released from the body, and gathered, we humbly believe, to the just of all generations who have finished their allotted portion of service and of suffering on earth. Her decease took place Third Month 18th, and the next time Christopher came that way was to attend her funeral.

It is said that while Christopher stood by the body, once animated by the pure spirit of his friend, he said: "Dear Ruth is gone, and I shall not be long behind her."

Neither was his tarriance long; in less than two months he also was permitted, we trust, to enter into the joy of his Lord. Divine mercy sustained him in his sickness, and at his close, so that "Death had no sting, and the grave no victory." Peace was his daily portion whilst treading the dark valley. The tempter, the accuser of the brethren, stood rebuked. Thanks be to God who giveth (his saints) the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

The following incidents were related by Christopher Healy, at different times in companies where he was:

"Upon Christopher Healy's visit to the Southern States, in the year 1824, at one place he attended a small Select meeting. There were not more than about ten present. Christopher said something came over him that he could not get rid of, and so he quoted the expression of the prophet, 'Shut the

door, and hold him fast at the door; is not the sound of his master's feet behind him?' When any one believes that there is no devil, no evil spirit other than the natural inclinations of the human heart, whether he is a Friend or belongs to another denomination, he is ready to deny the divinity of our Saviour. Christ was tempted of the devil, and He could not have been tempted by his own nature; it must have been by an evil spirit. Through this door [of denying the existence of a devil] all infidel principles can come in, even till a man comes, with the fool, to say in his heart, 'There is no God.'

"After the meeting had dispersed, his companion told him that he had heard one of the Friends present state his opinion in these very words—that there was no devil other than the natural inclinations of the heart. Nothing had been said to Christopher about it, and at the time he felt the impression, he was not aware that any present held such views."

"Fourth Month 15th, 1849. At the house of a friend, Christopher said:

I suppose that there are few members of our religious Society now living who have passed through sorer trials of their faith, or have been plunged into deeper baptisms of sufferings than I have been; but I can now see that it has all been for the best, and that they have been permitted, or perhaps I may say appointed, to purify me more effectually from defilement, and to wean me from the perishing things of this world, and to induce me to seek for consolation where alone it can be truly found. And lastly, that I may sympathize with, and comfort those who are under suffering, with a little of that comfort wherewith I myself have been comforted of God. And I do believe that it is not only my privilege, but my duty also, to do what I can to comfort and encourage my friends who are under trials and afflictions, by telling them how good the Master has been to me, not only in sustaining and supporting me under my many and varied provings and besetments, but in bringing me out from under them in his own appointed time;



and when He has seen that it was enough, permitting me and enabling me to sing his praises on the banks of deliverance. Glory be to his ever worthy Name therefor!

I just now remember a time when I was plunged into as deep distress as perhaps I was ever in; and I am willing to tell thee of it (addressing an individual present), for thy consolation and encouragement. I had been speaking a little in meetings from time to time, as thou hast been, and not without doubts and reasonings from within, and opposing spirits from without, as I suppose thou hast had to encounter. But the cause of my then great trouble was on account of some debts which I had left behind me unpaid, in Rhode Island. I knew that they ought to have been paid long before, but I had never been able to do it, though I had worked early and late, and denied myself almost the necessaries of life in order to do so; yet I had not been able to procure the means. The consideration of these things troubled me very much, for I feared that my creditors would believe that I was dishonest, and that I intended to cheat them out of their just dues, by refusing to pay what I owed. Indeed I was so much troubled about it, and got so worked up in my mind, that I felt almost confident that a complaint would be sent to our Monthly Meeting against me, and I was really afraid to go to Monthly Meeting, lest I should there hear myself charged with being a dishonest man. One evening in particular I was brought very low in my mind. I seemed to have got to the very lowest spot that a poor mortal could be plunged into. My wife had gone to bed, and was asleep, but I was afraid to go to bed, and there I sat, or walked about, reduced almost to despair. After a while I thought I would get my Bible, and see if I could not find some comfort in it; or at least if I could not divert my mind from its very distressing thoughts, by reading in that good book. The first passage I read did but increase my distress. I have forgotten what it was, but it plunged me still deeper into misery; and the further I read on, the worse I got, so that I thought I would go distracted if I did not shut up the book. It was then after midnight. I put my Bible away, and concluded to go to bed, expecting nothing else than I would toss and tumble about without sleep till morning. But I think I was not in bed five

minutes before I fell asleep; and I seemed to awake as suddenly. I stared around me, and it was broad day, and the sun was shining full in my face. We lived then in a log cabin, at the east end of which there was a window of six lights, through which the sun was shining bright and clear as I had ever beheld it. I looked around the room. There lay my wife sleeping sweetly by my side, and I could see everything in the room, looking as natural and in its place as usual. I looked out of the window, and everything there seemed bright and beautiful; the glorious sun seemed to be half-way up the sky, shining with its accustomed splendor; and there I lay in bed, debating with myself whether it was really day, with the sun half-way up to the meridian, or whether it was a vision of light that encompassed me. But whilst I was considering this question, the light faded from my view, and I found myself lying in my bed, with the darkness of midnight around me. I then knew that it was either a dream, or else a vision of light from the Lord to comfort my heart, and to bring me out of my sore distress. And blessed be his holy Name, who thus did comfort me, and gave me at once faith to believe that He would make bare his holy arm for my help, and bring me out of my great and sore troubles. Yea, the Sun of righteousness did already shine into my heart, as the sun in this vision of light shone into my face, and lighted up the flame of hope, giving me to believe that He would enlighten my path, and enable me to see of the travail of my soul, and be satisfied therewith. Being thus refreshed and comforted, I fell asleep, and slept soundly till morning.

Next day I wrote to a Friend in Rhode Island, and told him how distressed I had been about my debts, assuring him that I was desirous and anxious to pay them, but that hitherto I had been unable to do so, and I requested him to inform my creditors that I was striving to earn the means of paying them, and I would send it to them as soon as I could get it, which I hoped to do before long. I soon received an answer, saying that I might make myself easy about my debts, as all my creditors knew that I was an honest man, and they were willing to wait for the money, until I was able to pay it without distressing myself. Times soon changed for the better with me. I

had a pretty good crop of wheat, which I sold, and I parted with some other things; so that I collected a pretty considerable sum of money for me, though not quite enough to pay all I owed; but I sent it to my friend C., desiring him to divide it among my creditors. I soon after received a letter from him, enclosing receipts in full from all my creditors. So the Lord helped me out of that difficulty, as I trust He will help thee out of thine, for I know that He will help all his poor distressed children and servants out of their difficulties and trials, if they will but trust in Him, and not cast themselves down as I did, and as the devil tried to tempt the blessed Jesus to do, when the old deceiver quoted Scripture to accomplish his wicked purposes. It is wrong to cast ourselves down, and it is nearly as bad to stay down in the cellar a moment longer than we can help it. A cellar is a cold, damp and sickly place, and it is equally unwholesome for body or mind. Come up out of it as soon as thou canst, and hold fast the shield of faith. Don't cast it away, as though it had never been anointed with oil; for if thou hold on, the Master will bring thee up out of the horrible pit, and out of the miry clay, and set thy feet upon a rock, and establish thy goings; yea, He will put a new song into thy mouth, even praises to our God; yea, He will enable thee to sing a song of deliverance, even one of the holy songs of Zion, to his praise.

In one of his instructive conversations, Christopher said: I remember when I was in England, I had one day eaten something which gave me severe pain; and while I was suffering therefrom I was betrayed into irritability of temper, by not keeping so close a watch over my spirit as I ought to have done; and in consequence I said two or three words, for which my conscience smote me. I do not remember what I said, but I recollect very well that I soon found the sting in my conscience harder to bear than my bodily pain. I think there were twenty or more Friends in the room, eating dinner; but as I could not eat, I sat in my rocking chair, rocking backwards and forwards, as long as I could; and then I spoke right out and said: Friends, I cannot bear this any longer, for I feel that I did very wrong in saying those few words just now; but I hope I shall be forgiven for it, for I am truly sorry for hav-

ing said them, and I cannot hope to have my peace of mind restored, until I acknowledge my fault and express my sorrow for it, which I now do in the presence of all of you who heard me. One of the company immediately said, he did not see that I had said anything out of the way, that I need express or feel any sorrow for; and so divers others expressed themselves. But there was a plain and simple-looking woman Friend present, who I think was a minister, who said: "I am truly glad that our dear friend, Christopher Healy, has been made willing to own his fault thus publicly, and that he has been strengthened to condemn it at once, in so decided a manner. I, like other Friends, did not at the time perceive any evil in the words he uttered, but I now see that he has taught us a lesson, and given us an example, which I hope we shall all try to profit by; for I see we are not so watchful over our spirits, and over our words, as we ought to be, and I hope we will all endeavor to get low and humble enough to imitate our tender spirited friend, in acknowledging and condemning our faults, whenever we are betrayed through unwatchfulness, into the commission of them. It has been, I must say, a very instructive lesson to me, and I hope it will be so to all of us."

Christopher said: The Friend's remarks had a very reaching effect upon the whole company, and I felt myself healed at once; so that I was enabled to go that afternoon to an appointed meeting, which proved indeed a very satisfactory one, and the Gospel message flowed through me, as I scarcely remember it to have done before. And, he added, I do believe that I should not have been able to have opened my mouth that day in the way of the ministry, if I had not been faithful in condemning my fault before all the company, who had heard me commit it. I know that I lost nothing in the estimation of these Friends by doing so, but on the contrary, I am fully persuaded that they thought all the better of me. And my heavenly Father was also well pleased with the sacrifice which I made of self on the altar of humility and Truth. Indeed there is no other way to true honor but by the road of humility and self abasement.

I once had an appointed meeting at ——, in the State of New York, in which I was led to speak of the pernicious doc-

trine of election and reprobation, as many persons believe in it, and are thereby led to take up a false rest, very far from the true rest which remains for the people of God; and which has a tendency to foster in them, that pharisaical spirit which can thank God that they are not like other men are, and make them look down upon those whom they in their spiritual pride, call publicans and sinners.

There was one of the great men of this world, at meeting that day, who was a judge, and, as I understood, a brigadier-general also. This man did not relish the doctrine I had to deliver; and at last he stood up and interrupted me in my discourse: and I in my freedom, answered him as well as I was able. After meeting he kindly invited me—indeed he did more than that, for he pressed me very earnestly—to go home with him to dine. I felt something more than a mere willingness to go with the man, and told my companion that if he was free to go along, that I thought it might be right for me to go. As my companion was willing to bear me company, I went, and was very kindly treated and hospitably entertained. After dinner he said, I desire to have some conversation with you, sir, in relation to the doctrine you preached this morning. I told him that I was at present not very well in health, and that I was at best but a poor weak man, and no great hand at an argument, as I could not say anything of myself, and if Master would not help me, I could do nothing.

But as he insisted that I should defend the doctrine I had delivered, I consented to hear him, but told him that there were a few preliminaries, which I would like to have settled before he began his argument.—As I cannot give flattering titles to men, [see Job. xxxii. 21, 22], I want to know thy name and to have full liberty to call thee by it, desiring that thou wilt take no offence by my so doing, for it is not out of disrespect, but as a matter of conscience that I so speak. My name is Christopher Healy, and I would much prefer thou wouldst call me by my name. And my name said he, is Paul Todd, and I have no objection to be called by my name.

There is another proposition (said Christopher), which I wish to make, and that is, if I should say anything, which thou shouldst think to be too hard, about principles and doctrines,

I hope thou wilt not take it to thyself, so as to make a personal matter of it, and get offended with me; for it is principles and not persons, I trust, that we are going to discourse about. And I consent to let thee say as hard things about my doctrines and principles, as thou may see fit, promising thee not to be offended thereat. To all which he gave his assent, saying it would be very weak in either of us to get affronted.

After the judge had stated a few of his objections against Friends' doctrines, Christopher said: Now, Paul Todd, from what thou saidst in meeting this morning, and from what thou sayst now, I think I understand precisely where thou art; I presume that thou art a Presbyterian. To this he assented. I suppose too, that thou hast "got religion," as your people express it. Yes, he said, I got religion thirty years ago; and when our minister is absent, I sometime exhort the brethren myself. No doubt then, thou art fully persuaded in thy own mind that every thing which happens, past, present and to come, does so in accordance with, and in conformity to, the fixed and unalterable decree of God; and that nothing ever did, or ever can come to pass, but in exact conformity with his will—foreordained and determined before the foundations of the world were laid. Yes, he said, these are my views and belief, and they are, in my apprehension, in strict accordance with the Bible. Now, continued Christopher, let me put one simple case to thee. Thou art a judge, and as such, thou hast, no doubt tried many criminals. We will suppose that some wicked man—and the wickeder he is, the better for my purpose—comes, and, in the secrecy and darkness of midnight, murders thy innocent neighbor, or thy dearest friend; and he is tried before thee, and his guilt proved in the most positive and unquestionable manner: what wouldst thou do with him? Condemn him to be hanged, most certainly. But thou hast said that there is no act done, but in strict conformity with the will of God. Therefore if God fore-ordained this man to commit this very murder, who art thou, that darest to punish him for doing the will of his great Creator? According to thy belief, he could not in any way, or by any possible means, escape from the necessity of killing this man; and must he be

punished for it? Why, this horrible doctrine makes God himself the author of all the wickedness that is in the world! Is it not blasphemy? Now, Paul Todd, I want thee seriously, to consider this matter, and decide what thou oughest to do with criminals, if the truth be as thou hast believed it to be. The judge said, This subject has been placed before my mind in a new light. I never so contemplated it before. I do not know what I ought to do. But I, said Christopher, do know what thou ought to do; and that is, give up, renounce, and utterly forsake, all such false doctrines, which are derogatory to the character of our Heavenly Father, who wills all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the Truth. But they limit the offices of Christ, and detract from the merits of that most holy sacrifice, which the dear Son of God made of Himself, when He shed his blood on the cross for all men; and they quench the Holy Spirit in the hearts of many; for a manifestation thereof is given to every man to profit withal. Our Heavenly Father long ago declared, "For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God, wherefore turn yourselves and live." And shall we, worms of the dust, limit the Holy One of Israel, either in his power, or his mercy, or his loving kindness to the children of men; who sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world, through Him, might be saved. And my advice to thee, Paul Todd, is, that thou shouldst not trust to anything which thou mayst have received thirty years ago; for unless thou receive a renewal of the Holy Spirit from day to day, and hast fresh and heavenly nourishment ministered, more often than the returning morning, to enable thee to resist temptations, thou wilt die in thy sins, notwithstanding all the experiences in which thou hast entrenched thyself. Yea, destruction shall suddenly come upon thee, and thou shalt be cut in sunder, and have thy portion in that eternal misery into which, as a judge, thou wouldst send the poor wretches who have committed what are called capital crimes.

The judge received my close dealing without offence. He appeared somewhat affected, and we parted friendly. But before my return home from that journey, Paul Todd was no more. Whilst walking in his garden one day, he fell down and expired.

The late Christopher Healy was not only an eminently favored minister of the Gospel, but in private conversation was unusually interesting and instructive, so that there often seemed a measure of the same holy anointing that was present in his ministerial communications.

On one such occasion Christopher Healy had been speaking of a Friend, poor as to this world, in whom he felt much interested, and who had lately, in the usual course been acknowledged a minister in our Society, when he thus continued:

As poor as —— may be, if he will but keep his place, keep low, and look to the Master, I have no fear for him. The good Master will make a way for him. Haven't I abundant cause to bless his holy name? Was there ever a poorer Quaker than I was? And hasn't the Lord cared for me through many long years, and hasn't He now fixed me in my old age in as comfortable a situation as my heart can wish? Why yes! I have a comfortable home at which I can welcome and entertain all my friends. Ah! this was the height of my worldly ambition, that I should be able to accommodate my friends; and the Lord has fulfilled the desire of my heart. In my first wife's time I had hard work to keep my head above water; but the Lord strengthened me. My wife was very weakly, and at least half her time so sick she couldn't help: so that with doctor's bills and other expenses, I had to struggle with many difficulties, having no other way to earn a living but by going out at day's works. Many a time after working hard all day at hoeing corn, or other farm labor, I have received my half bushel of corn for my day's work (for the farmers didn't pay us in money), and then after sundown had to carry it on my back a mile or more to mill to get it ground. So I couldn't get it home until long after I ought to have been in bed and asleep, to prepare me for another day's hard work. I remember that at one time my doctor's bill was so large, that I had to hire myself out for eighteen months to get money enough to pay it. This reminds me of a circumstance which shows how poor and weak I was, and how easily I was discouraged. I was indeed both outside and in, one of the poorest Quakers that ever

was; at least I thought so. My eighteen months was out at Quarterly Meeting time, and my father-in-law brought my wife and two of my children down to the Quarterly Meeting to meet me. When we were going home, father took my wife behind him on horseback, and carried one of my children in his arms, while my wife carried the other in her lap. Of course I had to go afoot, and I had to carry my clothes and some other little matters. We were thirty miles from home. Still I didn't mind the distance, but there was one of the bundles which I couldn't contrive to carry on my back; it wouldn't stay fixed: so I spoke to a Friend in company, who was one of the overseers of our meeting, and who had a good strong horse under him and no baggage, to know if he wouldn't let me tie that little bundle behind his saddle, telling him I did not like to be a trouble or burden to my friends, but I did not see how I could get it along myself. He looked anything but encouraging and said: "If this was all the trouble and burden thee was giving Friends, we could more easily put up with it." Well, I was poor enough in spirit before, but this overset me. I had been bleating out a few words in meeting for some time, and now I thought surely it is all over with me. But the Lord who knew the sincerity of my heart did not suffer me to perish, but hath preserved me, and blessed me even unto this day. That rich overseer came to poverty, and made a bad end; but the Lord has watched over me for good, given me my life for a prey, and bid me live. It is wonderful how little money we can get along with. When I had concluded to move into New York State, we gathered together all the little property we had in the world and started. We had a wagon and that was paid for, and in it there was my wife and six children, and all the rest of our worldly goods. We had a horse but it wasn't paid for, and when we landed on the west side of the North River, I had just one piece of money left, and that was a half dollar. But I soon got into a school and began to earn something; and am preserved unto this day to praise the Lord, and to tell of his wondrous works, and of his goodness to the children of men.

These remarks of Christopher, writes the Friend who heard and who penned this account, are very striking in themselves,

but they had an additional force to those who heard them, from the animation of manner, and lively energy in the delivery. He sat and rocked on his chair as he spoke, and at times his voice would mellow away to a solemn melody, especially when he was speaking of the Lord's mercies to him. A feeling of thankfulness seemed very much the constant clothing of his mind, and he loved to tell others of the riches of the mercy and providential care of the Lord Jesus, towards and over his dependent little ones. A very short time before he was taken sick with his last illness, coming to his own home, perhaps after a chilly ride, and finding everything comfortably prepared for him in his little sitting-room, and a good fire blazing on the hearth, he sat down and seemed overcome by the thankful emotions of his heart. He could not forbear to speak of the Lord's mercies to him, of the promise made him in early life of future earthly things, if he would be faithful, and of the fulfilment he then experienced.

At the Yearly Meeting in New York, in 1828, after the Hicksite separation had been effected, Friends of that meeting appointed a Committee to visit the subordinate meetings, to strengthen the hands of the faithful few who remained in them. Christopher Healy was soon afterwards attending meetings within the limits of that Yearly Meeting, and reached the house of a Friend at Bridgewater the day before that on which the Monthly Meeting was held there. He found the Friend very much cast down in mind, his faith being at a low ebb. He told Christopher that the Yearly Meeting's Committee would be at the Monthly Meeting, and that, of course, a separation must take place, when he expected only Zeno Carpenter, himself and two others would remain with Friends, and then the Hicksites would take up their cases and disown them directly. Christopher knew that to look on the dark side of things was a constitutional failing in his friend, so he answered to this

effect: "I knew thee of old in Connecticut, and thou wast always living in the cellar. It is a cold, damp, nasty place, and will give thee thy death of cold if thou don't get out of it. I don't want thee to get into the garret, either, but to live in the house."

At this meeting the body of the members were sadly unacquainted with the causes which had led to the separation, which was then spreading throughout most of the Yearly Meetings on the continent. They had been informed that no doctrinal difference was at the bottom of it, but only some personal dispute between the elders of Philadelphia and Elias Hicks. As the account of the dispute was given to them by the friends of Elias, they were disposed to think wrong had been done him, and were prepared to give their strength to his cause. Such appeared to be their situation when they went to meeting the next day.

When Christopher entered the meeting-house, he saw H. J. (an aged and noted advocate of Elias Hicks), sitting at the head of the gallery, and he took his seat below him. Several members of the Yearly Meeting's Committee were also there, and one of them, a female, was soon on her feet. Christopher was somewhat startled and distressed at this, thinking, as he said when he related it, "that it was not day yet." However, as she proceeded, he found that a good measure of life and light attended the communication, and he had to acknowledge she "had seen the sun" before him. After a time he "saw the sun, too," and he was brought under the necessary exercise which prepared him to stand on his feet. Soon after she sat down, Christopher believed it right for him to lay open the faith of the Society of Friends, and to contrast it with that publicly preached by Elias Hicks and his followers. The letter of George Fox to the governor of Barbadoes being brought to his mind, he repeated it, and then observed that this con-

tained the doctrine of Friends, but that the Hicksites did not believe that their Saviour was crucified without the gates of Jerusalem.

The meeting-house was very much thronged, for throughout the whole neighborhood it was known that a separation would be likely to take place that day, and people of all persuasions came to see what would take place, and appeared to listen with interest to what was delivered. When Christopher sat down, his next neighbor, H. J., arose. He was very deaf, and commenced by saying that he had not heard one word that had been said, but that he had felt a weight of darkness, and he wished all present to know that his Saviour was never crucified without the gates of Jerusalem. In this part of his discourse he repeated nearly the very words which had been used in describing the faith of the party he was there to support. The expose by Christopher, and its confirmation by one of the leaders among the Hicksites, produced a powerful effect upon the members of that meeting. When they were ready to proceed to business, the minute of the appointment of the Yearly Meeting's Committee was presented to the meeting. The question was thus raised: "Shall the Committee be recognized?" If this were done, it would at once show that the Monthly Meeting intended to continue a meeting of Friends, and to reject the Hicksites. When the question came before them, there was so great an expression of unity with this course, that the clerk, who was himself a Hicksite, said it was obviously the judgment of the meeting to recognize them, but that he could not make a minute to that effect, for he did not approve of it. He, however, on being requested to leave the table, quietly did so, and the meeting appointed Zeno Carpenter clerk. During the discussion of the matter, some of those who had been prepared, before the meeting, to acknowledge the supporters of Elias Hicks, publicly accused some of the leaders of that class

with having deceived them. They said: "You told us there was no difference between the two parties, except a matter with Elias Hicks and the Philadelphia elders; but now one of your own preachers publicly avows his infidelity." The result of the development in this meeting was, that nearly all the members remained with Friends.

CHAPTER XIX.

LETTERS.

Among the letters preserved in the annals of the Society of Friends are some so lively and interesting, that it seems best to reproduce them here.

At the time Samuel Fothergill was preparing to sail for England, having finished his religious service in this country, Ellen Evans wrote the following letter to his sister Ann:

Sixth Month, 1756.

Though I am a stranger to thy person, yet not so to the good character thou bears, therefore I find freedom to send thee a recital of the prophetic warning of approaching trials, which was delivered to a large auditory, at the time of our Quarterly Meeting at Philadelphia,* by thy brother, soon after his arrival, when not so much as a hand's breadth of cloud appeared over our land. But in a short time a storm arose,† and fell heavy on many within our borders. As the subject was solemn, so was he quite great in the delivery of it, which was to the following effect, viz: A holy commemoration of God's kind dealings, formerly and latterly, to this our thriving colony; aptly comparing it to the vineyard, the Lord thereof had in a very fruitful hill, which, after clearing and fencing, he planted with the choicest vine; such indeed were the

* Held Eleventh Month, 1754.
† Indian massacres and the French war.

first inhabitants of Pennsylvania, men of excellent talents, both natural and Divine; when, looking for fruit, behold it brought forth wild grapes. He then queried, what more could have been done for a people than had been done for us? He besought us to consider what fruit we were bringing forth? —if sour grapes, we might expect the fence should be taken down, and we trodden and laid waste; signifying that such would be our case, if not prevented by timely repentance and amendment of life. Such, indeed, was the force of Divine evidence which attended him, that Friends' minds were seized with awful dread, and had to say to each other, after meeting: Is this the last warning we are to receive? It seems so like that of Jeremiah to the Jews, just before the destruction of Jerusalem.

The first time I had an opportunity to hear him, I thought he flew high, even to the third heaven; when a pang of slavish fear took me, and I had liked to have wished him there for good and all; that is, safe in his heavenly mansion; but I was stopped, and bidden not to pray that he should be taken out of the world, but to breathe for his instruction in it; which I did, with all the little ability I had. But when I had opportunity to observe his humble, watchful conduct, like one always walking in fear, my fear, before mentioned, was entirely removed.

He is now going to leave us, who are so nearly united to him, that bidding him farewell seems a heavy task to me and mine. A sweet flow of Divine love which frequently passes through his heart to his auditory, endears him to all, both saints and sinners.

There is a fine company of them going together. Those precious ministers, Mary Peisley and Catharine Payton, whose services were great in these parts of the world, and also our dear ancient Friends, Abraham Farrington and Samuel Emlen, Jr.

As love for a long time hath been grown in my heart to thy worthy father, who, of all men, struck the deepest impressions, in a religious sense, on my mind, so it is matter of rejoicing to me to hear of the welfare of his family. I often do believe God has a peculiar regard to the seed of the right-

eous; such, dear friends, you are. May the blessing of your father's God rest plentifully on all your heads.

Accept the love of one of thy father's old friends,

ELLEN EVANS.

When information of the removal from the church militant of John Evans reached Samuel Fothergill, he felt bound in spirit to address an epistle of tender sympathy and love to the bereaved Ellen (the author of the above letter), and of exhortation and encouragement to her children.

WARRINGTON, Second Month 4th, 1757.

That affectionate regard which Truth itself raised mutually in our hearts, is by no means impaired. Often, very often, since I left your land, has it been strongly revived, and more especially so upon receiving the sorrowful tidings of the removal of thy dear husband, a circumstance in which the affliction is, like the loss, very extensively felt. Thou mournest the loss of a tender husband; his children that of an affectionate father; the church laments a pillar removed from the place it filled, at a time when such are greatly wanted; a sorrow allowable, for the perfect Example of every virtue, even Jesus, wept for Lazarus! This nature demands, when its connections are broken, and the endearing social ties dissolved. But thou well knowest, and I hope it now stands thee instead, that we are all pilgrims and strangers as our fathers were, each journeying on through this region of distress, towards that city which hath foundations. Why should we grieve too much when a companion with whom we have travelled many dubious, anxious steps, has an entrance granted him into the holy city, a few moments before us, and enjoys consummate felicity, whilst we stand at the door and wait for the same fruition, of which at times we receive the earnest.

Upon all the glory of the earth, and all its enjoyments, upon every visible thing, one inscription is written, as the immutable law and determination of Him, whose name is the Most High; "They shall perish." Throughout all nature and natural connections, however endearing, it has been and must be verified. Equally fixed is the subsequent truth, the joy and

song of many generations, "but thou remainest." On this everlasting Husband, Father, Friend, and Succour, may thou and thine now lean, and know this dispensation sanctified and blessed to all your help, in renewing diligent care to live and move, that when the great Shepherd shall appear, and all his faithful servants with Him, your portion may be among them forever.

The following letter was written by Samuel Fothergill, to a young man who had gone astray, and for whose welfare he was deeply interested:

To Joseph Baker, Jr.

A degree of anxious concern for thee induces me thus to address thee; and from the warmth of an affectionate heart, to open something for thy consideration, to which thy temporal and eternal welfare require thy attention. Notwithstanding many of our youth, and thyself among others, have despised the simplicity of a plain appearance like Friends, yet I am satisfied from the neglect of that distinction being maintained, they and thou have been laid open to the seducements of that destroying enemy, who hath great power over the inhabitants of the earth, and then have leaned to an earthly spirit. Thou hast fatally found the truth of this remark. If thou hadst appeared like a religious, sober Friend, those companions who have exceedingly wounded thee, durst not have attempted to frequent thy company. Thou seest H. F.; his conduct and appearance are consistent and sober; none of those wicked young men dare approach him, such is the dignity of religion, and its superiority over vice and folly. I mention him, not from any partial regard for him as my kinsman, but as a person I have had frequent opportunities to remark. Thou knowest the esteem he has justly obtained, his usefulness in his father's family, and that he is more justly honored than I think any young man in town. I mention him, not to upbraid thee, but to instruct thee; his manners are virtuous, his mind serene and peaceful; the contrary thy own experience will tell thee, hath been thy lot, and it results from a conduct opposite to his; nevertheless I am persuaded the



regard of Divine Providence is not totally withdrawn from thee; His mercy is extended to recover thee, as from the gates of hell, and pluck thee as a brand out of the fire. My concern for thee, the kind reception thou hast met with at ——, and the disposition of the worthy Friends there in receiving thee, are to me proofs of the interposition of a Providential hand stretched out to save; and these things ought to be humbly marvellous in thy eyes, and induce thee to walk answerably to the favors received. I earnestly wish thee to abstain from any company that may be improper; thy resolutions are weak; the poison of evil company very ruinous; if thou hast no other inducement to alter thy dress, I beseech thee to do it, to keep the distinction our principles lead to, and to separate thee from fools and fops; at the same time that, by a prudent distinction in thy appearance, thou scatterest away those that are the bane of youth, thou wilt engage the attention of those whose company will be profitable and honorable to thee.

Thus, my friend, my heart longs for thee and for thy help, that thou mayst improve the present Providential allotment to the best purpose, that it may be of lasting benefit to thee. It will be good for thee to bear the yoke in thy youth; if thy mind be rightly subjected to it, thou mayst have cause to say: "It was good for me that I was troubled." I beseech thee often to read the Holy Scriptures; remember the prodigal son, and imitate his penitent example, and the same gracious reception from the everlasting Father will be thy portion. With what joy would thy anxious parent, thy affectionate sister, view thee reformed, steady and prudent; but if (which God forbid) thou shouldst slight this Providential opportunity of retrieving thyself, and relapse into those things which have hitherto ministered much to thy hurt, and, if continued in, must effect thy total ruin, how shall I meet those Friends to whose care I have been instrumental in committing thee? And what will be the sentence from despised mercy? I am shocked at the mere supposition; but what must be the suffering of such a state? Dear Joseph, what shall I say? What can I say that will tend to thy help, but earnestly press thee to seek Him who is mighty to save, and to whom Jonah cried out of the belly of hell? Cherish every impression of good; place thyself fre-

quently before that tremendous bar, to which thou are hastening, and bring every thought and action to judgment; be diligent and faithful in business, but above all, be diligent in making provision for thy poor soul.

Farewell,

SAMUEL FOTHERGILL.

In the love which he felt for his brethren, and for the great cause they were ordained to support and spread in the earth, George Fox often addressed them in tender affection, to strengthen and animate them to diligence. In 1654, he says:

Oh, Friends! look not out, for he that doth is darkened. And take heed of lightness; take heed of the world, and of busying your minds with things not serviceable. A wise man's eye is in his head, but a fool's is gazing up and down. Be valiant for the Truth upon the earth, and tread upon the deceit. Keep to yea and nay; for he that hath not power over his tongue, his religion is vain. And take heed of knowledge, for it puffeth up; but dwell in the Truth, and be what ye speak. He that abideth not in the Truth, is led by the evil one. Wait on the Lord, He will perfect his work amongst you. He that hearkens diligently to the teacher within, denieth all outward hireling teachers. He that is made the temple of the Holy Ghost, placeth no holiness in the world's temples. The teachers without exalt the carnal mind, but the teacher within destroyeth it. There is not a word in all the Scriptures to hold up the practice of sprinkling infants; nor the word sacrament; nor to hold up an hour-glass to preach by for an hour's time in a place; but the vain mind doth hold up many things which Christ Jesus doth not command.

Earth makes masters amongst earthly men; but let him that ruleth rule in love, for the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof. And he that laboreth, let him labor as to the Lord, in love. So let love be the head in all things, and the Lord is exalted; then there is no eye-service, but singleness of heart; then all that is done is done as to the Lord. So be faithful in all things, and keep from the world's vain customs. Do not wear apparel to gratify the proud mind; neither eat nor drink to make yourselves wanton; for it [food and drink] was created

for health, and not for the lusts—to be as servants to us, and we servants to God; to use all those things to his glory; to whom be praises, honor and glory forevermore; who hath created all things to his glory, and so to be used and spent.

All Friends, be low, and in the life of God dwell to keep you low. Ye are the salt of the earth, to make it savory unto God. Ye are the light of the world. Therefore walk in the light of Christ, whose light doth justify you; who then shall condemn you? Therefore in that dwell which doth condemn all the evil in the world.

SAMUEL FOTHERGILL TO GILBERT THOMPSON.

WARRINGTON, Sixth Month 29th, 1760.

DEAR COUSIN:—I believe I should be out of the way of my duty if I did not impart to thee and thy sisters a dream or vision that was represented to me the last night, and perhaps the interpretation of it may be brought home to your own hearts.

I thought the great day of account was come, and all nations gathered to receive the irreversible sentence. I beheld a variety of states, and many clothed in different colors; many in white, which, nevertheless, was of different degrees of lustre and beauty. I saw many whom I knew, and amongst others thyself and sisters; I thought your garments appeared more white than many; and whilst I mused on the tremendous, yet glorious day, the trumpet sounded with a distinguishing energy, and seemed to say: "Come, ye blessed." I beheld multitudes arise, as from the eminence of a mountain, and ascend triumphantly. My eye descended to the mountain whence many had risen, and in whose company I had seen thee and thy sisters. I thought I clearly saw you remain on the earth, clothed in garments measurably white. I queried in my heart: "Alas! how happens it that these are left behind?" Immediately the white garments fell off, and each of you appeared in the common dress in which you usually appear. But I beheld chains, which seemed fastened about your necks, and bound every limb and part of the body but the head; and these chains were fastened to great rings in the earth, and held you so fast as to prevent any of you ascending to those who had

taken wing and risen on high. Here I awaked in great concern of mind, and found an engagement to impart it immediately to thyself and sisters. None other knows the least tittle of it, nor shall, from your most affectionate

SAMUEL FOTHERGILL.

Gilbert Thompson was greatly esteemed, in the station of elder, and filled several other offices in the Society. He died between seven and eight years after this letter was written. The circumstances attending his closing scene are thus instructively described in a letter from Samuel Fothergill to Samuel Emlen:

Our worthy friend and kinsman, Gilbert Thompson, hath been in a declining state for some time, and of late seemed to decay so very fast as to call in question his surviving for one day. He finished his course about midnight, last Sixth-day, and is to be interred to-morrow. I have often been with him to my humbling instruction; for some time his journeying was in the region of the shadow of death. I have sat by him, accompanied his spirit under the load of death, and the heavens as brass, sensible of deep distress but seemingly excluded from good. This led to deep searching of heart, even, as he said, of holes and of corners he had not suspected; he saw that he had been short in the performance of that service Truth would have led him into, had he been fully dedicated in heart to know and to do his Master's will. But adorable condescension visited afresh, revived a degree of hope, fed him with a little bread when nigh to faint, and caused a part of that crystal stream, which is the satisfaction and consolation of the whole city of God, to arise in his soul, and it increased from time to time, until it became like the water Ezekiel saw issuing from the threshold, a river to swim in, a river that cannot be passed. The holy canopy was often over our spirits when I visited him, which I often did to my comfort. I never, my dear friend, so fully understood the force of the expression: "If the righteous scarcely are saved:"—the applause and esteem of judicious and injudicious, regularity of conduct, his arrival at Bethel, the remembrance of many bedewing seasons, all proved

insufficient for his repose, and were amongst the heavens that might be shaken, and must be removed, that that which cannot be shaken may remain.

He languished long, in much pain; great was the conflict previous to the separation of body and soul, and it feelingly opened to my mind, with the conviction of an audible voice, had his spirit been more disentangled from the love of lawful things, his warfare would have been sooner accomplished, the fetters of mortality more easily broken, and his spirit would sooner have risen triumphant over death, hell, and the grave, and on the wings of seraphic love ascended, with holy ease, to the realms of purity, peace, and love. But all is well—he is admitted to peace, and through his deep wadings, instruction is given to us, with diligence, yea, with all diligence, to fill up the measure of revealed duty, and to stand on the watch for further discoveries, what is the will of the Lord our God respecting us.

The following was written by Francis Howgill, for the encouragement of Friends, in a time of close trial by persecution:

The cogitations of my heart have been many, deep and ponderous some months, weeks and days, concerning this people which the Lord hath raised to bear testimony unto his name, in this day of his power; an intercession hath been made often for them to the Lord, and a patient waiting to know his mind concerning them for the time to come; which often I received satisfaction in as to myself; but yet something I was drawn by the Lord to wait for, that I might comfort and strengthen his flock by an assured testimony. And while I was waiting out of all visible things, and quite out of the world in my spirit, and my heart upon nothing but the living God, the Lord opened the springs of the great deep, and overflowed my whole heart with light and love; and my eyes were as a fountain, because of tears of joy, because of his heritage, of whom he showed me, and said unto me in a full, fresh, living power, and a holy, full testimony, so that my heart was ravished there with joy unspeakable, and I was out of the body with God in his heavenly paradise, where I saw and felt things unuttera-

ble, and beyond all demonstration of speech. At last the life closed with my understanding, and my spirit listened unto Him; and the everlasting God said: Shall I hide anything from them that seek my face in righteousness? nay, I will manifest it to them that fear me; I will speak, do thou listen, and publish it among all my people, that they may be comforted, and thou satisfied.

And thus said the living God of heaven and earth; upon the twenty-eighth day of the Third Month, 1662:

"The sun shall leave its shining brightness, and cease to give light to the world; and the moon shall be altogether darkness, and give no light unto the night; the stars shall cease to know their office, or place; my covenant with day, night, times and seasons, shall sooner come to an end, than the covenant I have made with this people, into which they have entered with me, shall end or be broken.

"Yea, though the powers of darkness and hell combine against them, and the jaws of death open its mouth, yet will I deliver them, and lead them through all.

"I will confound their enemies as I did in Jacob, and scatter them as I did in Israel in the days of old.

"I will take their enemies, I will hurl them hither and thither, as stones hurled in a sling; and the memorial of this nation, which is holy unto me, shall never be rooted out, but shall live through ages, as a cloud of witnesses in generations to come.

"I have brought them to the birth, yea, I have brought them forth; I have swaddled them, and they are mine. I will nourish them, and carry them as on eagle's wings; and though clouds gather against them, I will make my way through them; and nations shall know I am the living God, who will plead their cause with all that rise up in opposition against them.

"These words are holy, faithful, eternal, good and true: blessed are they that hear and believe unto the end; and because of them no strength was left in me for a while; but at last my heart was filled with joy, even as when the ark of God was brought from the house of Obed-Edom, when David danced before it, and Israel shouted for joy."

FRANCIS HOWGILL.

An Epistle of William Leddra, to Friends, written by him the day before he was put to death.

To the Society of the little flock of Christ, grace and peace be multiplied.

MOST DEAR AND INWARDLY BELOVED!

The sweet influences of the morning star, like a flood distilling into my innocent habitation, hath so filled me with the joy of the Lord in the beauty of holiness, that my spirit is as if it did not inhabit a tabernacle of clay, but is wholly swallowed up in the bosom of eternity, from whence it had its being.

Alas! alas! what can the wrath and spirit of man that lusteth to envy, aggravated by the heat and strength of the king of the locusts, which came out of the pit, do unto one that is hid in the secret places of the Almighty; or unto them that are gathered under the healing wings of the Prince of Peace; under whose armor of light they shall be able to stand in the day of trial, "Having on the breastplate of righteousness, and the sword of the Spirit," which is their weapon of war against wickedness, principalities and powers, and the rulers of the darkness of this world, both within and without? O my beloved, I have waited like a dove at the windows of the ark, and have stood still in that watch, which the Master, without whom I could do nothing, did at his coming, reward with the fulness of his love; wherein my heart did rejoice, that I might in the love and life of God speak a few words to you, sealed with the spirit of promise, that the taste thereof might be a savor of life to your life, and a testimony in you of my innocent death. And if I had been altogether silent, and the Lord had not opened my mouth unto you, yet He would have opened your hearts, and there have sealed my innocency with the streams of life, by which we are all baptized into that body which is of God, with whom and in whose presence there is life, in which, as you abide, you stand upon the pillar and ground of Truth. For the life being the truth and the way, go not one step without it, lest you should compass a mountain in the wilderness; for unto every thing there is a season.

As the flowing of the ocean doth fill every creek and branch thereof, and then retires again towards its own being and fulness, and leaves a savor behind it, so doth the life and virtue of God flow into every one of your hearts, whom He hath made partakers of his Divine nature; and when it withdraws but a little, it leaves a sweet savor behind it, that many can say: "They are made clean through the word that He hath spoken to them." In which innocent condition you may see what you are in the presence of God, and what you are without Him.

Therefore, my dear hearts, let the enjoyment of the life alone be your hope, your joy and consolation; and let the man of God flee those things that would lead the mind out of the cross, for then the savor of life will be buried; and though some may speak of things that they have received in the life, as experiences, yet the life being veiled, and the savor that it left behind washed away by the fresh floods of temptation, the condition that they did enjoy in the life boasted of by the airy thing will be like the manna that was gathered yesterday, without any good scent or savor. For it was only well with the man while he was in the life of innocency, but being driven from the presence of the Lord into the earth what can he boast of? And although you know these things, and many of you much more than I can say, yet for the love and zeal I bear to the Truth, and honor of God, and tender desire of my soul to those that are young, that they may read me in that from which I write, to strengthen them against the wiles of the subtle serpent that beguiled Eve, I say, stand in the watch within, in the fear of the Lord, which is the very entrance of wisdom, and the state wherein you are ready to receive the secrets of the Lord. Hunger and thirst patiently; be not weary, neither doubt; stand still, and cease from thine own working, and in due time thou shalt enter into the rest, and thy eyes shall behold his salvation whose testimonies are sure and righteous altogether. Let them be as a seal upon thine arm, and as jewels about thy neck, that others may see what the Lord has done for your souls. Confess Him before men, yea, before his greatest enemies; fear not what they can do unto you; greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world; for He will clothe you with humility, and in the power of his meek-

ness you shall reign over all the rage of your enemies, in the favor of God; wherein, as you stand in faith, ye are "the salt of the earth; for many seeing your good works, may glorify God in the day of their visitation." Take heed of receiving that which you saw not in the light, lest you give ear to the enemy. Bring all things to the light, "that they may be proved whether they are wrought in God." The love of the world, the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eye, are without the light in the world; therefore possess your vessels in all sanctification and honor, and let your eye look at the mark. "He that hath called you is holy;" and if there be an eye that offends, "pluck it out and cast it from you." Let not a temptation take hold, for if you do it will keep you from the favor of God, and that will be a sad state, for without grace possessed there is no assurance of salvation; "By grace ye are saved," and the witnessing of it is sufficient for you, to which I commend you all, my dear friends, and in it remain your brother.

WILLIAM LEDDRA.

BOSTON GAOL, the thirteenth of the First Month, 1660-61.

What a noble letter was that addressed by Sarah Grubb to her dear friend, Richard Shackleton, when very ill of small-pox. It was dictated four days before her death:

Thy salutation met me, though apparently out of course, in the right time, being under impressions which make time and circumstances of little account, compared with the unlimited consolations of the Spirit, or a preparation to receive them at the Divine hand. My soul, though encompassed with the manifold infirmities of a very afflicted tabernacle, can feelingly worship and rejoice in nothing more than this, that the Lamb Immaculate is still redeeming by his precious blood, out of every nation, kindred, tongue and people; and making a glorious addition to the Church triumphant, whose names will stand eternally recorded in the book of life. I express not these things from a redundance of heavenly virtue, but from the soul-sustaining evidence that, amidst all our weakness and conflicts of flesh and spirit, an interest is mercifully granted in Him who giveth victory over death, hell and the grave.

Thomas Story relates that before he had joined the Society of Friends, at the time of the assizes at Carlisle, he went to a meeting near that city.

During the time of the meeting I found an unusual load on my spirit, and hardness in my heart; insomuch that I could hardly breathe under the oppression; nor could I say I had any sense of the comforts of the Divine presence there, but that the heavens were as thick brass, and the bars thereof as strong iron. But though I had no enjoyment in myself, yet I was sensible the presence and goodness of the Lord were there, and many therein greatly comforted; and therefore did conclude my condition of mind was from some other cause, and not relating to the state of the meeting in general. After the meeting was over, one of them asked me how I did; I answered: "Indifferently." Then he and some others perceived my spirit was oppressed, and sympathized with me therein. I could not, all this time, perceive the particular matter which thus affected me—for I knew not of anything I had said or done to bring it upon myself—till that evening, being returned to my father's house, very solitary, silent and inward, there came in one Thomas Tod, an acquaintance of mine, who, after some compliments of civility—for at that time I had not quite declined the common modes of salutation—desired to speak with me apart, and then told me that he had a trial to come on next day concerning certain houses of his in the town of Penrith, being the greatest part of all he had in the world; that one of the witnesses to his deeds of conveyance was dead; another of them gone into Ireland, and could not be had; but I, being the third, and having made the writings, he hoped, through my evidence and credit, to gain his just point against his unfair adversary, and desired me to be in readiness in the morning, for the trial was likely to come on very early.

As soon as he began this relation, the word of life began likewise to work in me in a very powerful manner; and the hammer of the Lord I sensibly felt, and saw to be lifted up upon that hardness of heart which, for some time, had been my state; and it began to be broken, softened and dissolved, and the sense of the love of God in some degree to be renew-

ed. Then I saw plainly that this was the hard thing I had to go through, and that now was the time of trial wherein I must take up the cross of Christ, acknowledge his doctrine in that point fully and openly, according to the understanding given me, and to despise the shame and reproach and other sufferings, which I well knew would ensue quickly, or I must forsake the Lord forever. For, denying his doctrine, in the sense I had now plainly seen it, would be denying himself before men; and if I had then denied Him, I could expect no less, but according to his word, to have been immediately and forever denied of Him, and left under that hardness of heart and want of the enjoyment of his Divine presence wherewith I had been favored before, and all the dreadful consequences of a beginning so woful.

But, according to the advances of the word and work of the Lord in me at that time, my heart inclined to him; as my acquaintance was speaking, and by the time he was done, I was furnished with a full resolution to give him a plain and direct answer, which was on this manner: "I am concerned it should fall out so"—for I had a real respect for him, and saw his case to be very hard—"I will appear, if it please God, and testify what I know in the matter, and do what I can for you that way, but I cannot swear."

This was so great a surprise to him, both from the nature of his case and confidence he had of my ready compliance—he having had no suspicion of my present condition till that moment—that he broke into a passion, and with an oath, or curse, said: "What! you are not a Quaker, sure?" Though I had made confession in the truth so far, in that point, and the Divine presence sensibly returned in me, yet, upon this I was again silent, till clear in my understanding what to answer in sincerity and truth. For as nobody before that time had called me a Quaker, so I had not assumed the appellation, which, being given in reproach, was not grateful, though the thing in its proper sense most delightful.

Nor did I then see whether I had so much unity with all their tenets as might justify me in owning the name—for in the unity of Divine love and life only had I known them—till the power of that life of Him who forbiddeth all oaths and swear-

ing, arising yet clearer and fuller in me, opened my understanding, cleared my way and enabled me thereunto; and then I said: "I must confess the truth—I am a Quaker."

As this confession brought me still nearer to the Son of God, his love increasing yet more sensibly in me, so likewise it heightened the perplexity and disturbance of my friend, whose case thereby became more desperate in his own opinion; upon which, in an increase of heat, and expressions therefrom suiting so obvious a disappointment, as it then appeared to him, he threatened to have me fined by the court and proceeded against with the utmost rigor of the law, saying: "What! must I lose my estate by your groundless notions and whims?"

But the higher my enemy arose and raged in this well-meaning but mistaken man, who thus, without design, became the instrument of my trial, the fuller and more powerful still was the love of God, whose cause I had now espoused through his own aid and the power of an endless life from Him made manifest in me. I replied, in that calm of mind and resignation to the will of God, that the life of the Son of God enables to and teacheth: "You may do what you think proper that way, but I cannot comply with your request in this matter, whatever be the issue of it." And then he departed under great dissatisfaction, with all the threats and reproaches his enraged passions could suggest, under a view of so great a loss.

Immediately I retired to my chamber; for, perceiving my grand enemy to be yet at work to introduce a slavish fear, and by that means subject my mind and bring me again into captivity and bondage, I was willing to be alone and free from all the interruptions of company, that I might more fully experience the arm of the Lord, and his Divine instructions and counsel in this great exercise.

The enemy, being a crafty and subtle spirit, wrought upon my passions, not fully subjected, and artfully applied to my natural reason, my understanding not being fully illuminated, as his most suitable instrument. He urged the fine and imprisonment, and the hardships accompanying that condition, and how little help I could expect from my father and friends, who would be highly displeased with me for so foolish and un-

accountable a resolution, as they would think it; and, also, the scoffings, mockings, derisions, scorn, contempt, loss of friends and friendship in the world, with such other inconveniences, hardships and ill consequences as the enemy could invent and suggest. During all this time, from about eight in the evening till midnight, the eye of my mind was fixed on the love of God, which still remained sensibly in me, and my soul cleaved thereto in great simplicity, humility and trust therein, without any yielding to satan and his reasonings on those subjects, where flesh and blood in its own strength is easily overcome by him. But about twelve at night the Lord put him to utter silence with all his temptations, for that season, and the life of the Son of God alone remained in my soul; and then, from a sense of his wonderful work and redeeming arm, this saying of the apostle arose in me with power: "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." Then the teachings of the Lord were plentiful and glorious; my understanding was further cleared, and his holy law of love and life settled in me; and I admitted into sweet rest with the Lord my Saviour, and given up in perfect resignation to his holy will, in whatsoever might relate to this great trial of my faith and obedience to the Lord. In the morning I went up toward the hall where the judges sat, expecting to be called as a witness, but found that the dispute had been settled by private agreement.

A Testimony of Friends in Pennsylvania concerning their deceased friend and governor, William Penn.

We find ourselves under obligation and concern both in duty and affection, to give this mark of our love and the honorable regard we bear to the memory of our late worthy governor and well beloved friend, William Penn, though it may not be our part to attempt so ample and general a testimony as seems justly called for. By his early convincement of the blessed truth, his noble resignation thereunto, his steadfastness therein, and great services to the church of Christ, as well by incessant labors in word and doctrine (made more extensive by the many excellent writings he hath published) as his valiant sufferings for purity of worship, and the testimony he had re-

ceived, which, to him, might be the greater trial and conflict, his birth and station in the world placing him more in the notice of those of high rank amongst men than was commonly the lot of many others of our worthy elders. Neither can it, we presume, be forgotten how, when it pleased the Lord to give some ease to his people, this our dear friend employed the interest he then had with success, and devoted his time and purse to serve not only his friends in their religious liberties, but them and others distressed, or any wanting favor even to the neglect of his own just interest. But these memorials we leave to be made by those of our worthy elders in Great Britain, who have more instances and greater knowledge of those his traits, services and labors, than many of us can be presumed to be so fully acquainted with.

Yet it becomes us particularly to say, that as he was our governor he merited from us love and true honor; and we cannot but have the same regard to his memory, when we consider the blessings and ease we have enjoyed under his government, and are rightly sensible of his care, affection and regard always shown with anxious concern for the safety and prosperity of the people, who many of them, removed from comfortable livings to be adventurers with him, not so much with views of better acquisitions or greater riches, but with the laudable prospect of a retired quiet habitation for themselves and posterity, and the promotion of truth and virtue in the earth.

And as his love was great, and endeavors constant for the happiness of his friends, countrymen and fellow subjects, so was his great tenderness, justice and love towards the Indians, from first to last always conspicuous and remarkable. Here we cannot but gratefully and humbly acknowledge to the gracious God of all our mercies, the wonderful preservation of this colony from such injuries and barbarous depredations as have befallen most others; and add, that we believe the same love wherewith the Lord had so fully and effectually operated on the heart of this our worthy friend was the chief and durable motive of that his affection and kind behavior towards those people; and was the cause, as he was made a means, of this our peace and preservation; so that his name remains precious even amongst the heathens.

More might be truly said of him, as he was the proprietary and governor of this province, and we now find it our duty (incited thereto by the love of our Heavenly Father in our souls), to add a few lines concerning him, as he was our worthy elder, friend and brother in the blessed Truth; many of us having been often comforted, edified and solaced with him in the enjoyment thereof. As was his testimony, so was his conversation, edifying and lovely, administering grace and knowledge. His behavior was sweet and engaging, and his condescension great; even to the weakest and meanest, affable and of easy access; tender of every person and thing that had simplicity of truth or honesty for a foundation.

It was our comfort to understand that, after all his various troubles, trials and afflictions, when in an advanced age, infirmity of body, and a distemper which affected his memory in most other things which befel him, yet the love of God remained with him, and his sense thereof was frequently strong and evident, and, we doubt not, the blessing of the Almighty was his Omega.

Elizabeth L. Redman, a minister of Haddonfield, N. J., in 1836 attended the Yearly Meeting of Virginia. On her return from it the following incident occurred:

During the night, whilst lodging at the house of a friend in Baltimore, her mind was introduced into much exercise on account of an individual, whom, three years previously, she had observed at an inn a few miles from that city. In the morning she felt that she could not with an easy mind proceed homeward without endeavoring to see him. She mentioned it to her companion, who inquired his name. She replied: "I know not his name, nor his home. I can only say that I saw him not far from this place; but whether he was a traveller, or a resident there, is unknown to me. But I believe if we can see him, we shall find him in affliction." It being thought right to make the effort to discover him, it was mentioned to a Friend, with her description of the appearance of the indi-

vidual, which was so striking that it was immediately believed to be that of a person well known as a slave-dealer noted for great inhumanity. Inquiry was made for the man, and after much search it was ascertained that he resided in that city, near where she was then lodging. She, with her companions, went to see him. He was confined to his chamber by indisposition. She at once recognized him, and taking a seat beside him, sat for some time in profound stillness. He also sat with his eyes fixed upon her in apparent amazement. She then addressed him in close but kind language, describing his condition as being desperate in the extreme, but said she believed the door of mercy was now open for him, if he would submit to the terms of salvation; after which she knelt and supplicated in a remarkable manner, interceding with the Father of mercies that, in the day of final retribution, the blood of none might be found upon him unrepented of. He was greatly broken by this appeal to the Throne of Grace, and tears flowed down his face abundantly. She then took kind leave of him, much to the relief of her own mind. He did not recover from this indisposition, but after this interview became greatly humbled and changed.

Reflections in a Storm.

James Backhouse mentions the following incident:

1835, Fifth Month 6th.—A storm came on in the night, in which, on reflecting upon the many snares that are in the world, and the many persons that have fallen away from righteousness, after having witnessed a precious state of Divine favor, I felt willing to perish rather than that I should be permitted to falsify the testimony which the Lord has given me to bear to the Truth as it is in Jesus. Unworthy as I felt myself to be of the least of the Lord's mercies, I prayed to Him, if He saw meet to continue my life, to continue also the baptisms of his Holy Spirit until the very root of sin should perish; and to enable me so to watch as that the seeds of sin might not

be suffered to vegetate, but their smallest buddings be destroyed by the power of the Spirit. While thus meditating and praying in the storm, with thanksgiving for the accommodation of a good berth and many other blessings, I was preserved very peaceful under the sense of the Divine presence. Thus, as in days of old, and as on many former occasions in my own experience, the Lord proved himself to be "A very present help in time of trouble:" and I could adopt the language, Therefore we will not fear, though the waters roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof; for the Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge, and blessed be his holy Name forever.

The following instructive incident, recorded by Thomas Scattergood, during his journey in North Carolina in 1792, seems worthy of being revived at this time, as an encouragement to individual faithfulness:

Eleventh Month 15th.—After a good opportunity in the family, we set off before the sun was up, and rode to Spring meeting. As our friend John Carter and I rode together, he informed me that, in his young years, being visited by the Day-spring from on high, he sought much to find a place of rest to his soul, and joined the Baptists. After a time he grew dissatisfied with their mode of worship, not feeling that peace which he was in pursuit of; and one day, after seeking the Lord with great earnestness, and begging of Him to show him whether that was the people he was to join himself to, he went to their meeting with a determination that, if he felt an evidence of the owning love of God to attend his mind, he would submit to go into the water to be baptized, or anything for peace sake. But on that day the preacher held forth such doctrine that it turned him away from them in his mind, and led him more and more into a lonely, seeking state. At this time the little company of Friends in the neighborhood had grown so weak as to neglect their meeting, and had given consent to the Baptists to hold meetings in their meeting-house. For some time his mind was impressed with an apprehension that it was required of him to go and sit down by himself in the meeting-house; but he put it off, being ashamed.

At length he went by a private way, and sat down alone, and was greatly refreshed; but he could not do it privately long, feeling a necessity to travel the road openly, for his friends and neighbors used to wonder where he went in private. One day, in going to meeting, he met with one of them, who asked him where he was going, and he told him honestly, "I am going to meeting." "Strange," says the other, "what will you go there for?" He left him, however, by the way, and had peace in the meeting. Next time he went, seven of his neighbors, hearing of his going, joined him; and in process of time he was united to the Society of Friends. Zeal and religion revived amongst them, and there is now a large meeting, called Spring meeting, which we were at to-day, and this Friend is a valuable minister amongst them. We had a favored meeting.

How John Parker was made to Quake, and how he became a Quaker.

John Parker was born in Wilmington, in the State of Delaware, in the year 1748. He was by birth a member of the Society of Friends, and we may believe that he experienced some beneficial restraints from his connection therewith. But the loss of his father, while he was still young, was a serious disadvantage to him, as he could no longer receive paternal admonition, neither be subject to that watchful oversight and control which a religiously-concerned father might have exercised. Not submitting in early life to the cleansing and heart-changing operations of the Holy Spirit, he too much allowed his naturally lively imagination and strong will to rule his conduct. It is believed that he was favored to witness preservation from gross and reproachful vices, though he deviated from the simplicity of the Truth, and turned aside from the way of the cross.

He once in his earnest, animated manner, gave a ministering Friend an account of the way in which he became a Quaker. His narrative was to this effect.

At the time the English army early in the Ninth Month, 1777, after having landed at the head of Elk, were approaching Philadelphia, they passed near the place where he lived. He was out of his house and a company of Hessians meeting him, appeared disposed to rob him. By some means they learned that he was a Quaker, whereupon they desisted from all acts of violence towards him, but carried him to the English officer in command. Here too, probably, the reputation of the Society of which he was then but an unworthy member, cast a shield over him, and he was told that he should receive no harm. He must, however, remain with them for a time, as they were about to engage with the American army, and if he were released, he might carry to their opponents the knowledge of their position and their intentions. They treated him however, kindly, and the head officer of that portion of the army kept him near his person. As they were standing on the Brandywine hills, surveying the beautiful country around —beautiful although arrayed in the graver tints of early autumn, the British officer made many remarks on the loveliness of the scene. He also expressed his opinion that this was destined some future day to be a great country. At last the firing commenced, and John who was still near the officer, saw many fall around him. The awfulness of his situation, in the consciousness that he was unprepared for death, made him tremble. The officer perceived the uneasiness of his companion, and smiling on him, inquired if he was afraid? To this John promptly replied, yes. As no object was to be gained by detaining him any longer, he was told he might go. He was not slow in understanding the import of this, but starting at a full run, soon reached his home in safety. As John in his old age related this circumstance, he added: "That day made me a Quaker. I never was one before."

It is probable that the view of death thus brought power-

fully before him, was of essential service, and tended to drive him to seek for consolation where alone it could be found, even in Him who, by taking away our sins, taketh away the sting of death. He had been made to quake for fear of death; —he was now made a Quaker indeed, in an awful sense of the power and presence of the Lord God of Hosts visiting his soul as a refiner with fire, and as a righteous judge with judgments. Witnessing his own will brought into subjection, a new heart was given him, and he no longer took delight in this world's pleasures. He submitted to the cross of Christ, and through the effectual working of the Lord's preparing Spirit, and a gift in the ministry of the Gospel committed to him, he was soon qualified for usefulness in the church of Christ.

A Brand Plucked from the Burning.

James Backhouse thus describes the case of a prisoner whom he met with in Van Diemen's Land, whither he had been sent as a convict. He lost an arm some time before, and, whilst in imminent danger from this accident, was awakened to a sense of his sinful condition:

He said the Lord found him when he sought Him not, yet so strongly did he feel his own desperate wickedness, that he could entertain no hope, until he was reminded of the mercy extended to Manasseh, Mary Magdalene, and others of similar character. He told me he had been guilty of house-breaking, and many other crimes, for which he said he had been three times sentenced to this settlement; he said also that the gallows was no terror to him, and that he was so hardened, that he did whatsoever he wished in defiance of the laws of God and man, till the Lord visited him, and brought him low. He afterwards ranked amongst those, who having been forgiven much, loved much. The alteration in his conduct was noticed by all around him: the commandant said his very voice was changed; formerly it was ferocious, now it was mild; formerly he was contentious and addicted to fighting, now he was gen-

tle and peaceable; formerly he was so given to swearing, and the habit of it had such power over him, that, after he had turned to the Lord, if anything irritated him, he had to lay his hand upon his mouth that he might not swear; now he was to be found warning others against this sin.

The men who had turned from their evil ways, were allowed to sit in a room used for an adult-school, in order that they might not be disturbed in reading and meditation by those who still remained in folly, and would be disposed to deride them; and this man, on account of his infirmity, was allowed likewise to retire alone to one of the caves in the base of the island, to meditate and pray. Though he had lost an arm he was not idle, but employed himself in carrying wood for fuel, after it was landed from the boat. I invited him to show me his cave; he readily consented, and led me down a steep and slippery path at the back of the island. The cave was damp on one side, and had a honeycomb-like incrustation upon it: its sloping roof was dry, a few old palings formed its loose floor, and a cold wind blew through it from a small opening at its farther extremity. I could not stand upright in it, but entered by stooping; he followed, and we sat down upon its floor, and conversed for a while on the mercy of God to sinners in sending his Son into the world to save them, and in calling them by his spirit to come unto Him.

This cold and forlorn place was much prized by its occupant, in it, (to use his own words,) he contrasted his privilege, in being allowed to meditate in quiet, and to wait for the Spirit's influence, with the privations of those who in former ages wandered in sheepskins and goatskins, in deserts and mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth, being destitute, afflicted, tormented. Before quitting the place we kneeled before the Lord, and I prayed for this "Brand plucked out of the burning," as well as for myself. When I ceased, he prolonged the voice of supplication, ascribing, glory, honor, and praise to Him that liveth for ever and ever, and who in the riches of his mercy had called him out of darkness into his marvellous light, and translated him from the kingdom of satan, into the kingdom of his own dear Son. In the course of conversation, this monument of Divine goodness, desired that

I would tell audacious sinners of the mercy that God had shown to him; and assure them that he found such comfort and pleasure in righteousness, as he never could have thought of whilst he remained in sin. When he became awakened he found himself in ignorance also, and since that time he had learned to read.

James Backhouse relates the following:—

The superstition of sailors often leads them to attribute a tedious voyage to having some unlucky person in the vessel. On hearing one of them remark that we must have some Jonah on board, I took occasion to observe, that it would be well if we had not many worse than Jonah; for he was remarkable for disobedience to the Lord in one instance, but I feared that in our company there were those who were disobedient in many. There is little ear for religious instruction, but no profession to despise it. I have been much restrained in mind in regard to expression on religious subjects, and have felt the force of the declaration: "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty;" the reverse of which is also true. Here there is a want of regard for this Spirit, and little ear to hear.

Grace at Table.

When taking a meal with pious persons, I was frequently requested to give thanks. This being intended as a mark of Christian courtesy to a strange minister, I received it as such; but we found it necessary to explain, that it was our practice on such occasions to endeavor to feel thankful, but not to give expression to [this] feeling on behalf of ourselves and others, unless under such a sense of Divine influence as warranted the belief that it was done in spirit and in truth.

Though in the course of our travels, we were sometimes present where thanksgiving was uttered in a formal way, which left upon the mind the impression that God was drawn nigh unto with the lip, while the heart was far from Him; yet we were often sensible of a measure of the influence of the Holy Spirit, when thanksgiving was devoutly uttered by those who were in the constant practice of using expressions on such occasions. Nevertheless, when we were present, where the

attention of the company was individually turned to the Lord, in a short period of silence, in order to feel thankful, and to acknowledge this feeling in the secret of the heart, we were sensible of a greater measure of Divine influence, which comforted our minds, under the belief that the Father of mercies condescended more decidedly, to mark this homage with approbation.

The Way to Salvation.

We left Launceston on the seventh, and reached Kelvedon again on the ninth, having again visited some thoughtful families, with whom we were acquainted, upon the way. It was truly pleasant to see among them the tokens of advancing religious character, yet I could not but lament that the immediate teaching of the Holy Spirit seemed to be so little understood. The consequence of this is that it is not waited for, and little, if any, of its baptizing influence is to be felt in the generality of the devotional exercises of many truly estimable characters. These have witnessed so much of the work of the new birth, as makes them very distinguishable from those whose minds are not yet in any degree brought under Divine influence. They have a religious understanding also, according to the measure of their faith; but not having faith in the perceptible guidance of the Spirit, they do not so walk as to perceive things clearly by its light, and much of their religious exercise is, consequently, the produce of their own natural powers, with little, or often with nothing of the Spirit of Life. In one family in which we again proclaimed the Gospel message, I had to point out to the company, that to the humble mind the way of salvation is opened, not by deductions of the reasoning powers, but by the light of Christ shining into the mind, and giving a perception of the mercy of God in his beloved Son, and of the state of the soul before Him, and of other truths progressively, as there is a preparation of heart to receive them.

Fruits of Disobedience.

In the afternoon we visited an ironed-gang [in New South Wales] employed on the roads, under a military guard; we

found them locked up in their caravans, out of which only one-third were allowed to come at a time, for exercise. When locked in, only half of them can sit up, on the ends of the platforms, on which half of them sleep; the rest must sit back, with their legs at a right angle with their bodies. On our arrival, they were all turned out, counted, and then marched to a place at a short distance, where they stood, with a guard of soldiers under arms behind them. After a pause we addressed them, inviting their attention to the convictions of the Holy Spirit, as the witness in their own minds against sin; by neglecting which they had fallen into transgression before God and man, until they had been permitted to commit the sins which had brought them into grievous bondage among their fellow-men; when, if they had attended to this warning voice of the Most High, they would, on the other hand, have been led to repentance and faith in Christ, and, through him, would have become of the number of his reconciled and obedient children, free from the bondage of satan. They were invited to turn at the reproofs of instruction, as at the voice of Him who desires not that any should perish.

In commenting on the passage: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him; but God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God;" it was mentioned, by way of illustration, that our ideas of all things are liable to be very defective, till we see or feel them; that thus, though themselves might have heard of the sufferings of prisoners, they had had a very defective idea of them till they felt them; and though they might have seen men in chains, they had had a very imperfect notion of the suffering of this punishment, till they felt it; and that so, likewise, though of an opposite nature, the blessings of the Gospel required to be felt, to be understood. These comments excited a significant assent in the countenances and movements of the heads of the prisoners, expressive of their sense of the suffering under which they have brought themselves, by having multiplied their offences, so as to incur the extra-coercive discipline of this part of our penal laws.

How a Drowsy Friend was Cured of Sleeping in Meetings.

On one occasion, while in meeting, she fell asleep, and dreamed in substance as follows: She thought she was occupying her usual seat in the meeting, observing those who were assembled with her and who were sitting in profound silence, when suddenly the door of the meeting-house opened, and a man dressed in a plain garb entered, having a tightly-covered basket hanging on his arm. His countenance was grave, but with an inexpressible sweetness. His entrance did not appear to be noticed by the meeting generally, and after looking over it with complacency, he walked up into the preacher's gallery, carrying his basket with him. He now began to observe each individual attentively as he passed along before them, and ever and anon he put his hand into his basket, and took out something which he put into the laps of many of those who were quietly seated before him. One thing was observable, that those on whom he bestowed his gifts appeared to receive them with great delight, while those to whom he gave nothing were apparently almost unconscious of his presence. The Friend's curiosity being aroused, she inquired of a worthy Friend who sat alongside of her, who the stranger was, and what he was doing. The reply was: "It is the Saviour; his basket is filled with blessings, and He is distributing them to those who are waiting to receive them." As He was now approaching where they were seated, the sleeping Friend's feelings were greatly excited. He stood before her, and his hand was thrust in under the cover of his basket. He regarded her for a moment, and then saying sadly, "She is asleep!" He passed her by, and deposited a blessing in the lap of her next neighbor. The shock completely aroused her, and it was said she was ever after cured of sleeping in meeting.

SEVERE REPROOF.

When John Churchman, in ministering to the people at North Wales, had, as he tells us, "with a zeal that exceeded my childish knowledge, laid on some strokes with the strength of the man's part, more than with the humbling power of Truth," he soon felt inward darkness and dejection of mind. He was enabled to see his error, and makes this remark: "If we deliver hard things to the people, we should ever remember that we are flesh and blood, and by nature subject to the same frailties. This would lead us closely to attend to the power and to minister only in the ability of Truth, in the meekness, gentleness and wisdom which it inspires." This reflection did not make him lower the standard of Truth, deliver its testimonies deceitfully, or tend in any wise to make him one of those who sew pillows under armholes. In a subsequent visit he thus wrote:

One meeting we were at was remarkably hard, and my companion was exceedingly exercised, under a sense that the people were too rich, full and whole in their own eyes, but he sat the meeting through, and suffered in silence. I had something to say which was very close, and felt a degree of the strength and power of Truth to clear myself in an innocent and loving manner; and remembering they were brethren, I did not preach myself out of charity towards them, and so had peace. We went home with an elderly Friend, who, in a stern manner asked me from whence I came, and said I was a stranger to him. I answered him with a cheerful boldness. He asked me what my calling was; I told him husbandry. He queried if I was used to splitting wood; I let him know I had practiced it for many years. He asked me if I knew the meaning of a common saying among those who were used to that business, "'Tis soft knocks must enter hard blocks?" I told him I knew it well, but that to strike with a soft or gentle blow at a wedge in blocks of old wood that was rather decayed at heart would drive it to the head without rending them, and the labor would

be lost, when a few smart, lively strokes would burst them asunder. Whereupon he laid his hand on my shoulder, saying, "Well, my lad, I perceive thou art born for a warrior, and I commend thee." Thus we came off better than we expected, for I thought he pointed at my service that day. He was ever afterward very loving to me, and I was thankful that the Lord was near to me, for which I praise his sacred Name. To be becomingly bold in the cause of Truth, at times is particularly necessary, otherwise the weight of the testimony thereof would be lessened, and a carping spirit be set over it.

Leonard Fell, a son of judge Fell, travelling one time, was attacked by a highwayman, who demanded his money, which he gave him. Then he desired to have his horse. Leonard dismounted and let him take it. Then, feeling the power of Truth to arise in his mind, he turned to the robber and solemnly warned him of the evil of his ways. The robber, flying into a passion, asked the Friend why he preached to him, and threatened to blow out his brains. But Leonard replied to this effect, "Though I would not give my life for my money or my horse, I would give it to save thy soul." The robber was so astonished that he declared, if he was such a man as that, he would take neither his money nor his horse from him, and returning both to the faithful Friend, went his way.

In the year 1682, Benjamin Bangs, visited Ireland, of which he says:

In this nation I travelled up and down in the work of the Gospel, and had good service, many being convinced by means of my ministry. At Antrim, a place of great profession, I had a meeting in the evening, to which many came, and some with design to oppose me. The place was not large enough to hold the people, which occasioned those without to be very noisy and turbulent, some of the ruder sort pelting them with bits of dirt and turf, whilst I was preaching. I made a full stop, which occasioned a general silence; and after a little time I said, I understand this is a place of great profession

of religion; I am sorry to see so much irreligion as appears amongst you at this time, through your rude behavior. It is not long since I came out of my native country, and I think it will not be long ere I return again, and then what shall I say of you, to your poor suffering brethren in England? I advised them, if they had any regard to the reputation of religion, to inquire after those that were the occasion of these disorders, for that such behavior was base and scandalous. And I was moved to say, that the time draws nigh, that you will be blown away like the chaff from the summer threshing floor, and the place of your meeting will not be found. At this meeting a young man, a papist, was convinced, as were many more elsewhere in the north and other parts. He continued his travels several months, in the course of which, he says, "As I was going from Antrim to the Grange, I saw ten or twelve men upon the road, walking in a solitary manner, and it arose in my heart, these are sheep having no shepherd. When I came up to them I slackened my pace, and queried of them, what news? The men were startled at the question, and answered, 'we know of none;' continuing to go softly, I said, are ye going to meeting? They answered, 'Our minister is silenced; for orders are come down, commanding all dissenters not to assemble; so now we have no teacher.' This brought to my remembrance what I had been concerned to deliver as above at Antrim, where I met with so much rudeness. I said, the hireling fleeth because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep, referring them to the text; further showing it is happy for those who are come to the knowledge of that Teacher who cannot be removed into a corner—God said he would teach his children himself—and the children of the Lord are taught of the Lord. You may read in the first epistle of John, 'The anointing which ye have received of him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you, but as the same anointing teacheth you of all things.' And in Titus, 'The grace of God which bringeth salvation, hath appeared unto all men, teaching us,' etc. Here I directed them to the great heavenly School-master, who said: 'Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; follow me and ye shall find rest unto your souls.' Thus I labored to bring them from

their hireling teachers, to the teaching of God and Christ in themselves, by which they might come to the knowledge of God, and walk in the ways of his salvation; 'for a manifestation of the spirit is given to every man to profit withal.' I advised them to turn their minds inward, and mind the secret operation of it, which checks and reproves for bad words and actions; and as they turned to it, they would find it would lead them into all Truth with many words to this effect. They were well pleased, declaring at parting, that they had never heard things so opened to them in their lives."

John Churchman relates an incident which shows the importance of those who make a profession of religion, living so on their guard, as not to stumble the young and inexperienced. He says:

I remember a person was once at my father's, who spoke about religious matters with an affected tone, as if he was a good man; and when he mounted his horse to go away, taking a dislike to some of his motions, he called him an ugly dumb beast, with an accent which bespoke great displeasure, and grieved me much. I believed that a man whose mind was sweetened with Divine love, would not speak wrathfully or diminutively of the beasts of the field, which were given to man for his use.

When William Jackson was in England on a religious visit his health seemed to fail, which, he says:

It put me on thinking whether it could be required of me to travel so, and I turned my mind a good deal homewards. After being awake for several hours, I fell asleep and dreamed of being in America, and that I could not feel myself satisfied. I thought if I had but stayed in England, and attended the Yearly Meeting there, I should have been better satisfied. In my sleep I reflected on myself for coming away so precipitately, and was much concerned how I should get back to the Yearly Meeting in London. When I awoke I felt a degree of thankfulness that I was where I was.

It is a blessed experience in time of danger to have an un-

shaken trust in the goodness and protecting care of the Almighty.

When Job Scott was on his way to England on a religious visit, in 1792, he encountered a violent storm, which lasted for two nights and a day, and which, he says, was "truly terrible," reminding him of Addison's line: "When wave on wave, and gulf on gulf, o'ercame the pilot's art." He says, in a letter to his family:

It seemed, at times, as if the briny waves would soon swallow us up; yet I never really lost my confidence, for all this was no more than for months I had firmly expected to meet with. You know it was sealed on my soul that the loud roar of wind, and the dread rolling of the waves, would awfully attend my passage. And now, indeed, it proved my hold on heaven. I said in my heart: "It is the Lord; let Him fulfil his purposes. Let Him do just what He will with me in time and in eternity. Naught else beside his holy will can ever be good for me; and why should I wish even the most disagreeable parts of it averted, mitigated or shortened?" I thought I had had his holy promise who cannot lie, that I should live through these dreadful tossings on the bosom of the ocean, and once more set my foot on firm ground; yea, bless his holy name, in wonders yet to come on shore. I cannot say I had no reasonings; but I well remembered the clearness of prospect wherein I had seen this dispensation on the ocean. I also livingly remembered the holy warmth, energy and assurance that attended the promise of safety through all; and though it was now the Divine will that the evidence of Divine things should be low in my mind, yet I could not cast away my confidence. My all I surrendered up to his disposal, not once wishing myself on shore, nor in another vessel.

This devoted servant in this, verified in measure the truth of the psalmist's declaration: "God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble; therefore will ye not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into

the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled."

An Instructive Dream.

Thomas Shillitoe, although a comparatively poor man, felt it his duty to sacrifice part of his property, that he might devote himself more fully to the service of his Divine Master. While struggling with a sense of this requisition, he had the following dream:

I saw before me a straight but very narrow path, gradually rising, at the foot of which stood a man very simply attired, who offered to take the charge of safely guiding me up. I followed him; when we had reached about two-thirds of the way up, my guide halted, and turning himself round, requested me to do the same, which I accordingly did. He then bid me take a view both on the right hand and on the left of the road I had been ascending. On my right hand the ground in the bottom appeared rocky and uncultivated, covered with rubbish, grass, and trees that had been stunted in their growth; these, I was told, were fit for nothing but the fire, and that they were comparable to those whose hearts continued to be like the stony and thorny ground. I then turned to take a view on my left hand, and shuddered in myself when my guide pointed out to me the dangerous precipice close to the edge of which I had travelled. The foundation of the path appeared as steep as a house side, which led me to conclude the road on which my guide had thus far conducted me must be founded on a rock, otherwise, the path being so very narrow, from the weight of my body I must have been precipitated into the vast barren space I beheld. In this I observed a number of persons huddled together, at times grubbing with their hands in the earth, and at other times employing themselves in tossing the earth from one hand to the other, every now and then looking one at the other, with a sort of consciousness that they were employing their time in vain, and saying one to another: "I am countenanced in spending my time in this manner by thee;" and another: "I am countenanced by thee." On which I queried

with my guide: "What does this all mean? These men do not look like common laborers, neither have they such tools as common day-laborers use; besides this, they are all clad in very nice and costly apparel, like men of the first rank in the world with respect to property." My guide assured me that, although they were thus apparelled, and were rich in worldly substance, wanting nothing this world could bestow to make them as happy as it was capable of, yet, having made riches their chief hope for happiness, they had become so estranged in love and affection from that Divine power which only can make truly happy, that they were completely miserable. My guide, turning round, bid me follow him; and, as we began again to ascend, instructed me to keep very near to him, continually reminding me that, although I had mercifully escaped the danger which those I had observed in the barren space had fallen into, yet I was not out of the way of danger, and that my safety depended on my keeping continually near to him, eyeing him in every step I took from day to day, without which I should yet be precipitated into the same barren space with those miserable persons I had beheld, and become their doleful companion. When I awoke, the danger which I seemed to have escaped on both hands, but more especially that on my left, made such an impression on my mind that, for several days afterwards, little besides it came before me.

Faithful Service.

When Ebenezer Worth was living at Tunesassah among the Indians, he had a severe attack of sickness. His diary says, under date of Second Month, 1848:

While sick, I was brought to feel a degree of love and concern for a man who lived up Cold Spring Creek, near the Reservation, who had been charged (and I think likely justly so) of letting the Indians have ardent spirits. I heard reports of their drinking a good deal while I was sick, and it was said they got much of it from that man. I thought if I was spared to get well I would talk to him on the subject. When I got able to go about, I remembered the feeling I had, but felt discouraged, thinking I would be in danger of being insulted or

abused by the rough, intemperate people he kept about him. Some weeks after, as I was passing by the place, I saw five Indians about leaving there, all, I think, more or less intoxicated. I then thought I ought to speak to him, and requested a man who was going in to invite him out. He came, and I spoke to him on the subject of letting the Indians have intoxicating drink; also expressed the concern I felt for him. He seemed much tendered, I think to tears; acknowledged it was wrong to sell or use the article. He said when he disposed of what he had he would not keep the article in his house. He also said he had prayed that, that if he drank any more ardent spirits, it might make him sick; that he had once felt the love of God in his heart, and thought he could feel something of it at times yet, and that he was one of the greatest of sinners. I told him I thought he had best get rid of what intoxicating drink he had, and try to live up to his good resolution. I first thought of wholesaling it (afterwards), that it was not right to sell the article (in any way). I inquired how much he thought he had. He said he thought about ten gallons of whiskey and no other ardent spirits in his house. I proposed that he should throw it (the whiskey) on the ground. He spoke of its being a loss. I think I spoke in this way, that when we felt anything to be wrong, that was the time to leave off and try to reform; that the Lord's time was the best time, that (it was) dangerous to put it off and to keep the temptation about him. He seemed much broken down, and consented to throw it out if I thought best. I told him he should not lose by it if he did. He went into the house, took hold of the barrel, shook it, and said he thought there was more in it than he had supposed. There was a number sitting in the bar-room, who kept their eyes upon us, as if their curiosity was much excited, not knowing what we were going to do. The poor man acted with a good degree of firmness, though no doubt it was a great cross to bear such a testimony against an article he had dealt in and used so much himself. I asked for a pail and a measure; he had it brought; we lifted the barrel on the counter; those who sat looking on appeared struck with astonishment, their countenances looked quite sober. One man pleaded in favor of converting it into vinegar, so as not to waste it. We measured out a pailful, I

carried it (out) and threw it on the ground, and so continued until we emptied the barrel. While we were drawing it off, he sold some to two men, who promised it should be used for medicinal purposes; to one to put on camphor; the other man's wife was quite sick, he said the doctor directed him to get some (I think) to rub her with. There was another drinking man present, who presented his jug and pleaded hard to have it filled, but he did not get any. I do not recollect that there was an unkind or disrespectful word spoken to me during the whole time. After we had got done, I took the man aside who had pleaded so hard for liquor, and talked with him of the great evil of making use of intoxicating drinks, both as it regards our happiness in this world and our future prospects. He first spoke strongly in favor of ardent spirits as a medicine, said it had been recommended to him by a physician, and that there did not appear to be any other medicine so well adapted to his disease, which was something like an affection of the heart. I told him the bad effects of the medicine were more to be dreaded than the disease. He said before he got to using it as a medicine, he was opposed to using the article, and before we parted he said he had thought, at times, it would have been better for him to have died than got to using ardent spirits. I parted with them both in kind, good feelings, and had great reason to be thankful for the preservation and favors of that day.

JOHN EVANS' SUIT AGAINST FRIENDS.

This trial, which excited considerable interest in Philadelphia at the time, grew out of the circumstance, that the wife of John Evans was brought under the care of the Women's Monthly Meeting. It is believed the occasion of this was her neglecting to assemble with her fellow-members for the purpose of Divine worship—out of compliance with the wishes of her husband, who had before been disunited from the Society of Friends, of which at one time he was a member.

Mary Clark and another woman Friend called at the house, as a committee, to visit her; John met them in the entry, told

them that his wife was upstairs in her room, and that they could not see her. In her pleading with the husband to be allowed to go up to see the wife, Mary laid her hand on John, either to soothe his ruffled temper, or gently to remove him out of her way. This act was so resented, that he brought a suit against her for assault and battery, and employed two lawyers to plead his cause, one of these was Jared Ingersoll. The course pursued by his counsel drew unusual attention to the case. The whole course of procedure among Friends in cases of violation of the discipline, was brought into court—the minute book of the Monthly Meeting was produced, prominent members of the Society (among them the late Samuel Bettle) were subpœnaed as witnesses, and copious extracts were read from the book of discipline, drawing from judge Tilghman, who presided over the trial, strong expression of admiration at the character of that code of regulations. The decision was, that as Mary laid her hand on John Evans in his own house, there was a technical breach of the peace, but not an actual one under the circumstances. This trial has somewhat modified the practice of the Monthly Meeting of Friends of Philadelphia, as to testimonies of disownment. These are not now signed by the clerk, but their authenticity rests on the testimony of the committee who deliver them to the party concerned.

The verdict of the jury was one-half cent damages for John Evans, but no costs.

Anecdote respecting John Crook.

Our friend John Griffith informed Robert Dudley, that John Crook, one of the earliest and most distinguished ministers among the people called Quakers, was remarkable on many accounts, especially during the violent persecution in the reign of Charles II., a large participation whereof fell to this Friend. It was observable that his gift in the ministry was such, that

he frequently, in those times of great affliction, whilst free from imprisonment, continued his declaration in public meetings for upwards of three hours; during the whole of which such an increasing degree of authority attended, as to convince many of his auditory, that nothing short of a Divine commission could produce the baptizing effects of his ministry. In consequence, many were joined to the Society of which he was a member, through his labors, who became ornaments thereof.

He outlived those days of dark intolerance some years, much beloved from the remembrance of his past services, and sufferings for the noble cause of religion; and he frequently appeared in the meetings of Friends, in very long testimonies of sound doctrine and pleasing expressions. But some deeply exercised minds among his friends, observed with concern, that the energy of melting virtue, which had attended his Gospel labors in former times, to their great consolation, was now very little, if at all, felt to accompany his ministry.

Two of these Friends, who stood in the station of elders, feeling their minds engaged to it, from a sense of duty, waited on him; and with all the tenderness and deference due to his age, experience, and great worth, communicated their fears to him on this head, and intimated their wish, that he would look at this matter, and seek to that gracious Being in whose service he had been so successfully engaged for many years, for his blessed counsel on the subject; desiring him at a suitable time, to favor them with the result of his deliberations on what they had laid before him.

He received their communications with great meekness; and after some weeks he waited on them, in a broken, tender frame of mind, letting them know, with many tears, that their brotherly, or rather fatherly conduct towards him, was a kindness that he should never forget; and that on deep thoughtfulness respecting the matter referred to him, he found there was ample cause for their fears; and that he looked upon them as the messengers of love from his great Master, to warn him of his dangerous situation.

He next related to them how he then found that in those times of public tranquillity, he had gradually and impercepti-

bly slidden off from receiving his ministry through that pure, unmixed channel, by which he had formerly received it. The spring of the ministry, he said, during the fiery trials of persecution, flowed so copiously through him, that he felt but little labor to come at it; but in these latter days of the church's tranquillity, from the love he felt for the cause, he delivered words as they occurred to him in the public assemblies, which, till their kind intimations to him, he did not perceive, proceeded only from his natural powers as a man, and did not, as formerly, flow from the Divine spring and gift of Gospel ministry. Of this, he said, he was now fully convinced, and returned praises for his great deliverance where first due, and gratitude to them as instruments thereof.

He continued for three years after this quite silent as a minister; and about the expiration of that time, again appeared in the ministry in a few words, as in his first beginning, and gradually experienced an enlargement in his gift.

Incident in the Ministry of Joseph Hoag.

At Starksboro Monthly Meeting, Vermont, Joseph Hoag rose and repeated, "Ephraim is a cake not turned." He then said, in substance, that he had been reflecting upon the various necessary processes through which the flour, which had first been rightly prepared, had to pass, before it became good, wholesome bread, suitable for the nourishment and sustenance of the body.

It must first be properly moistened by either pure milk or water. Then a little leaven must be added, and the whole thoroughly worked together and incorporated. Some time must then be given for the "little leaven to leaven the whole lump." After this it must be submitted to the action of fire, the most important of all. Oftentimes it had to be turned to receive the full effect of the fire; otherwise a part of it would, after all, be only raw dough and unfit entirely for food. Like Ephraim of old, it would be a cake not turned. Now he had been led greatly to fear there were some amongst us who

might have submitted to some of the various processes, and a good beginning had been made in the right preparation. But when they came to be tried so as by fire, they had shrunk from the needful trial, they were not willing to be turned; and so were like Ephraim, "Cakes not turned," and could not be made useful in the household and family of the Lord.

Resist Temptation.

John Salkeld was in attendance at a meeting where, after a time of silence and deep exercise, he struck his cane on the floor, and exclaimed: "Resist the devil this once, and he will not trouble thee again!" At the close of the meeting John was taken to task by some of the Friends present for his disorderly act. In reply, he said that if he had ever known the Divine commission to preach the Gospel, he thought he had it for what he had done and said that day. He thought he was acting in obedience to his Master's requiring, and there he must leave it. Although endeavoring to rest in the belief that he had endeavored to do what he believed was his duty, he no doubt felt, at times, the want of unity of his friends with his action that day, and secret exercise and conflict of spirit concerning it. About a year after the occurrence, a man whom he met with inquired of him whether he recollected being at the meeting where it took place. John readily answered that he did, and that from the singularity of his service in it, and the reproofs of his friends therefor, he had cause to remember it. The man then told him that his service that day was in the ordering of Divine Providence intended for him, and that it had been the means of saving him from an awful death. He had been for some time in a low, desponding state of mind, and had fully intended to take his own life that day. He had taken a rope to the woods to hang himself, when it was suggested to his mind, no doubt by the Spirit of the Lord Jesus, the Saviour of men, to go to meeting, which was held near by.

With the rope in his pocket with which he intended to carry out his awful purpose, he went to the meeting. Whilst pondering over his miserable condition, and the means of escape therefrom which satan kept presenting to his mind, the rap of the cane on the floor aroused his attention, the exhortation to resist the old adversary that once, and he should be free from his wicked temptation, took hold of his mind. It was to him a saving visitation of Divine grace. He resisted the temptation with success, turned from his purpose, and found the truth of the promise verified. He had not since been assailed by that temptation, and was, through the mercy of the Lord, enabled to rejoice in his happy deliverance from the dreadful state of mind he had previously been in. This declaration, from one who was a stranger to him, gave John, without doubt, relief from all his misgivings, and filled him with satisfaction in believing that his faithfulness in an apprehended duty had been savingly blessed to a candidate for immortality and eternal life.

Settling a Difference.

Joseph Carrington was a minister, residing in Pennsylvania. He was not endowed with fine talents, but often showed great weakness. Though in conversation he was below mediocrity, yet in preaching the Gospel he was clear and powerful. To him the Lord was strength in weakness, a present help in time of need. When on a religious visit to England, the Friend at whose house he lodged entered his room one morning and excused himself for leaving home, which he was obliged to do, as he was on a committee appointed to endeavor to settle a difference between two Friends. Joseph said: "I will rise and go with thee." His host, knowing Joseph was a weak man when left to his own resources, was afraid to take him with him, lest he should prove a hindrance, and replied: "No; thou had best remain here, and rest thyself;" but Joseph persisted in getting up and dressing himself, and they set off on horseback.

They soon had occasion to ford a small river, when Joseph's horse stumbled and threw him into the mud. "Now," said his friend, "thou wilt have to go back; thou cannot continue on in this plight." "Oh, yes," said Joseph, "I will go on; I cannot return now; that was an effort of the devil to prevent me from going."

On arriving at the appointed place, they found the committee assembled, and the differing Friends present. Joseph requested the two Friends to be pointed out to him, and asked them to take a seat, one on each side of him. He then turned to one and said: "Now, John, let me hear thy story about this difficulty." "Thomas, thou must not say one word until he finishes." John commenced relating the cause of dissension, but had not proceeded far before Thomas interrupted with: "No, that was not so." "Stop, Thomas," said Joseph; "thou must wait for thy turn to tell it." After a little while, Thomas again contradicted John's statement. "Hold thy tongue, Thomas," said our friend, laying his hand on his knee. At length John finished his account, when Joseph turned to the other and told him to begin. He was soon interrupted by John, who was silenced by being told: "Thou hast had thy turn, and I have heard thee patiently; now thou must let Thomas go on, and thou be silent." When Thomas had proceeded a while, John again denied the statement, and Joseph desired him to remain quiet. When Thomas had no more to say, Joseph said: "John, thou art to blame, for thou began the difficulty;" and then explained how all had originated, and convinced John, who acknowledged he had done wrong, and that he regretted it. Thomas immediately said: "I, too, was to blame; if John began wrong, I was to blame for taking offence at it. I confess my error, and ask John to pass it by." They both arose and shook hands, and remained good friends ever after. Thus was settled a difficulty which had caused much trouble to the meeting for several years.

SERMON BY JAMES SIMPSON,

DELIVERED AT FRANKFORD, PA., A FEW MONTHS BEFORE HIS DECEASE.

What I am now going to relate is but a simple story, and it is probable some of you have heard me tell it before; but it

has taken such possession of my mind that I thought I would just drop it for your consideration.

When I was a young man, there lived in our neighborhood a Presbyterian, who was universally reported to be a very liberal man, and uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure, over good, rather more than could be required of him. One of his friends observing his frequently doing so, questioned him, why he did it? told him he gave too much, and said it could not be to his own advantage. Now my friends, mark the answer of this Presbyterian: "God Almighty has permitted me but one journey through the world, and when gone, I cannot return to rectify mistakes." Think of this, Friends, but one journey through the world; the hours that are passed are gone forever, and the actions in those hours can never be recalled.

I do not throw it out as a charge, nor mean to imply that any of you are dishonest, but the words of this good Presbyterian have often impressed my mind, and, I think, in an instructive manner.

But one journey. We are allowed but one journey through the world; therefore let none of us say: "My tongue is my own, I will talk what I please: my time is my own, I will go where I please: I can go to meeting, or, if the world calls me, I will stay at home; it is all my own." Now this won't do, Friends; it is as impossible for us to live as we list, and then come here and worship, as it is for a lamp to burn without oil. It is utterly impossible. And I was thinking what a droll composition man is; a compound of bank-notes, dollars, cents, and newspapers, and bringing, as it were, the world on his back, he comes here to perform worship; or, at least, he would have it so appear. Now, Friends, I just drop this before we part, for your consideration: let each one try himself, and see how it is with his own soul.

During a time when a pestilential sickness raged in Philadelphia, in the year 1692, Roger Gill, a ministering Friend from Great Britain was so dipped into sympathy with the sufferers, that he had no rest in his mind until he reached that

city on the tenth of Seventh Month, where he entered upon the service of visiting the sick and dying, and warning and comforting the living.

On the fifteenth, Thomas Story came to the city, who found Roger well, but he says: "many Friends on their sick and dying pillows; and yet the settled presence of the Lord was with them at that time: such is the goodness of God to his own people, that in their bodily or any other afflictions, his holy presence greatly abates the exercises of nature by its Divine consolation. O, the love that flowed in my soul to several in the times of my visits to them! in which I was lifted over all fear of the contagion, and yet not without an awful regard toward the Lord therein."

Roger, in one public meeting, told them that when one hundred miles from them, his love in the Lord was so great, that had he wings, he would have flown to them. In another meeting, during the time of the Yearly Meeting, he was brought on his knees in fervent and devout intercession with the Lord to stay his hand, adding if He would please to accept his life for a sacrifice, he did freely offer it up for the people.

His offer seemed accepted. The general sickness abated, and he was soon taken down with the disease, after which time very few died. As he lay in great pain and affliction of body, he remembered his offering, and said to Friends around him: "It is not in my heart to repent of the offer I have made."

He was preserved in cheerful resignation, notwithstanding the great suffering he was enduring, and he remained watchful to speak a word in season to those around. He exhorted Friends to faithfulness, and said: "The Lord hath sanctified my afflictions to me, and hath made my sickness as a bed of down." Some at one time speaking of their hope of his recovery, he said: "Truly I have neither thoughts nor hope about being raised in this life; but I know I shall rise sooner

than many imagine, and receive a reward according to my works."

His sickness continued seven days. A few hours before his death, he took leave of his friends, and said: "Farewell, farewell, farewell, forever." He in great peace and sweetness, departed this life, Eighth Month 2nd, 1699.

CHAPTER XX.

SOCIAL AND CONVERSATIONAL.

Under date of 1653, Sewell says: The number of the professors of the Light [Quakers] increased greatly, and as it had been said, at first, that they should be destroyed within a short time, so now the priests began to say that they would eat out one another; for many of them, after meetings, having a great way to go, stayed at their friends' houses by the way, and sometimes more than there were beds to lodge, so that some lay on the hay-mows. This made some of the public church grow afraid that this hospitality would cause poverty, and that when these Friends had eaten out one another, they would come to be maintained by the parishes, and so be chargeable to them. But it fell out quite otherwise, for these people were the more blessed and increased, without falling into want.

This puts me in mind of what one of the daughters of judge Thomas Fell once told me, viz: That her father having been abroad, and coming home with his servants, found the shed so full of the horses of strange guests that he said to his wife, this was the way to be eaten out, and that thus they themselves should soon be in want of hay. But to this Margaret said, in a friendly way, that she did not believe, when the year was at an end, that they should have the less for that. And it so fell out; for this year their stock of hay was such that they sold a great deal of what they had in abundance. Thus the proverb was verified, That charity doth not impoverish.

The truth of this was also experienced by those called Quakers; for though many people were shy at first, and would not

deal with them, because of their non-conformity with the vulgar salutation, and their saying "Thee" and "Thou" to a single person, instead of "You," etc.; insomuch that some that were tradesmen lost their customers, and could hardly get money enough to buy bread. Yet this changed in time, when people found by experience they could better trust to the words of these than to that of those of their own persuasion. Hence it was, that often, when any came into a town and wanted something, they would ask, "Where dwells a draper, or tailor, or shoemaker, or any other tradesman, that is a Quaker?" Now, the cause of their trade so increasing was, because they were found upright in their dealings.

In the early days of our Society, when Friends were everywhere spoken against and persecuted, a dance or play of some kind was introduced and acted on the stage in the city of London, which, although almost blasphemous in its parts, was one in which a striking soul-important truth was set forth. A person was introduced, intended, with awful boldness, to represent the Almighty Creator of the world; another was to personify the devil; others were mortals, seeking to obtain, by petitioning the Dispenser of all benefits, that which seemed most desirable to them. Each one was allowed one request, and that one was always granted; one wished riches, and obtained it: another honor; another revenge on his enemies; at last a poor, persecuted Quaker was introduced, who asked for "the kingdom of heaven." When the others found he had obtained it, with one consent they cried out that they had forgotten the kingdom of heaven, and wanted that also. They were told it was too late—their choice was made, and they must abide by it. At this part of the play, he who represented the devil, addressing the persecutors of the Quakers, said to this effect: "You are fools! you persecute the Quakers, and cast them into prison; taking away their goods, and living from them, so that they have no certainty of either liberty or estate; and that tends to wean them from lower enjoyments, and to keep them low and humble, which puts them out of my reach. I will tell you what to do: Let them alone; and, as they are an honest, industrious people, there will be a blessing on their labors, and they will grow rich and proud; build

them fine houses, and get fine furniture; and they will lose their humility, and become like other people, and then I shall have them."

During the difficulties prior to the Hicksite separation, a simple-minded country Friend and a quick-witted infidel neighbor were thrown together in company with others, and the infidel was very full in his praise of Elias Hicks. The Friend could not hear this without showing his dissent, but he did not go into argument, wherein he must needs have been worsted by his nimble-tongued opponent. He did better. "Art thou not a believer in Tom Paine?" he asked. "Yes," returned the other, quickly and sharply, as if he felt himself brought into an awkward position before his neighbors, and was somewhat irritated. "What has that to do in the business?" "Why," rejoined his slow-spoken antagonist, in his quiet, methodical manner, "if thou art a believer in Tom Paine, thy praise of Elias Hicks is no great credit to him." The infidel was completely foiled, and he felt it so. He knew the remark of his antagonist would be deemed a self-evident truth by those who heard it. It was a realization of the declaration of the apostle, that God "hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise."

John Parker often expressed his opinion that much of the success of the followers of Elias Hicks, in spreading a partisan feeling in the Society in his favor, sprang out of secret misrepresentation made use of by many of them. On one occasion he said: "This spirit was like a serpent in the grass, biting our heels before we knew it."

He was led at times to exert himself against the spreading of this spirit, and also against a spirit manifested by some, and advocated with great earnestness, to keep quiet, and take no part. This was then the cry of many who were departing or had departed from the truth of Jesus, and who, to say the least

against them, were not amongst those who would "contend earnestly for the faith." On one occasion a person of this class, being at a meeting where John was, undertook to preach against people being zealous in the difficulties in which the Society was involved. He urged his hearers to be quiet; to attend to their own business; and finally warned them not to put to sea in a storm. When he was done, John spoke out: "But what if we are caught at sea in a storm! No skulking below deck then, Friends."

It is stated that the parties to the following poetical discussion felt a mutual attachment to each other, and that the only obstacle to a union was a conscientious objection, on each side, on account of religious sentiments. One of the parties was a clergyman of the church of England, and the other was a member of our Society, well known afterwards, not only among her fellow-members, but in the literary circles of the day, as Mary Knowles.

CLERGYMAN.

Hark! how the sacred thunder rends the skies!
"Repent and be baptized," Christ's herald cries;
"Repent and be baptized," consenting Heaven replies.
And can *Lavinia* unaffected hear
This awful message echoing in her ear?
Will my *Lavinia* unaffected prove
Rebel to God, and faithless unto love?
Say, shall a parent's absolute command
The mighty voice of God himself withstand?
Shall heavenly calls to earthly ties give place,
And filial fondness frustrate Christian grace?
Shall human wit Omniscience engage,
Shall *Barclay* endless war with Jesus wage?
Must each *apostle* waive his claim to merit;
That Fox may shine first martyr of the spirit?
Must common sense be banished from the soul,
Ere Gospel salve can make the sinner whole?
Must each adept in Calvary's great school
Be not in meekness but in fact a fool?
Must *Paul* at *Corinth* be a babbler too,
And Peter when a *Baptist* be a *Jew*?

Must Phillip's process be superfluous thought,
Because he washed the eunuch he had taught!
Must feudal rites be metaphored away,
And actual homage construed disobey?
Such juggling arts may change each part of speech,
Make *water* spirit, and *baptize*, to teach;
But if such jargon Jesus represents,
The light, indeed, is only lent to saints,
Then in the letter, double death we find;
And Christ in figure only saved mankind.

THE ANSWER.

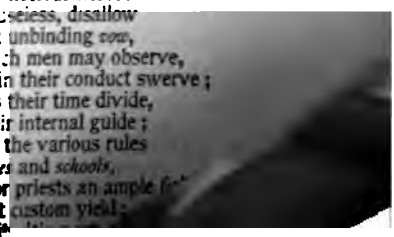
Hark! how the sacred thunder rends the skies,
"Repent and be baptized," Christ's herald cries!
"Repent and be baptized," consenting Heaven replies.
The Christian's heart reveres the solemn sound;—
And deeply humbled treads the sacred ground;
Owns the injunction's undisputed claim,
Its awful import and its glorious aim!
But here a difference mutual zeal excites,
You plead for outward, we for inward rites.
We think the Gospel's hallowed page inspires
Superior efforts, nor one type requires;
Since no lavation can effectual prove,
The innate stain of nature to remove.
No mode of words can heavenly grace impart
To an infantile and unconscious heart;
Hence we, as vain and useless, disallow
The faithless *surety*, and unbinding *vow*,
As empty shadows, which men may observe,
Yet from the substance in their conduct swerve;
While superstitious rites their time divide,
They cease to follow their internal guide;
Enslaved by *canons*, and the various rules
Of *councils*, *synods*, *colleges* and *schools*,
Thus might mankind (for priests an ample field),
To circumcision's ancient custom yield;
And thus by like authority 'tis meet,
These holy fathers kneel to wash our feet,
'Tis thus that holiness to form gives place,
And solemn triflings "frustrate Christian grace."
In Jordan's pool well pleased the Almighty saw,
His Son beloved submitting to the law.
But his apostles through the world He sent,
With a baptising power beyond the element,
This power does all true ministry attend;
'Twas promised, and will never have an end;
This mighty power his herald did proclaim,

"He shall baptize you with an holy flame,"
Yet water was in use an ancient rite,
Of old the common way to proselyte;
But no dependence placed thereon you 'll see,
And Paul and Peter in this point agree.
The real Christians with illumined thought,
View Truth unbiassed as its author taught,
No typic observations are revered,
Since their immortal antitype appeared,
Fox preached this doctrine to a seeking age,
It shines in *Barclay's* unrefuted page,
Simple their schemes, no mean self-love they knew,
But freely preached without a sordid view;
With hearts devoted, Gospel truths displayed,
And scorned to make divinity a trade;
No juggling arts e'er used, no low disguise
O'er obvious texts, and sense to tyrannize,
Discerning Truth by its own native light,
And by its guidance practised what was right,
This state attained, external rites no more
Demand observance as in days of yore—
'Tis grace alone, we by experience find,
Imparts instruction to the attentive mind;
Convicts of error, and restrains from sin;
For what these are it manifests within;
Each wayward passion by its aid subdued,
The soul's enthroned in native rectitude;
Cleansed of its stains, and sprinkled from above,
With pure descendings of atoning love,
A baptism this, essential you will find,
Or, "Christ in figure only saves mankind."
'Tis this alone my suppliant spirit craves,
Since but one *Lord, one Faith, one Baptism* saves.

In the Journal of John Churchman, the following anecdote is inserted:

Before going to Holland, I was several times in the shop of a barber in this city (Norwich, England), to be shaved. The second time I was there I had to wait awhile for my turn, he having no assistant; and when others were gone out, he told me he was very sorry I had to wait, and hoped he should have my custom; and that if I would come on Saturdays and Wednesdays, in the forenoon, I need not wait, but in the afternoon others came. I asked him what days of the week those were which he called Saturdays and Wednesdays. He seemed to







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n Churchman wing anecdote

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wonder at my ignorance, but knew not how to tell me otherwise. I said: "I do not read in the Scriptures of any days so named." He replied: "That is true." "For what reason, then," said I, "dost thou call them so?" "Because it is a common custom," said he. "Suppose, then," said I, "that we lived in a heathen country, among infidels, who worshipped idols, should we follow their customs because common?" He replied: "By no means." I then said: "If I have understood rightly, the heathens gave the days of the week those names." "I never heard that before," said he; "pray, for what reason?" I answered: "They worshipped the sun on the first day of the week, and named it after their idol, Sun-day; the moon on the second day of the week, so came Monday; and the other days after other idols, for they had many gods; Third-day they called Tuesday, after their idol tuisco; and after the idol woden they called Fourth-day Wednesday; and Fifth-day, after their idol thor, they called Thursday; from friga, Friday, and, after Saturn, they called the seventh day Saturday. As I believe in the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom He hath sent, and expect eternal life by no other name or power, I dare not, for conscience' sake, own the gods of the heathen, or name a day after them, but choose the names which the days were called by when the Most High performed his work of creation, viz: first, second, third, and so on, which is Scriptural, most plain and easily understood." He seemed affected with the information, and I desired him to inquire into the matter for himself, and not to think that I designed to impose upon him."

On a subsequent visit, the conversation turning upon the study of algebra, in which the barber was engaged, John Churchman availed himself of the opportunity of turning the attention of this inquiring man to the far greater moment of a more profitable and delightful study—that of being quietly employed in learning the law of the Lord, written in our own hearts, that we might be enabled to walk acceptably before Him.

He says: "On my return from Scotland to Norwich, a man

ran to me in the street, putting a paper in my hand, and immediately left me, whom I soon found to be this barber. The letter contained an innocent, child-like acknowledgment to me for my freedom with him, as is before mentioned, in language rather too much showing his value for me as an instrument; and believing him to be reached by the love of Truth, and in measure convinced thereof, I thought it best to leave him in the Lord's hand for further instruction; to learn by the immediate teachings of the Holy Spirit, that his love might be centered on the true Beloved of souls; for want whereof many are hurt looking outward and growing in head knowledge, seeking the esteem and friendship of man.

THE MARCH OF REFINEMENT.

Sons and daughters of Fox, from your slumbers awake ye,
No longer in listless indulgence recline!
From the fetters of sloth and luxury break ye,
And put on your beautiful garments and shine!

Time was when your fathers, in wisdom grown hoary,
In their doublet of leather, the pilgrim's rude guise,
Contemning the pride of this world and its glory,
Pursued their *rough path of reproach* to the skies.

Unletter'd as they who on Judah's lone mountain,
By her wind-ruffled lake, in deep forest or den,—
Drawing waters of life from salvation's blest fountain,
Surrounded the houseless Redeemer of men.

Your sires, by his spirit's blest influence guided,
Regardless of dangers, of prisons, and death;
Alike by the sage, and the trifler derided,
Look'd o'er this vain world with the keen eye of faith.

From the lure of false glory, false happiness, turning,
With the courage of martyrs they follow'd their Lord;
Their loins girded close, and their lamps brightly burning,
Unceasing they publish'd his life-giving word.

Those days are long past, and new light rises o'er us,
No longer we suffer such hardship and loss;
The "March of Refinement" now opens upon us,
And *points other ways, than the way of the cross.*

No longer we talk of meek, patient endurance,
Of low self-denial and watchful restraint:
But of confident hope, and exulting assurance,
And the triumphs that wait on the steps of the saint.

Knowledge waves her light wand, and poor wandering mortals,
No longer a rugged and thorny road trace;
The gate that was *strait* now unfolds its wide portals,
The way once so narrow, expands into space.

Religion has softened her features; around her
The attractions of taste and of fancy are shed;
The arts with their graceful adornments surround her,
And weave a rich veil for her delicate head.

Our maidens, no longer the homely task plying,
That once could engage the grave matrons of yore,
Are all in each liberal accomplishment vying,
And high on the pinions of sentiment soar.

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'T is true there are some who, these flow'ry paths fearing,
Again and again tell us plainly we stray;
Who the standard of ancient simplicity rearing,
Exhort us to pause, and consider the way.

But many, tho' granting their honest intentions,
Deem them rigid and narrow, of prejudic'd mind,
And believe that 'midst thousands of modern inventions,
Some happy expedient yet we shall find,—

To reconcile things in their nature discordant,
Inclination and duty no longer at strife;
Religion with luxury kindly accordant,
The peace of the soul, with the pride of this life.

Vain hope of blind man! in his fond self deceiving,
Whilst immutably true stands the Saviour's own word;
Happy they, who, its sacred assurance receiving,
In *lowliness follow their crucified Lord.*

MY PSALM.

J. G. WHITTIER.

I mourn no more my vanished years:
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain, of smiles and tears
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope and fear,
But, grateful, take the good I find
The best of now, and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare;
The manna, dropping from God's hand,
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff; I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Thro' fringed lids to heaven;
And the pale aster, in the brook
Shall see its image given;

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong;
The graven flowers that wreath the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,
To build as to destroy;
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give, or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track—
That whereso'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back—

That more and more a Providence
 Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
 Sweet with eternal good—

That death seems but a covered way
 Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
 Beyond the Father's sight—

That care and trial seem at last
 Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
 In purple distance fair—

That all the jarring notes of life
 Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
 Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
 And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
 I open to the day.

THE FRIEND'S BURIAL.

J. G. WHITTIER.

My thoughts are all in yonder town,
 Where, wept by many tears,
To-day my mother's friend lays down
 The burden of her years.

True as in life, no poor disguise
 Of death with her is seen,
And on her simple casket lies
 No wreath of bloom and green.

O not for her the florist's art,
 The mocking weeds of woe,
But blessings of the voiceless heart,
 The love that passeth show!

Yet all about the softening air
 Of new-born sweetness tells,
And the ungathered May-flowers wear
 The tints of ocean shells.

The old, assuring miracle
 Is fresh as heretofore;
And earth takes up its parable
 Of life from death once more.

Here organ swell and church-bell toll
 Methinks but discord were,
The prayerful silence of the soul
 Is best befitting her.

No sound should break the quietude
 Alike of earth and sky;
O wandering wind in Seabrook wood,
 Breathe but a half-heard sigh!

Sing softly, spring-bird, for her sake,
 And thou not distant sea,
Lapse lightly as if Jesus spake,
 And thou wert Galilee!

For all her quiet life flowed on
 As meadow streamlets flow,
Where fresher green reveals alone
 The noiseless ways they go.

From her loved place of prayer I see
 The plain-robed mourners pass,
With slow feet treading reverently
 The graveyard's springing grass.

Make room, O mourning ones, for me,
 Where, like the friends of Paul,
That you no more her face shall see
 You sorrow most of all.

Her path shall brighten more and more
 Unto the perfect day;
She cannot fail of peace who bore
 Such peace with her away.

O sweet, calm face that seemed to wear
 The look of sins forgiven!
O voice of prayer that seemed to bear
 Our own needs up to heaven.

How reverent in our midst she stood,
 Or knelt in grateful praise!
What grace of Christian womanhood
 Was in her household ways!

For still her holy living meant
No duty left undone;
The heavenly and the human blent
Their kindred love in one.

And if her life small leisure found
For feasting ear and eye,
And pleasure, on her daily round,
She passed unpausing by.

Yet with her went a secret sense
Of all things sweet and fair,
And beauty's gracious providence
Refreshed her unaware.

She kept her line of rectitude
With love's unconscious ease;
Her kindly instincts understood
All gentle courtesies.

An inborn charm of graciousness
Made sweet her smile and tone,
And glorified her farm wife dress
With beauty not its own.

The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls;
The Gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books or scrolls.

From scheme and creed the light goes out,
The saintly fact survives;
The blessed Master none can doubt
Revealed in holy lives.

Anecdote of John Parker.

One day, having been favored to preach the Gospel with an unusual degree of the demonstration of the Spirit and power, on leaving the door of Kennet Meeting-house, he, as was frequently the case with him under such circumstances, appeared very cheerful, shaking hands with, and addressing some pleasant remark to each person as he passed along. One of his sober neighbors, not a Friend, who had been at meeting that

morning, stood a little back from the crowd, with much solemn gravity expressed in his countenance, viewing John's cheerful progress among his friends. When John reached the spot where he stood, the neighbor, taking his offered hand, said, "Mr. Parker, I do marvel how you can be so lively and pleasant, immediately after having been so favored as you have been this morning, whilst engaged in the solemn and awful work of the ministry." After a short pause, John said, "I find I can raise a variety of crops, and keep different kinds of animals on my small farm, by keeping good, strong fences between the different fields, so as to confine everything to its proper place." "I see," answered his neighbor, "that much depends upon good, strong fences to keep everything in its proper place, and that there is, in fact, but a step from one field of labor to another."

It is probable that neither John Parker nor his neighbor were hurt by this little colloquy. The religion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is not a gloomy one, and those who have felt their blessed Master's presence crowning their labors in his cause, have the privilege of feeling inward peace and manifesting outward cheerfulness.

LINES

Composed on travelling through a snow-storm to attend Caln Quarterly Meeting, in America, Second Month, 1817, by MARY NAFTEL.

Through woods and wilds, o'er hills and dales I stray,
From Albion's fertile valleys far away;
From Albion's Isle, the land that gave me birth,
Land most endeared of all the spacious earth,
That still contains what on it most I prize,
Joy of my heart, and pleasure of my eyes,
My loved companion and my children dear,
In climes remote but in remembrance near.
My spirit often seems with yours to greet,
And wafted *home* in retrospect we meet.
Your joys are mine, your cares are still my cares,
Your God is mine, to Him ascend my prayers,

As incense offered at his sacred throne,
That He might make and take us as his own,
Within his safe enclosure ever keep,
Lambs of his fold and of his flock the sheep;
That through all dangers we may fully prove
The sure protection of Almighty love,
The sure protection of that Arm Divine,
Which only, Oh Omnipotence, is thine!
That on the rock or on the boisterous deep,
On mountains high or hollow vales can keep,
Ride on the winds and make the clouds his way,
Give songs by night, turn darkness into day.
Cause these the dust but of his feet to prove,
His harbingers of mercy and of love.
Still to my feeble prayer, oh! condescend,
Be thou my guide, my counsellor and friend,
And safe conduct me to the journey's end;
That praise and glory only may be Thine,
And peace and gladness be forever mine.

SARAH CRESSON.

"Melodious singer of heart-thrilling songs,
Of Zion's injuries and Israel's wrongs,
Whose lonely harp still on the willow hung,
'Till fresh-felt mercies every chord restrung;
Then touched to praise its tones in sweetness broke,
That in each heart responsive feelings woke!
Oh, I behold thee, as I last beheld,
When Gospel love thy grateful bosom swelled,—
When weeping listeners heard the tale of woe,
Of mental conflicts it was thine to know,—
When as a flood the enemy came in,
With doubts and reasonings, implements of sin,—
When from a pit of horror burst thy moan,
Illumined by no brightness from the throne,—
When sombre shadows compassed thee around,—
When satan's legions pierced with many a wound,—
When the rank weeds were wrapped about thy head—
When boisterous billows over thee were spread,—
Then He who died and triumphed o'er the grave,
Arose in might thy struggling soul to save;
Bade the waves sunder and temptations fly,
The scattering clouds haste from the brightening sky,
The sun of righteousness with cheering ray,
Shed the full radiance of perfected day.
Then from thy lips burst forth a joyful song
To thy Redeemer!—yea, it poured along

In most melodious energy of praise
To God, the Saviour, Him of ancient days,
The heart and language rising with the theme,
Till praise gushed forth one living, glowing stream!
Then from thy lips the thrilling language fell,
'Glory to Him who raised my soul from hell!'
Baptized in tears was many a cheek that day,
As Sarah Cresson told her chequered way,
'Twas her last Gospel labor here of love,—
Mercy soon gathered her to praise above."

THE DESERTED MEETING HOUSE.

This sketch refers to Upper Springfield Meeting House, Burlington County, N. J., and was written by Dr. JOSEPH PANCOAST, a distinguished surgeon of Philadelphia, who, when young, belonged to and attended that meeting.

"How few the years that youth and age divide,
And yet of startling change how sadly rife!"
Thus, o'er a blighted shrine, a pilgrim sighed,
Where crowds had worshipped in his spring of life.

The ancient fane in Druid loneness stood,
Just as of yore, on gently rising ground,
Within the precincts of a sheltering wood,
Whose leafy limbs seemed still to clasp it 'round.

Forlorn it looked along the public way;
No wall begirt it, no protector nigh;
Its roofless sheds, fast tumbling to decay,
Matched well the tottering grave-yard fence hard by.

The approaching paths, where busy feet once trod,
Uncalled by tolling bell at meeting-tide,
Still faintly ran beside the grass-grown road
Whence country grandeur came in Sabbath pride.

By none molested, visited by few,
With unresisting doors and crumbling wall,
The sacred awe its ancient memories threw,
Alone remained to shield it in its fall.

Yet still the oaks their wealth of leaves renewed,
Where "early-comers" once, within their shade,
With studied courtesy and voice subdued,
Their stores of knowledge modestly displayed.

The interest grew with each accession there,
Till entering, passed the Christian fathers by,
With looks ecstatic, as of coming prayer,
About to plead for mercies from on high.

No bustling verger, no robed priests were there,
No separate altar, veiled in incense cloud—
But all, as equals, joined in silent prayer.

A solemn hush o'er all the assembly stole;
Each scanned the past, and sought, as guiding light,
The still small voice, that Mentor of the soul,
By great Elijah heard on Horeb's height.

Not that the stringent rules the old had made
Could always curb the errant thoughts of youth,
Or those of other sects, who came and prayed
With men they honored as the types of truth.

Oft must youth break the forms the old obey;
Slight causes there might serious thoughts restrain,
As bright eyes glancing o'er the passage-way,
Or prisoned insects whirring 'gainst the pane.

Soon fled such lightness when the speaker rose,
Whose touching eloquence could quickly bring
All hearts to sorrow o'er the Saviour's woes,
Or plead, self-humbled, with Judea's king.

The meeting closed, with mutual greetings shared,
The stately seniors, then emerging slow,
Paused oft to question how the absent fared,
And on the sick their sympathies bestow.

Not so the young, elastic as a spring
From strong constraint released, rebounds the more—
They gaily chat, or boldly venturing,
Accost the gentle maidens at the door.

So 'twas in old and better times: Alas!
That troublous themes bewildering earnest men

For where are they, those seniors of old time?
Where—he of grave four-score, the first in place,
Whose froward youth in wildness spent, not crime,
Had ploughed deep furrows on his rugged face?

And he whose lofty faith and sombre mind
Awed all the weak, and oft repressed the bold,
Severely just, yet generously kind,
An ancient Cato, in a Christian mould?

And he, of massive form, and bearded face,
Who, like old Chronos, in grey marble wrought,
Sat, grim and still, in one unvaried place,
Yet revelled in fantastic fields of thought?

And they, most prized, whom gushing memory here
With many a sweet yet painful thought revives,
Whose loving hearts, in their parental sphere,
Poured floods of happiness on younger lives?

Yes, where are they? Where, too, their brethren, now?
Those plain exemplars of unconscious worth?
Move—scarce a bow-shot forth—and humbly bow,
For there they slumber in one common earth.

Few lettered stones, no mouldering vaults are there—
Round kindred groups of graves the pathways run—
No monumental marbles chill the air
Or check the radiant glories of the sun.

Hearts that ache most, grieve least to outward show,
And for the loved and lost, too deeply mourn,
To rear such pageant mimicries of woe,
As broken shaft, inverted torch or urn.

There, 'round each grave the sunbeams freely play,
The zephyrs softly waves its tufts of green,
And save the coy wood-robin's plaintive lay,
No sound disturbs the silence of the scene.

An hundred years had Death his harvest there,
Of those whose fame yet sanctifies his ground,
For gravesmen, with hereditary care,
Keep fresh the story of each cherished mound.

Seek ye their monuments? Look the country o'er,
And know that all men called them wise and just;
Learn how in reverence held the names they bore,
In new lives spring, like blossoms from the dust.

What broad domains they tilled when strong and young—
What kindness showed to those of humbler state—
What maxims left couched in their dulcet tongue,
With fond remembrance many still relate.

See these poor graves! revered by all around
No mirth profanes, no reveller comes this way;
With bated breath each pilgrim treads the ground,
And sorrowing, views the ancient shrine's decay.

Deem we not well such memories of the dead,
May stone outweigh in tributary worth,
And o'er their slumbers holier halos spread
Than towering pyramids or piles of earth?

At a social gathering of members of our Society, at Haddonfield, N. J., at the time of the Quarterly Meeting, reference was made by one of the company to the honest boldness of John Roberts, in his conversation with the bishop of Gloucester, as related in his Memoirs. He had told the bishop that the religion of the Quakers was of greater antiquity than that of the church of England, for it was set up by Christ himself more than sixteen hundred years before, when He taught the woman of Samaria that God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

"This," said John, "is our religion, and hath ever been the religion of all those who have worshipped God acceptably through the several ages since, down to this time, and will be the religion of the true spiritual worshippers of God to the world's end; a religion performed by the assistance of the spirit of God, because God is a Spirit; a religion established by Christ himself, before the mass-book, service-book or directory, or any of those inventions and traditions of men, which in the night of apostacy were set up."

The bishop replied, "Yours is the strangest of all persuasions, for though there are many sects (which he named), and though they and we differ in some circumstances, yet in fundamentals we agree as one. But, I observe, you, of all others, strike at the very root and basis of our religion."

John Roberts:—"Art thou sensible of that?"

Bishop:—"Yes, I am."

John Roberts: "I am glad of that, for the root is rottenness, and Truth strikes at the very foundation thereof."

He further told the bishop that the clergy pretended to

know more of light, life and salvation, and things pertaining to the kingdom of heaven, than others; "But here you keep us always learning, that we may be always paying you. Plainly it is a very cheat. What! always learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of God! Miserable sinners you found us, and miserable sinners you leave us."

The bishop, who seems to have been a man of considerable nobility of character, did not take offence at John's plain dealing, but evidently respected his integrity. Indeed it is probable he enjoyed the original and straightforward way in which John expressed himself, although he may have winced somewhat at the home-thrusts he received.

The relation of John Roberts' experience was followed by some incidents from the life of Thomas Story, who sometimes found it to be his duty to administer reproof. After he had become convinced of the truth as held by Friends, he says: "At one time there came a priest into the company where I was, and I, being silent, and the rest cheerful in their way; he, being a wanton, airy man, and a little in drink, observing me, cried out in a scoffing manner, 'What have we got here; one of the holy brethren?' I returned upon him, 'What! art thou a teacher of the people, and scoffest at holiness? What canst thou teach, since thou art void of a qualification indispensably necessary to that work?' Upon which, says Thomas, he became so uneasy and downcast that he could no longer stay in the room, but went off troubled.'"

Thomas Story's father took in a poor priest to live in the family, for his better accommodation; and one day, when there was a goose on the table at dinner, the priest, intending to disappoint Thomas of a share of it, whispered to him so loud that all about the table heard him, "This is a tithe goose," thinking that he would, for conscience, abstain from touching it. Thomas replied, "Let him look to the evil of that to whom

it is tithe; but to me it is no tithe, but a goose only; and with my father's leave, I will take a share."

When in London, Thomas went with an older brother to call upon a near relative, where he met with a priest, who was a stranger to him. Thomas says:

This strange priest, not knowing the relation among us, and looking upon me as a bird of a different feather, began to peck at me by several sour hints, which showed his dislike of my company; which, for conversation sake, I passed by. But my forbearance and silence encouraging him to be a little bolder, at length he moved a plain accusation, and said: "You deny the ordinances of Christ, water baptism and the Lord's supper."

I replied, "Thou hast not heard me say anything on these subjects; how dost thou therefore know what I deny or affirm?" Then said he, "I perceive you are one of a sect that does deny them." "What authority hast thou," said I, "for water baptism?" He was ready with that much mistaken text, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing, etc." "This," said I, "was a commandment given by Christ to his apostles; but dost thou think this is a command to thee, for thou seems to be a teacher of the people; hast thou any authority by this text?" Upon this he hesitated a little, and the justice began to smile. The pause being over, the priest answered, "Yes." "Then," said I, "how many nations hast thou travelled through in this work, how many taught and baptized?" His countenance began a little to alter, and then he replied, "I have never been out of England." My next question was, "In how many counties of England hast thou travelled in this service?" He answered, he had not travelled any on that account. "Then," said I, "Thou wicked and slothful servant, out of thy own mouth shalt thou be judged. Thou hast here affirmed before these witnesses that the Lord Jesus Christ hath commanded and sent thee to teach and baptize all nations, and thou art set down in a corner, and hast not baptized any one; for thou must understand, friend, that sprinkling an infant is no baptism, either in mode or subject." Upon this the counsellor laughed outright and the other priests smiled. Then said

he, "Sir, this gentleman is my near relation. You will get nothing by meddling with him on these subjects." So the matter dropped.

Still another incident in the experience of Thomas Story was revived, in which he was led, in right authority, closely to reprove an unfaithful professor of the same doctrines as himself.

At a meeting in the city of Bristol, where many people of other societies were present, he says:

It became my concern, from the Spirit of Truth, to stand up therein, with this prophecy of the apostle, "For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables." I proceeded to observe to the auditory "That this prophecy is clearly fulfilled in this and other nations at this day, all the several sects adopting to themselves certain notions, principles and systems of religion, or what they call so, make choice of such teachers as will teach and propagate these notions and no other, and will pay such teachers; these at the same time are rejecting and despising the pure, perfect and effectual teachings of the grace of God; which have been publicly and freely preached in this and some other nations now nearly a full century, and still are unto this day; contrary to the kind and merciful invitation and expostulation of the Almighty where He saith, by his evangelical prophet, Isaiah, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear and come unto me; hear and your soul shall live, and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David. Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people." It is to Him, the Lord Jesus Christ alone, that we have ever directed mankind, that they may be

taught by his grace and Holy Spirit in their own hearts, and redeemed from all the hireling teachers in the world.

Some days after this sermon was delivered, a man, "rich and high in the world," who professed to be a Friend, yet secretly supported the priests by paying their demands, told Thomas Story that he had done harm by his discourse, and that he had heard some say, "Thou deserved to be pelted for meddling with their religion, which did not concern thee;" with other matters of like import. Thomas replied, that he and such violent persons as he spoke of, had no true judgment as to the root or commandment from which those matters had been uttered in the meeting; and that their language showed that the Scriptures quoted were justly applicable to them, "and to thyself too, as of the same spirit and work with them." And he added, "It is my work and business, as often as I have the same authority, in the life of the Divine, eternal Truth, to expose all false teachers and hirelings, as also all hypocrites, and covetous, presumptuous worldlings among ourselves, who give their souls up, in a manner insatiable, to the gains of this world, without any bounds, and then intrude themselves into the affairs of the church of God. Such take upon them to act according to the weight of their worldly gains, and not of the balance of the sanctuary; in which they are lighter than vanity, or the small dust that weighs nothing. And such an one art thou. With more to the same effect; which was not pleasing, yet being his due, I did not think proper to defraud him of it."

Though one illustration of the manner in which the servants of Christ are sometimes led to reprove that which is evil, naturally suggested other incidents of a similar character, yet the reader must not suppose that no other topics of conversation were introduced during the pleasant social intercourse connected with the Quarterly Meeting of Haddonfield. Among

other things that were related, was an anecdote of a ministering Friend in England, who felt a concern some years ago to hold a public meeting in the southwestern part of that country. As the time drew nigh, he became much discouraged at the prospect, and reasoned within himself, that the Methodists, to which class most of the people who would assemble belonged, were already a good kind of people; and that if the meeting were held, although they might be satisfied with the opportunity, yet in a few days the impression would all pass away; so that no permanent good would be done.

While under these depressing feelings (probably a permitted baptism to humble the creature and prepare it for the appointed service), as he was passing along the public road, he saw a worthy Methodist, whom he knew, breaking stones by the way-side. On entering into conversation, the laborer told the minister that he was then reading a book written by Samuel Rundell, a member of our Society, which he had borrowed of an acquaintance. When asked if he was acquainted with the author, he replied, that he knew him, that Samuel Rundell had had a meeting about thirty-five years before in his father's kitchen, that on that occasion he had opened some passages of Scripture in a manner that presented them to him in a new light, and that something he then said had always remained with him.

This testimony to the permanent fruit of seed sown under Divine direction, had a cheering effect on the mind of the minister, who went on his way with faith revived.

Another pleasing anecdote was told of this same Methodist stone-breaker. A clergyman had married a wealthy wife and became a landed proprietor in his neighborhood. He had laid out a winding road of nearly a mile in length through his woodland and grounds, and had bestowed uncommon pains in having it well graded, stoned and gravelled. He was very proud of

his road, and called in his poor Methodist neighbor to see and admire it. Richard, for that was the first name of the poor man, after examining the work, said it was a good road. This seemed very faint praise to the owner, who expected a reply with stronger expressions of admiration. So he dilated upon its merits, said it was a very fine road, and queried whether his neighbor had ever seen one as good. Richard replied that it was a very fine road, but since he had been asked a direct question, he must say, that he had seen a better one; and that was the road to the kingdom of heaven, into which he had been favored to enter, and in which he had been endeavoring to walk for many years!

This anecdote called up one somewhat similar, in which "Billy Bray," a somewhat famous local preacher among the Methodists of Cornwall, in like manner took advantage of a simple incident to turn the thoughts of those around him from earth to heaven. Some of the family of one of the gentry of his neighborhood, were about to ride out, and several of the poor people had collected to look at them and their equipage, influenced by curiosity, and that feeling of reverence for the aristocracy prevalent among many of the lower classes in England. Billy was passing by, and was asked if he would not like to ride in so fine a carriage. He replied: "No; he had no such desire. That carriage would wear out; after awhile its wheels would give out, the linings would become faded and torn, and it would all go to ruin. But the carriage in which he was travelling to heaven, would never become old, but would always remain as strong and good as it was now!"

An Evening's Conversation.

The opportunity for social converse among Friends from different neighborhoods, who have been drawn to one spot to attend a Yearly Meeting of Friends, is one of the pleasant

features connected with such gatherings; and it may be profitable also, if the exhortation of the apostle is heeded, "Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt."

During a late Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia, a number of Friends, perhaps from fifteen to twenty, spent an evening together in that city. They were of various ages, including both young and old. The conversation was general in its character, and the anecdotes and illustrations were largely of Friendly reminiscences.

The kind and restoring spirit in which reproof should be administered, was spoken of; and, in illustration of the different effects produced by harsh and mild treatment of those who had gone astray, one of the company gave an outline of an experience which he had heard the person concerned, describe in a meeting. He was a Friend who in early life had wandered far from the right path, had gone to Iowa to reside, and there had kept on in the path to ruin, both morally and financially. Finally, he concluded to return to his former home, and see whether he could there find any opening for business. After his return, he was visited by one who told him, he understood that he was a very bad man, and that there seemed to be but little hope of his reformation. The reproaches thus injudiciously heaped upon him, aroused an angry feeling, and he retorted with much sharpness. After this interview he determined to go to some strange locality. But before leaving home, he was called upon by another person, who addressed him in a very different spirit; saying that he had been thinking much about him, and he believed there was still hope for him, if he would strive against his temptations, and walk in the right way. This kind and encouraging visit was very helpful; and he regarded it as the turning point in his life.

Another of the company described the effect produced by

honest but tender labor, with one who had fallen into the habit of using profane language. The Christian interest for his best welfare, kindly conveyed, had resulted in the reformation of the offender, who had ceased from this offensive and evil practice.

Although plain dealing with offenders is often called for, yet he who administers ought to be watchful that his own spirit is kept in subjection. Of this need John Churchman had an instructive experience. He mentions, in his Journal, being at a meeting where, he says: "With a zeal that exceeded my childish knowledge, I laid on some strokes with the strength of the man's part, more than with the humbling power of Truth." When he sat down, he felt himself left in great darkness. He saw that he had been too zealous and forward, and had to wade through a sorrowful dispensation, which was very humbling, yet profitable. He makes the following comment on the occurrence: "If we deliver hard things to the people, we should ever remember that we are flesh and blood, and by nature subject to the same frailties; this would lead us closely to attend to the power, and to minister only in the ability of Truth, in the meekness, gentleness and wisdom which it inspires."

The experience of John Churchman in this case no doubt prepared him to caution others; for he had been on that sand-bank himself. The word "sand-bank" alludes to an anecdote, related by one of the company, of a captain of a vessel who needed a pilot to guide him in the navigation of the Delaware River and Bay. Two persons applied for the position; one of whom said he had been for years in the business, and never yet had grounded on a bank. The other said he had been on every bank and bar in the river. "You are the man for me," said the captain, "for you must know where they all are." This anecdote has an instructive application, if it is confined

within just limits. It would be a great mistake for any one to do wrong in order to be prepared to caution others against the same evil course; yet, where a wanderer in sinful ways has been brought back to the heavenly fold, the sense of the loss he sustained, and the misery he endured, may render him doubly cautious, and give to his exhortations to other sinners a degree of tenderness, earnestness and sympathy, which could scarcely be felt by one who had not trodden in the same path. Thus it sometimes pleases our Heavenly Father to overrule evil for good, and to make use, in the accomplishment of his purposes, of those who, at one time, were disobedient to his will.

In connection with the subject of discourse, an anecdote was told of Richard Jordan. Two young men from Philadelphia came over to the meeting at Newtown, N. J., where Richard belonged, and behaved themselves quite indecorously; so that Richard felt it needful to give them a hint. Even this did not suffice to tame their unruly spirits, for after a time they began to whisper, and even to eat. This drew from Richard a very sharp rebuke, in which he told them he would teach them better than to come there and disturb a meeting in that way. After the meeting, Richard conversed with Joseph Whitall, Jr., about what had occurred, and asked whether he had gone too far. Joseph answered somewhat cautiously, yet holding up the view that mild reproof was better than sharp censure, and that it might have been safer to speak to the offenders privately than publicly. Richard became depressed in spirit, and for six months did not open his mouth in the way of ministry.

About that time Joseph was in Philadelphia, and learned that a great change had taken place in the two young men. One of them had spoken acceptably in the meetings of Friends, and the other, under the humbling operations of Grace, had changed his clothing, and put on a plain dress.

When Joseph Whitall, Jr., returned home, he called on Richard, and said he had something of interest to tell him, but he was afraid he would hurt him. "Oh, no," said Richard, "I am too weak to lift a straw." But when Joseph told the cheering news of which he was the bearer, Richard, in his pleasurable excitement, brought his hand down on his knee with stinging force, exclaiming, at the same time: "I will teach thee better than to interfere with my religious services in this way!"

The cloud was now lifted, and the next First-day Richard was again enabled to exercise his remarkable ministerial gift.

The mention of Richard Jordan's name lifted the flood-gates of memory, and quite a stream of incidents connected with him, flowed forth. One of these showed that he knew how to administer a gentle caution, even if, at other times, he followed the advice of the apostle to "rebuke sharply." A young man called upon him, who thought he had been unfairly treated by the members or officers of the meeting to which he belonged. He poured his complaints into Richard's ear, who patiently heard the whole story, and formed his judgment of the merits of the case. He then told the young man that he was reminded of his own experience when he landed in Liverpool after a rough voyage across the ocean. His head was so unsteady that, as he passed up the street, all the houses seemed to him to be vibrating as if shaken by an earthquake. They were very high, and the prospect was so dangerous that he sat down on a step to consider what it was best for him to do. Then he found that the motion was in himself. What further advice, if any, he gave to the young man, was not mentioned; but doubtless he felt that, if the disturbance in his own mind was quieted by the influence of Grace, the imagined harshness of his friends would disappear from view.

Benjamin Lay, who lived in Philadelphia in the early part of last century, and was a noted opponent of slavery, was natu-

rally a shrewd man, and was of a ready wit, and thus those who disputed with him, were often more than matched. When captain M'Pherson, the privateersman, undertook to make diversion for a company riding with him, at the expense of Lay, who was walking into Philadelphia, he singularly failed. "Sir, your humble servant," cried M'Pherson. "If thou art my servant, clean my shoes," retorted Lay. Taken a little aback, the captain then inquired if he could tell him the direct road to heaven. "Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God," was the prompt and appropriate answer. Mortified, and doubtless conscience-stricken, the man of rapine and blood rode on, feeling that he had met with a public rebuke which he dare not resent, and that his attempt to raise a merriment at the expense of the humble philanthropist, had but opened the way to his own mortification.

John Brown, of Barking, in Essex County, England, became involved in debt, and, in a time of weakness, left his native place, without consulting his creditors, and with his wife came over to Pennsylvania. He took up his abode in Philadelphia, where he exerted himself to earn an honest livelihood for the support of his family. In the meantime Friends of Barking Monthly Meeting testified its disunity, both with John and his wife, as having done that which the Truth did not allow of. Years passed on, John Brown maintained a fair and honorable character amongst his fellow-citizens, and in the things of this world he was prosperous. In the year 1717, when Thomas Chalkley was about making a voyage to England, John Brown placed assets in his hands to meet all his indebtedness there, which through the addition of seventeen years' interest, had largely increased. Friends of Barking having been informed of the circumstances, issued a certificate to Philadelphia Monthly Meeting, dated Fifth Month 4th, 1718, for the aforesaid John and his wife, in which they say they "find the creditors are

now all paid to their satisfaction, only four or five that we understood cannot be heard of, the said Thomas Chalkley declaring he is ready to pay the rest as he can find them. This we allow to be a noble act of honesty, and by the said John Brown and his wife so doing, hath gained reputation to themselves and our holy profession. Being heartily glad of the good character we hear of them since they came amongst you to settle, we commend them unto you, desiring you tenderly to receive them, and to watch over them in the Lord. So with the salutations of dear love unto you, we remain your friends and brethren in the precious Truth."

John Brown continued to reside in Philadelphia, respected and esteemed amongst his fellow-professors and his neighbors, to his death, which occurred about two years after the above certificate was issued.

THE NEGLECTED CALL.

When the field was white to harvest, and the laborers were few,
Heard I thus a voice within me, "There is work for thee to do;
Come thou up and help the reapers; I will show thee now the way.
Come and help them bear the burden, and the toiling of the day."
For a more convenient season, thus I answered, will I wait,
And the voice, reproving, murmured, "Hasten ere it be too late."

Yet I heeded not the witness, listening to "Lo! here—lo! there,"
Till I lost sight of the reapers in whose work I would not share;
Followed after strange devices—bowed my head to gods of stone,
Till like Ephraim, joined to idols, God had near left me alone.
But the angel of his presence followed on my erring track,
Setting here and there a landmark, if perchance to guide me back.

Onward yet I went, and onward, till there met me on the way,
A poor prodigal returning, who, like myself, had gone astray,
And his faith was strong and earnest that a Father's house would be
Safest shelter from temptation for such erring ones as he.
"Read the lesson," said the angel, "take the warning and repent."
But the wily tempter queried, "Ere thy substance be unspent?"

"Hast thou need to toil and labor? Art thou fitted for the work?
Many a hidden stone to bruise thee in the harvest field doth lurk.
There are others called beside thee, and perchance the voice may be
But thy own delusive fancy which thou heard'st calling thee;
There is time enough before thee all thy footsteps to retrace."
Then I yielded to the tempter, and the angel veiled his face.

Pleasure beckoned in the distance, and her siren voice was sweet,
"Through a thornless path of flowers gently will I guide thy feet;
Youth is a rapid river, gliding noiselessly away,
Earth is but a pleasant garden, cull its roses whilst thou may;
Press the juice from purple clusters, fill life's chalice with the wine,
Taste the fairest fruits which tempt thee, all its richest gifts are thine."

Ah! the path was smooth and easy, but a snare was set therein,
And the feet were oft entangled in the fearful mesh of sin;
And the canker-worm was hidden in the rose-leaf folded up,
And the sparkling wine of pleasure was the fatal siren cup.
All its fruits were Dead Sea apples, tempting only to the sight;
Fair, yet filled with dust and ashes; beautiful, but touched with blight.

"Oh! my Father, "cried I inly, "Thou hast striven, I have willed,
Now the mission of the angel of thy patience is fulfilled,
I have tasted earthly pleasures, yet my soul is craving food,
Let the summons thou hast given to thy harvest be renewed;
I am ready now to labor, wilt thou call me once again?
I will join the willing reapers as they garner up the grain."

But the still small voice within me, earnest in its truth and deep,
Answered my awakened conscience, "As thou sowest thou shalt reap.
God is just, and retribution follows each neglected call,
Thou hadst thy appointed duty taught thee by the Lord of all;
Thou wast chosen, but another filled the place assigned to thee,
Henceforth in my field of labor thou mayest but a gleaner be.

"But a work is still before thee—see thou linger not again,
Separate the chaff thou gleanest, bear it from among the grain;
Follow after these my reapers, let thine eyes be on the field,
Gather up the precious handfuls their abundant wheat-sheaves yield.
Go not hence to glean, but tarry, from the morning till the night,
Be thou faithful, thou mayest yet find favor in thy Master's sight."

Sarah Lynes [afterwards Grubb] mentions in one of her letters, that when at Bath: "I was required to go into the pump-room, amongst the giddy and the gay (a great number of whom were there,) and stand as a sign for a while, without saying a word; and then to declare, as the Lord by his Spirit gave utterance, for about twenty minutes; beginning with these words—'I deem no further apology necessary for this con-

duct, which may appear so strange to some of you, than that I am here in pure obedience to my God.' Oh! the conflicts this sacrifice cost me, were thoroughly equal to any capacity given me to endure."

Mary Ann Schimmelpennick describes the same scene with more details. She says:

As my mother grew better, she frequently took me with her to the pump-room, and she sometimes told me anecdotes of those she had seen there when a child. On one occasion, when the room was thronged with company—and at that time the visitors of Bath were equally distinguished for rank and fashion—a simple, humble woman, dressed in the severest garb of the Society of Friends, walked into the midst of the assembly, and began an address to them on the vanities and follies of the world, and the insufficiency of dogmatic, without spiritual religion. The company seemed taken by surprise, and their attention was arrested for a few moments: as the speaker proceeded, and spoke more and more against the customs of the world, signs of disapprobation appeared. Amongst those present was one lady with a stern yet high-toned expression of countenance; her air was distinguished: she sat erect, and listened intently to the speaker. The impatience of the hearers soon became unrestrained: as the Quaker spoke of giving up the world and its pleasures, hisses, groans, beating of sticks, and cries of "down, down," burst from every quarter. The lady I have described arose with dignity, and slowly passing through the crowd, where a passage was involuntarily opened to her, she went up to the speaker, and thanked her, in her own name, and in that of all present, for the faithfulness with which she had borne testimony to the Truth. The lady added: "I am not of your persuasion, nor has it been my belief that our sex are generally deputed to be public teachers; but God who gives the rule, can make the exception, and He has indeed put it in the hearts of all his children to honor and venerate fidelity to his commission. Again, I gratefully thank you." Side by side with the Quaker, she walked to the door of the pump-room, and then resumed her seat. This lady was the celebrated countess of Huntingdon.

The following experience of Thomas Ellwood, in 1660, illustrates the position taken by Friends of that day on the first day of the week. He says:

I had been at Reading, and set out from thence on the first day of the week, in the morning, intending to reach (as in point of time I well might) where a meeting was to be that day. When I came to Maiden Head I was stopped by the watchman laying hold on the horse's bridle, and telling me I must go with him to the constable's, for travelling on Sunday. Accordingly, I suffered him to lead my horse to the constable's door. When we got there, the constable told me I must go before the warden, who was the chief officer of the town; and he bid the watchman bring me on, himself walking before. Being come to the warden's door, the constable knocked, and desired to speak with the warden. He thereon quickly coming to the door, the constable said: "Sir, I have brought a man here to you, whom the watch took riding through the town." The warden began to examine me, asking: Whence I came and whither I was going. I told him I came from Reading, and was going to Chalfont.

He asked me why I travelled on that day. I told him I did not know that it would give offence to ride or to walk on that day, so long as I did not drive any carriage or horses laden with burthens.

"Why," said he, "if your business was urgent, did you not take a pass from the mayor of Reading?"

"Because," I replied, "I did not know or think I should need one."

"Well," said he, "I will not talk with you now, it is time to go to church—but I will examine you further anon;" and turning to the constable: "Have him to the inn, and bring him before me after dinner."

The naming of an inn, put me in mind that such public houses were places of expense, and I knew I had no money to defray it, wherefore, I said to the warden: "Before thou sendest me to an inn which may occasion some expense, I think it needful to acquaint thee that I have no money." At that the warden stared, and turning quickly upon me said:

"How! no money? How can that be? You do not look like a man that has no money?"

"However I look, I tell thee the truth, that I have no money, and I tell it to forewarn thee, that thou mayest bring no charge upon the town."

"I wonder," said he, "what art you have got, that you can travel without money, you can do more, I assure you, than I can."

I making no answer, he went on and said:

"Well, well, but if you have no money, you have a good horse under you, and we can distrain him for the charge."

"But," said I, "the horse is not mine."

"Ho! but you have a good coat on your back, and I hope that is your own."

"But it is not," said I, "for I borrowed both the horse and great-coat." With that the warden, holding up his hands, smiling, said:

"Bless me! I never met with such a man as you before! What! are you sent out by the parish?" Then turning to the constable, he said: "Have him to the Greyhound, and bid the people be civil to him."

Accordingly, to the Greyhound I was led, my horse put up, and I put into a large room, and some account given of me, I suppose, to the people of the house.

This was new work for me, and what the issue would be, I could not foresee; but being left there alone, I sat down and retired in spirit to the Lord, in whom alone was my strength and safety; and of Him I begged support, even that He would be pleased to give me wisdom and right words to answer the warden, when I should come to be examined before him again.

After some time, having pen, ink and paper about me, I set myself to write what I thought would be proper if the occasion required, to give to the warden. While I was writing, the master of the house being come home from worship, sent the tapster to me to invite me to dine with him. I bid him tell his master that I had no money to pay for dinner. He sent the man again to tell me I should be welcome to dine with him though I had no money. I desired him to tell his master that I was very sensible of his civility and kindness, in so cour-

teously inviting me to his table, but I had not the freedom to eat of his meat, unless I could pay for it; so he went on with his dinner, and I with my writing. But before I had finished what I had on my mind to write, the constable came again, bringing with him his fellow constable. This was a brisk genteel young man, a shop-keeper in the town, whose name was Cherry. They saluted me very civilly, and told me they came to take me before the warden. This put an end to my writing, which I put into my pocket, and went along with them.

Being come to the warden, he asked me the same questions he had asked before, to which I gave him the like answers. Then he told me the penalty I had incurred; which he said was either to pay so much money or lie so many hours in the stocks, and asked me which I would choose. I replied: "I shall not choose either, and I have already told thee I had no money; though if I had money, I could not so far acknowledge myself an offender as to pay any. But as to lying in the stocks, I am in thy power to do unto me what it shall please the Lord to suffer thee." When he heard that, he paused awhile, and then told me he considered I was but a young man, and might not perhaps understand the danger I had brought myself into, and therefore he would not exercise the severity the law awarded me. In hopes that I would be wiser hereafter, he would pass by this offence and discharge me. Then putting on a countenance of the greatest gravity, he said: "But young man, I would have you to know, that you have not only broken the law of the land, but also the law of God, and therefore you ought to ask Him forgiveness, for you have highly offended Him."

"That," said I, "I would most willingly do, if I were sensible I had offended Him by breaking any law of his."

"Why!" said he, "do you question that?"

"Yes, truly," said I, "for I do not know of any law of God, that doth forbid me to ride on this day."

"No, that is strange! Where, I wonder, were you bred? You can read can't you?"

"Yes," said I, that I can."

"Don't you thus read," said he, "the commandment; 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,' etc."

"Yes," I replied, "I have read it often and remember it well. But that command was given to the Jews, not to the Christians, and this is not that day, their Sabbath was the seventh day, but this is the first day of the week."

"How is it," said he, "you know the days of the week no better. You need to be better taught."

Here the young constable, whose name was Cherry, interposed, and said: "Mr. Warden, the gentleman is right as to that, for this is the first day of the week, and not the seventh."

This the old warden took in dudgeon, and looking severely on the constable, said: "What! do you take upon you to teach me? I'll have you know, I'll not be taught by you."

"As you please, for that, sir," said the constable, "but I am sure you are mistaken on that point, for Saturday was the seventh day, and you know yesterday was Saturday." This made the warden hot and testy, and put him so much out of patience, that I feared it would have come to a down-right quarrel betwixt them, for both were confident, and neither would yield. And so earnestly were they engaged in the contest, that there was no room for me to put in a word between them. At length, the old man having talked himself out of wind, stood still awhile, as it were to take breath, and then bethinking of me, he turned, and said: "You are discharged, and may take your liberty."

"But," said I, "I desire my horse may be discharged, too, else I know not how to go."

"Aye," said he, "you shall have your horse," and turning to the other constable, who had not offended him, he said, "Go see that his horse is delivered to him."

Away thereupon, went I with the constable, leaving the old warden and the young constable to compose their difference as they could. Being come to the inn, the constable called for my horse to be brought, which done, I immediately mounted and began to set forward. But the hostler, not knowing the condition of my pocket, modestly said to me, "Sir, don't forget to pay for your horse's standing." "No, truly," said I, "I don't forget it, but I have no money to pay it with, and so I told the warden before." "Hold your tongue," said the constable, "I will see you're paid." Then opening the

gate, they let me out, the constable wishing me a good journey, and through the town I rode without further molestation, though it was as much the Sabbath I thought, when I came out as when I went in. A secret joy arose in me as I rode away, that I had been preserved from doing or saying anything which might have given the adversaries of Truth advantage against it, and against the Friends, and praises sprang up in my thankful heart, to the Lord my Preserver. It added not a little to my joy, that I felt the Lord near unto me by his witness in my heart to check and warn me, and that my spirit was so far subjected to Him as readily to take warning."

With joy and thankful congratulations his friends at Chalfont, welcomed his return. They had been anxious about him, knowing that he intended to be with them at meeting.

The manner in which the Head of the Church opens the way before those whom He sends forth in his service, is often cause of humble gratitude to those who are sensible of their dependence on a higher power than their own efforts and abilities. This is so frequent an experience, that the following simple memorandum has nothing about it peculiarly striking; yet it is a pleasant illustration of the manner in which the obedient disciple is sometimes led.

In the Eleventh Month of 1849, Mary Davis, a minister of Dartmouth, Mass., received permission from her Monthly Meeting to visit in Gospel love, North Ashburnham, Mass., a place where she was an entire stranger. Sickness in her family and other difficulties, delayed the accomplishment of the service until the Eighth Month of the following year, when with suitable companions she left her home. Leaving the cars at the nearest station, they procured a carriage to convey them to the house of a person residing at North Ashburnham, whose name had been furnished them. On their way, they stopped for some purpose at a tavern; and as they sat in the parlor felt depressed at the prospect. The weight of the religious

concern pressed upon them; they were strangers in a strange place; there was no member of their own Society to receive them at their journey's end; and it was very trying to them to think of driving to the house of a person whom they did not know and requesting to be taken in. As Mary expressed it, "they were very long-faced." While thus communing together, a young man came in who had ridden with their driver from the railroad depot. He soon discovered somewhat of their uneasiness, and let them know that he was a son of the man to whose house they wished to be taken, and that he would drive them himself the remainder of the way. On reaching their journey's end they were very kindly received and cared for.

The person to whose house they had come was the proprietor of an establishment for making spools for cotton. His factory buildings had recently been burned; and several members of his family had gathered home to sympathize with him, so that there was quite a company assembled in the evening. Mary thought that a suitable time to make some explanations; so she told them of the order pursued by Friends when their ministers felt a concern to travel in the work of the Gospel; and stated that they had with them the minutes of their Monthly Meetings, which might be read if the company wished to hear them. Their hosts expressed much admiration of the beautiful order observed by our Society; and had not before known that any religious body exercised such a care over their ministers, etc. They freely entered into Mary's concern, offered their meeting-place for her use, and assumed all the care of making arrangements, giving notice, etc.

The meeting was held at two o'clock the next afternoon. The factory having been burned, all the operatives were at liberty to be present, and the Friends all concluded that it was one of the most satisfactory meetings they ever attended.

The congregation consisted of people who had been somewhat dissatisfied with their former religious connections, and had been drawn together from several different denominations. They had joined in erecting a building which they called the "Union Church." Mary thought them a people who were seeking after the life of religion, and who might do well if they did not take up a rest short of the true rest.

Some months afterwards, the pastor and officers of the congregation drew up a paper addressed to her Monthly Meeting, in which they spoke of the good impression made upon their people by the visit and labors of the Friends, which they believed to have been performed under the influence of the Spirit of Truth; and they intimated that they would be glad to receive a similar visit, if any of the Friends should be moved to come that way.

In my note-book of 1848, I find the following anecdote of Richard Birdsall, a minister, related by him to the Friend by whom it was communicated to me. He married a gay girl who was not a member of our Society, and was visited by a committee of the Monthly Meeting on account of this breach of discipline. Though his own conduct was not consistent with the principles of Friends, yet he felt in his heart that the members of the committee were not under the influence of the Spirit of Truth, so he did not manifest a humble disposition, but could retort upon them in a saucy manner. They came to him in the name of Jesus, but without his power, and the evil spirit in him overcame them.

Those who are concerned to live in communion with their Heavenly Father are often enabled to communicate instruction to others, even in the course of their ordinary conversation. The late Rachel Price mentions that:

In the year 1782, in the Fifth Month, I was in the city of

Philadelphia. In passing down Second Street, near Market, by the gate which entered into the meeting-house yard, I met a plain Friend, of small stature. He took me by the hand, saying, "Whence comest thou?" I told him I was from Nantmeal, a small meeting about forty miles from that city, and my name was Kirk. He said he sometimes asked people whether they were Jews or of Ashdod, when they gave him but one name. I then told him mine was Rachel Kirk. He said, "Mine is Samuel Emlen." He then inquired if I was a relative of Rebecca Kirk's. I told him she was my sister. He desired his love to be given to her, and said he had met with her at the funeral of Israel Jacobs, and felt that he loved her. I told him I thought I should remember it when I saw her again, but she had married and removed to some distance. After inquiring whom she had married and where settled, he paused, then said, "Rachel, it will be thy turn next, and be careful that thou place thy affections upon virtue; let nothing short of virtue sway thy mind. If anything inferior gain pre-eminence in thy view, difficulties may ensue; but if piety and virtue govern thy mind in making choice of a companion, you may walk hand in hand through life happily together, and be true helpmeets to each other." He held me by the hand all the time he was speaking, then, bidding me farewell; added: "Now, mind what I have said to thee." I thought it altogether a remarkable interview with an entire stranger in a crowded market-place, people passing and repassing all the time. It was of great use in settling my mind to make a prudent choice, which was soon after brought to the trial. I had a few days previous become acquainted with Philip Price, who is now my husband, with whom his prediction has been verified and as far realized as can be expected in this probationary state of trial in order for our refinement and preparation for a more perfect state of existence.

Many years ago, our worthy friend, John Simpson, lodged at our house, on his way from Concord to Caln Quarterly Meeting. He was in company with several other Friends. He was very conversable, but the conversation was mostly upon worldly affairs, on his getting along in the management of a large farm, etc.

I felt somewhat disappointed, expecting to be instructed and edified spiritually. I never before had the opportunity of being in company with him, but had previously the privilege of hearing him from the gallery, in a very powerful manner, declaring the truths of the Gospel with great weight and authority, once, not a great while before, in a very particular manner, at Concord Quarterly Meeting. I thought I had never before heard the great mysteries contained in the Book of Revelations spoken of in such a manner; the opening of the seals, the slaying of the witnesses, their dead bodies lying in the streets of the great city, which, spiritually, is called Sodom, or Egypt, where also our Lord was crucified, as in the hearts of the wicked of all generations, the voices of the angels, and the golden candlesticks, which represent the seven churches, with the different messages to each of them. I thought he was at that time favored to feel and hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches, and authorized to set forth, in a clear point of view the spiritual and true meaning of those hidden mysteries, which cannot be rightly understood but in the opening of them by the Spirit of Truth in the heart, as it is beyond human comprehension unaided by Divine revelation. I had a desire to hear him converse on these sublime subjects, that I might have the opportunity of querying of him in a familiar manner something further of his views. He, however, continuing his conversation on worldly affairs, mentioned that he was in the habit of employing such hands as offered—particularly in harvest—temperate or intemperate. He thought the latter must have employ, and they knew he would not allow them any intoxicating drink. He said he had at one time a large company of different characters, some of them very indifferent. They began to banter each other, to run on each other, pushing and making bad work, destroying the wheat by tramping and slashing. He was in the field at some distance gathering sheaves. When he saw them he thought he would go immediately and "turn some of them out of the field in a hurry." So he hastened towards them, when a voice intelligibly saluted his inward ear: "John, govern thyself before thou art rightly qualified to govern others." He sat quietly down as soon as he could, desiring to be enabled to govern his

own mind, and prepared to instruct and reprove them in a proper manner. After a while he went up to them and requested them all to stop; as he had something to say; after which he addressed them, as nearly as I can recollect, in substance as follows: "Do you not all think it is a great favor to have such a field of grain? Is it not a favor from the all-bountiful Creator and Preserver of all things? Do you not think it is very wrong to waste and destroy what a kind Providence has bestowed for our benefit?" They were generally willing to allow it to be so. He then desired all who were prepared to do so, to go quietly and steadily to work. They all went; and he had no more difficulty with them. He felt that if he had gone on in the disposition in which he started, he would have made bad worse, and brought condemnation over his own mind and reproach on the Truth.

Notwithstanding his conversation was on worldly concerns, there was great instruction conveyed to my mind by it. Situated (as we were) on a large farm, with a family of different dispositions to be considered, I felt the necessity of keeping self under proper control, in order to a right regulation of those about me. His remarks have been a watchword to me, often recurred to in silence for my own improvement; and I have recommended them to others as the experience of a valuable Friend. Thus, He who knows what we stand in need of, even before we ask it, grants that kind of instruction that we require. No doubt I stood more in need of counsel at that time in the common walks of domestic concerns than in the more sublime views of the mysteries of the kingdom, which are hid from the wise and prudent of this world and revealed to babes.

JOHN RICHARDSON.

When in America, he met with a remarkable deliverance from peril, in going from Salem, Massachusetts, to Dover. There was a river to cross. He says:

A Friend took my horse, with two more, into the boat, and by the time I came to the river side the boat was sinking, and the ferrymen made a lamentable cry, saying: "The boat is

sunk and we shall all be drowned." There was but one Friend in the boat with the boatman. Hearing the noise and floundering of the horses when tumbling into the water, I called to the men to be sure to take care to free themselves of all the tackling of the horses, as bridles, stirrups, etc., and to catch hold of my horse's tail, and he would bring them both on shore, but if they trusted to the tackling when the horses swam they would fail them, unless very strong, and to hold by the bridle was the way to drown both man and horse. The boatman, being a lively youth, took my advice, caught hold of my horse's tail, and calling to my horse, he came quickly, with the man, ashore, but left the honest old Friend, Ezekiel Waring, to whose house we intended to go that night, in the river, floating to the neck, a hundred yards from the shore. He missed taking my advice, and caught hold of the stirrup, and the girth broke, which brought off the saddle and pillion, and the oar of the boat and his hat, which, with the pillion-seat being on his arms, just bore up his head above water. His poor wife, seeing the danger to which her husband was exposed, fell into a fainting fit, there being neither house, man or boat to be seen on this side of the river but ourselves. The ferryman found a canoe, and coming to us, asked if Ezekiel was alive. I told him he was, but very weak, for I had often heard him blubber in the water. I encouraged him, that he might not faint in his mind. I told him I yet believed his life would be preserved. He would very faintly say, unless help came, he could not hold it long. I went on by the water side, and laid me down often on the land, not much regarding wet or dirt, and I directed the man with his canoe where the poor Friend was, and desired that he would turn the stern of his canoe to him, as he could not lift him into the canoe, neither to let him lay his hand on the broadside of it, lest he should overset it. He did so, and brought him gently on shore, to the great joy of his loving wife and of us all. I bid the boatman fetch the boat on shore by the rope, and then go and carry Ezekiel in the canoe to the inn on the other side of the water, where he might dry, warm and refresh himself till we came. In the meantime we cleared the boat of water, and got well over. We found the good old Friend finely and well

recruited, and got to his house about midnight, where we were glad and our hearts were full of praises to the Lord for this great and eminent deliverance and preservation.

Anecdote of John Richardson.

John Richardson says when in this land:

Having it on my mind to visit a meeting up the river called Perquimons, west of the river Choptank, and being on the east side, Henry Hosier and some more Friends set forward with me in a small boat, not in good condition, with only one small sail. We set out, as we thought, in good time to reach our desired port, but when we were upon the great river, which is ten miles over the shortest way, according to my recollection, though the manner of our crossing it made it more, the wind veered much against us. It rained hard, and was very dark, so that we could scarcely see one another, and the water broke so much into the boat, that it was one man's work to heave it out, and all our company were discouraged, and most very sea-sick. Henry Hosier, of whom I had the most hope for help, said that he could not steer any longer. Notwithstanding the extreme darkness, the roughness of the waves, boisterousness of the wind, and the hard rain, unwell as I was, I was obliged to undertake the steering of the boat, and not without some conflicts of mind, having no certainty from any outward rule, what way we went. Having no fire, and the boat open, we could not have any light to see our compass; but my faith was in the Lord, that He would bring us to shore; and I kept the boat as near the wind as she could sail, and told my poor, sick, helpless company, I believed that we should not perish, although we might miss our port. The like imminent danger I think I was never in before upon any water; but renowned over all be the great name of the Lord forever, we put into the mouth of our desired river, as though we had seen it in the day, or steered by a compass, neither of which we had the benefit of for several hours.

Here we went on shore and made a great fire under the river's cliff, and about midnight the moon rose, it cleared up and froze and was very cold. My companions falling asleep, I turned them over, pulled them from the fire as it increased,

and put them nearer as it failed, but could not keep them awake. I sought logs of wood, and carried them to and mended the fire, which was work enough for the remaining part of the night; but morning being come, we got into our cold, icy boat, and sailed away towards the meeting. When we were come among Friends, notice was given of a stranger being there, and a heavenly and sweet meeting it was, so that we thought we had a good reward for all our troubles; blessed be the name of the Lord now and forever, for He is worthy; although He may see good to try us, sometimes one way, sometime another. How should we know that we have any faith, if it be not tried? How shall we know that we have any true love to God, if it never be proved? The trial of the true believer's faith is more precious than gold. The excellent saying of Job came into my mind, "Behold I go forward, but He is not there, and backward, but I cannot perceive Him; on the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold Him; He hideth himself on the right hand, but I cannot see Him." And then like a man in the true faith he saith: "But He knoweth the way that I take, and when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold;" and the more vehement the fire is, the more it destroys the dross, and the more pure and weighty the gold is.

A TRIBUTE TO DEPARTED WORTH.

Thoughts during Philadelphia Yearly Meeting for 1862.

Once more to the old gathering place we come,
A band of sisters, to our solemn feast;
Our swelling ranks in reverent silence wait
No pleasing ordinance, no rite of priest.

The Church and her best interests are the themes
That claim the outward ear; the inward eye
Of many a bowed and suppliant soul is turned,
For holy help to Him who ruleth them on high.

The mothers of our Israel, in their place,
Give us such counsel as pertaineth most
To our best interests; but one face is gone,
The dear, familiar face of her the loved and lost.

By the swift mandate of its God recalled,
The noble soul that labored for our weal,
No longer now for Zion pleads and prays;
That voice in its rich cadences is still.

Hers was no eloquent and rounded phrase;
No flowery language, pleasing to the ear;
But Truth's directness, glistening many an eye
Stony and cold, with fresh, unbidden tear.

So forcible that strong ones bowed and shook
Beneath the terrors of her Gospel hand,
So calm and deep and earnest in its strength,
Yet simple, that a child might understand.

And wielded by a woman's feeble arm,
The Spirit's sword cleft the abodes of sin;
Making an opening for the holy law
Of Truth and righteousness to enter in.

To many a darkened, hapless couch of pain
She was the instrument of hope and peace,
Sent by her Master, in his holy power,
To minister unto the mind's disease.

And there are those aroused to better things,
And rescued from their course in ruin's way,
Who, humbly waiting in the light of Christ,
Still live to bless that favored woman's day.

While to the timid, trembling child of hope,
Longing for way-marks on the desert drear,
Like the fresh breezes from a land of flowers,
A strength in weakness came her words of cheer.

She asked no blessing from those dying lips,
She shrank from praise that grateful hearts bestow,
But ever sought the glory of her Lord,
His call to answer, and his will to know.

So moved she in her true appointed sphere,
Erectly standing, like a tower of strength,
Bearing her burdens patiently and well—
The angel of deliverance came at length.

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My mother! at the right hand of thy God,
Dying with hallelujahs to his praise,
The richest guerdon of thy labors won
Thy Saviour's blessing on thy latter days!

My mother! thou hast welcomed to thy home
Of the redeemed in Christ, the honored dead,
My second mother; on whose Gospel breast
I, child-like, oft refreshed my fainting head.

Aye, more, she was the first to wake my soul
From its deep slumbers in the courts of death,
Where in a false and treacherous ease it lay,
All idly wasting its immortal breath.

Oh mothers! in your holy home of light,
Where not the semblancce of a shadow lives,
My errors and temptations cause no pang,
And the dear Saviour grace sufficient gives.

My heart rejoices in your high estate,
But mourns the loss of friends so good and true;
Its greenest memories of departed worth,
Its holiest aspirations live with you.

SAMUEL FOTHERGILL'S ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

I know my sins are so many, and so obvious to every one, that it is impossible and needless to recount and remark upon them; for I was then in the bond of iniquity, though it has pleased the Father of mercies to bring me since into the very gall of bitterness, and into anxiety of soul inexpressible; yea, not to be apprehended by any but those who have trod the same path and drank of the same cup; yet blessed be the name of God, He who hath kindled breathings in my soul after Him, would sometimes break in upon me, and though the waves of Jordan have gone over my head, his supporting arm was underneath, that I should not be discouraged. He, in his infinite love, has given me to understand that the things which belong to my peace were not utterly hid from my eyes; that though I had drunk up iniquity as an ox drinketh up water, although I had exceeded all others in sin, had long done despite to Him, yet there was mercy with Him that He might be feared.

I can truly say that, during the time of my first conviction, my lips quivered and my belly trembled, that my soul might rest in the day of trouble. I choose not to write this, but I cannot be easy unless I call others to the like enjoyment. In bowels of tender love to you do I again salute you, and take my leave of you, with strong desires that you who are ad-

vanced in years and favored in the Lord, may remember me when it is well with you; and that I may be again preserved, though beset with many temptations on every hand. The Lord in mercy be near you, saith my soul.

His father remained in America two years. He had parted from Samuel with feelings of anxiety and disapprobation intense, even to sternness; and although he had received consoling accounts of his change, first met him, after his return, under these memorable circumstances. Soon after that return, John Fothergill went to the Quarterly Meeting at York, which was large, and attended by many Friends from different parts of the nation. His company was very acceptable, and the occasion was, in a peculiar degree, solemn and instructive.

From some accidental circumstance, he did not arrive in York until the morning of the day of the meeting, which was gathered when he entered the house. After a short period of silence, he stood up and appeared in testimony; but, having proceeded a short time, he stopped and informed the meeting that his way was closed; that what he had before him was taken away and given, as he believed, to another. He resumed his seat, and another Friend immediately rose, and, taking up the subject, enlarged upon it in a weighty and impressive testimony, delivered with great power. At the close of the meeting, John Fothergill enquired who the Friend was that had been so remarkably engaged amongst them, and was told that it was his own son, Samuel! After such a parting as had been between them, what a meeting was this!

The good old man wept and rejoiced over his son with no common joy, receiving him as one restored to him from the dead.

Conversion of Samuel Neale.

Samuel Neale inherited from his grandfather a good estate,

and as he was endowed with an excellent understanding, and a social, lively disposition, his society was eagerly courted by fashionable, gay young men, who led him into much dissipation. Being apprenticed to a merchant in Dublin, he became intimate, during his residence there, with several of the collegians, and took liberties inconsistent with the principles in which he had been educated. He says: "We sometimes frequented the play-house, and after these amusements, when on my return home, oh, the anxiety and remorse that covered my mind and overwhelmed my spirit! I was then willing to covenant to be more careful in future, and avoid what now seemed so distressing; but when those seasons of diversion approached, I felt my inclination to arise with redoubled strength, and my passion for gratifying it, like an irresistible torrent, insurmountable; so I went like a man bereft of understanding."

He was soon, however effectually arrested in his wild career. "I remember being at a play one evening, up late that night, and lying pretty long next morning, which was First-day. An acquaintance asked me to go to meeting, and at the same time informed me there were to be strangers there, telling me who they were. I said I would, for in my worst state, I generally attended meetings. So to meeting I went, and it was a memorable one to me, for my state was opened to that highly favored instrument in the Lord's hands, Catharine Payton (who, with my beloved friend, Mary Peisley was visiting the churches), that all I had done seemed unfolded to her in a wonderful manner. I was as one smitten to the ground, dissolved in tears, and without spirit. This was a visitation from the Most High beyond all others I had as yet witnessed. I was so wrought upon by the power and spirit of the holy Jesus that, like Saul, I was ready to cry out, 'Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?' I was almost ashamed to be seen so bedewed with tears, and slunk away from the meeting to get into a private place. I joined company with a religious young man, and forsook my gay companions and associates, who beheld me with astonishment. The change was very rapid, and

my doubts and fears respecting myself were very great, so that I could not trust myself in my former company, lest my innumerable frailties should prove too powerful for all my good resolutions. So I abode still, and kept near these messengers of glad tidings to me. I went with them to Bandon and Kinsale, and the same powerful dispensation of Divine virtue followed me, breaking in upon me, and tendering my spirit in a wonderful manner, in public meetings as well as in private opportunities; which drew the attention and observation of many. When I returned to Cork, I kept as private as I well could, and resolved to quit all my worldly pursuits, and follow the gentle leadings of that heavenly light which showed me the vanity of worldly glory, and that the pleasures of sin are but as for a moment. Our beloved Friends intended for the province meeting at Limerick, and took Kilcommon Meeting in their way, whither they went. I also went; and a considerable degree of concern grew in my mind, both by day and by night. Their company was precious to me, their conduct and conversation strengthening, and the inward manifestations of heavenly goodness vouchsafed, were my crown and rejoicing. My eyes were measurably opened to behold my insignificance, rebellion and backsliding. I saw the perverseness of my nature, and that in me, as man, there dwelt no good thing. I thought I saw that if I missed the present opportunity of coming as out of Babylon, I was lost forever; I was come to the length of my chain, my measure was full, and if I did not embrace the present offer, ruin and destruction would be my portion. These sights of my condition stimulated me to exert myself in watchfulness and care, to pursue with ardency the sense that opened in my own mind, and to feel after the spring and virtue that I witnessed there, which far exceeded every gratification that I knew before in this life. My hunger and thirst after righteousness were great; I delighted much in reading and retirement; worldly things had no charms for me at this season, when the new creation began to dawn.







